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# THE METHOD OF CHARLES STUART YORK

BY

MAY KELSEY CHAMPION

ILLUSTRATED BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

CHARLES STUART YORK sat on the edge of the sidewalk, swinging his feet over a rill of brown water that ran down the gutter on its way to the drain. Occasionally he dipped them in, just to see if his shoes were still water-tight, though it did not matter much. Nothing mattered much now. The tears started to his eyes again, but he brushed them away with his sleeve and proudly refrained from snuffing as he heard footsteps.

Kid Sullivan had knocked him down six times. Kid Sullivan was the heavy-weight of the fifth grade. It had been a six-round bout for twenty-five cents a side, and now Kid and nine of his friends were sucking soda-water through straws before Ferris's counter, while Charles Stuart sat alone on the curbing and dreaded his future. He had not a scratch or a bruise.

He wished that he had not said so much about his "terrible left." But he had believed in it so himself! For three weeks he had been getting up twenty minutes earlier of mornings to punch his Aunt Emily's hot-water bag.

And how he had prayed these last nights for strength to fight—and sand! Charles Stuart's faith in prayer had never wavered. It did not waver now, but he sat for a long time trying to reconcile things.

Of course—he dabbled his feet in the water as he reasoned—it might be that somewhere he had used the "wrong method," just as he so often did in his arithmetic. In that, when the answers did not come, he knew better now than to think that the book was wrong. If he had not made any mistakes in adding or subtracting or multiplying or dividing, he had been using the "wrong method."

That night Charles Stuart read his Bible. Usually, unless he thought there was going to be a thunder-storm, he went upstairs with the sporting page of the morning paper stuffed inside his blouse.

He knew how to use the concordance. In his Sunday-school class they often had to recite verses with words like "love" or "faith" or "forgive" in them.

There were a good many in which "prayer" appeared, he found, and he read them all carefully.

At last he reached this:

"The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

He did not know exactly what "effectual" and "fervent" and "availeth" meant, but he understood "righteous."

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"HAD BEEN GETTING UP TWENTY MINUTES EARLIER . . . TO PUNCH HIS AUNT EMILY'S HOT-WATER BAG"

Perhaps he wasn't righteous. He sat for some time considering.

It was two years since he tripped up his grandmother with a string; but he bragged — sometimes, — and he sent comic valentines, and he didn't always brush his teeth at night, and he ran off when his mother wanted him.

He knew that he had asked for a good deal. Kid Sullivan was a year older, and weighed eleven pounds and three-quarters more. Charles Stuart was willing to do his part — he wanted to be fair.

Before he slept he had made up his mind. He would be more righteous. He would train for it. And he would keep on with the punching-bag.

This was Saturday. On Tuesday his father asked him twice if he felt well. Charles Stuart was glad that his mother was so busy with plans for the dinner she was to give that she did not notice. He did not want to be made to show his tongue and take things.

It was to be a large dinner — more elaborate than last year's, as last year's had been a little more ambitious than that of the year before. For a whole week Charles Stuart was kept so busy with errands that there was not a day in which he was able to get his full hour for meditation.

He was glad when Sunday came. The dinner was to be Monday.

For the first time in his life he went to church alone. His mother had a headache, and his father had not come back from Albany.

He gave dignified attention throughout the service, as became him. He nearly always looked at the minister, even when his mind was on other things — if he didn't, his mother kicked his foot; — but this morning he really listened.

The text interested him at once:

"But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed."

And the sermon that followed filled and expanded Charles Stuart's soul with noble emotions. He did not know that they were noble emotions; he only sat very straight, with his eyes wide open and his lips apart, and did not lose a word. And he found that the minister thought just as he did about a great many things.

Of course that was the way to do — not ask just those people who went to parties all the while, when there were so many who never had any good times at all, and didn't even have enough to eat always. The best Christmas tree he ever had was the one his mother let him invite the laundress's children to. The whole eight of them came, and one was lame, and they were all poor.

He went over the list of guests who were invited to their dinner the next night. Not one of them was of the kind he and the minister would have picked out — unless, of course, some of them might be "maimed," but he did not believe from the sound of the word that any of them were.

They were not. He settled that when he had listened a little longer.

It pleased Charles Stuart to reflect that he had friends in all four classes. If he were going to give a feast it would be easy enough finding guests. Now with his mother it was different. She didn't go to school and knock around as he did. He knew three lame and two blind and five maimed — six, if they let you count cross-eyed people — and forty-nine, anyhow, poor.

He wished now that his mother had come to church. But he would tell her about the sermon and about these people that he knew, and maybe she would ask some of them. It was so late that he supposed they couldn't invite many, but he should think they might have one of each kind.

Charles Stuart could scarcely wait to get home; but, alas! there only disappointment and a solitary dinner were in store. His mother's headache was better, but she wanted to sleep, Fanny said. Fanny also said "'sh" every other minute.

Charles Stuart hated to be "'sh'd" at.

For a while after dinner he wandered forlornly about the house. Then he went up to the play-room and made a list of the people he would invite to a feast.

It was a long list when it was done — seventy-eight. The poor counted up so! To choose four people out of seventy-eight would not be easy. Charles Stuart scowled.

There was blind Nello Zarlino, the Italian boy, who went around with the violin and dancing dog. Charles Stuart had frequently toured with the pair of them on Saturdays, and he had a standing appointment to meet them on the corner every afternoon as he went to school, when he nearly always had a bone for the dog. He would like to invite Nello.

Then there was lame Andrew Laing, who ran the elevator in the City Hall. Charles Stuart often stopped to visit and ride up and down with him. He would enjoy doing something for Andrew, and he thought his mother would too. He had heard some ladies talking to her one day about a book or something that he had written, and they all seemed to think it was very interesting. He asked Andrew about it afterward, but Andrew was very modest and pretended not to understand.

Well, there was a blind and a lame!

It was harder when it came to the poor.

At last he decided upon Mrs. Peck. She took care of the halls and stairs at school, and he felt sorry for her because the boys — and the girls, too, some of them —

"SHE WAS THE BEAUTIFULLEST LADY HE KNEW"

were so fresh with her, calling her "Bushel" and "Quart" and "Pint," and wadding up their spelling papers to throw down at her when they came from recitations and she was in the hall below.

She lived close to the school, and she was poor enough, he was sure, for once, when he fell off his wheel and cut his forehead on the curbing, she had taken him up to her tenement to get a cobweb to put on it. Anybody must be poor who had to have a bed in the kitchen.

That was a good while ago. Of course he knew now that you shouldn't use cobwebs, because of microbes and basilicas, but he had never forgotten how she took him away from the other fellows when he couldn't help crying, and he had never called her "Mrs. Eight Quarts" since.

Last of all, because Charles Stuart had thought of him first and been sure, was Terry Donovan, his newest friend, discovered during an investigating stroll out through the florist's back door a few days before.

Mr. Donovan, who was head cook at Ramsay's restaurant, was at the time cooling off in the adjacent back doorway. He had removed his jacket, and his sleeves were rolled back to his shoulders.

Charles Stuart had swaggered out rather importantly, to show one of Kid Sullivan's friends in the front room that he could go where he pleased.

For a quarter of a second his eyes rested on the man. Then he drew a quick breath. He had never seen such muscle — never!

He continued to the back fence, removed the cover from a barrel, and looked in. Then he replaced the cover with laborious accuracy, spat, and returned.

In front of the man in the doorway he paused. His eyes were fixed on the large flexor of Mr. Donovan's right upper arm.

"May I — may I feel of it?" he ventured at last, hesitating and fumbling for his hat-brim.

Mr. Donovan stretched out his arm cordially.

"Sure."

Charles Stuart mounted the steps, and laid his hands on the great muscle.

"It's — it's all right!" he pronounced, still in a subdued tone of admiration.

"Think so?" said Terry. "They's two of them," and he gave him the other arm.

Charles Stuart was a little less timid and a little more critical with this, but he nodded approvingly.

"Use a punch-bag?" he asked.

"Sure." Mr. Donovan did not seek variety in speech.

"So do I."

And then they had sat down on the steps together and discussed the prospects for the coming St. Louis match.

Since then Charles Stuart had made a daily call on Mr. Donovan, always, of course, by way of the florist's back door.

But yesterday, when he went, he had found his friend with a bandage over one eye and a well-defined black and blue spot beneath. Charles Stuart had a rapturous suspicion as to the source of these blemishes, but all Terry would say was that he had "run up against something."

He would do fine for the maimed!

It was not until dusk that Charles Stuart saw his mother. She was lying back on the pillow, her cheeks all lovely and pink, and her hair all curly around her face. Charles Stuart could not help hugging her and telling her she was the beautifullest lady he knew.

But when he began to speak of the dinner-party next day, she said that she did not want to hear or see or taste or smell a word of "dinner-party" until to-morrow came.

Of course after that he could not continue the subject, though he wanted so to tell her about the sermon and the people he had thought of to ask. He drew a little sigh. He would have to wait till morning.

But in the morning he could scarcely get a word with his mother. Even at breakfast she was talking most of the time to Benson.

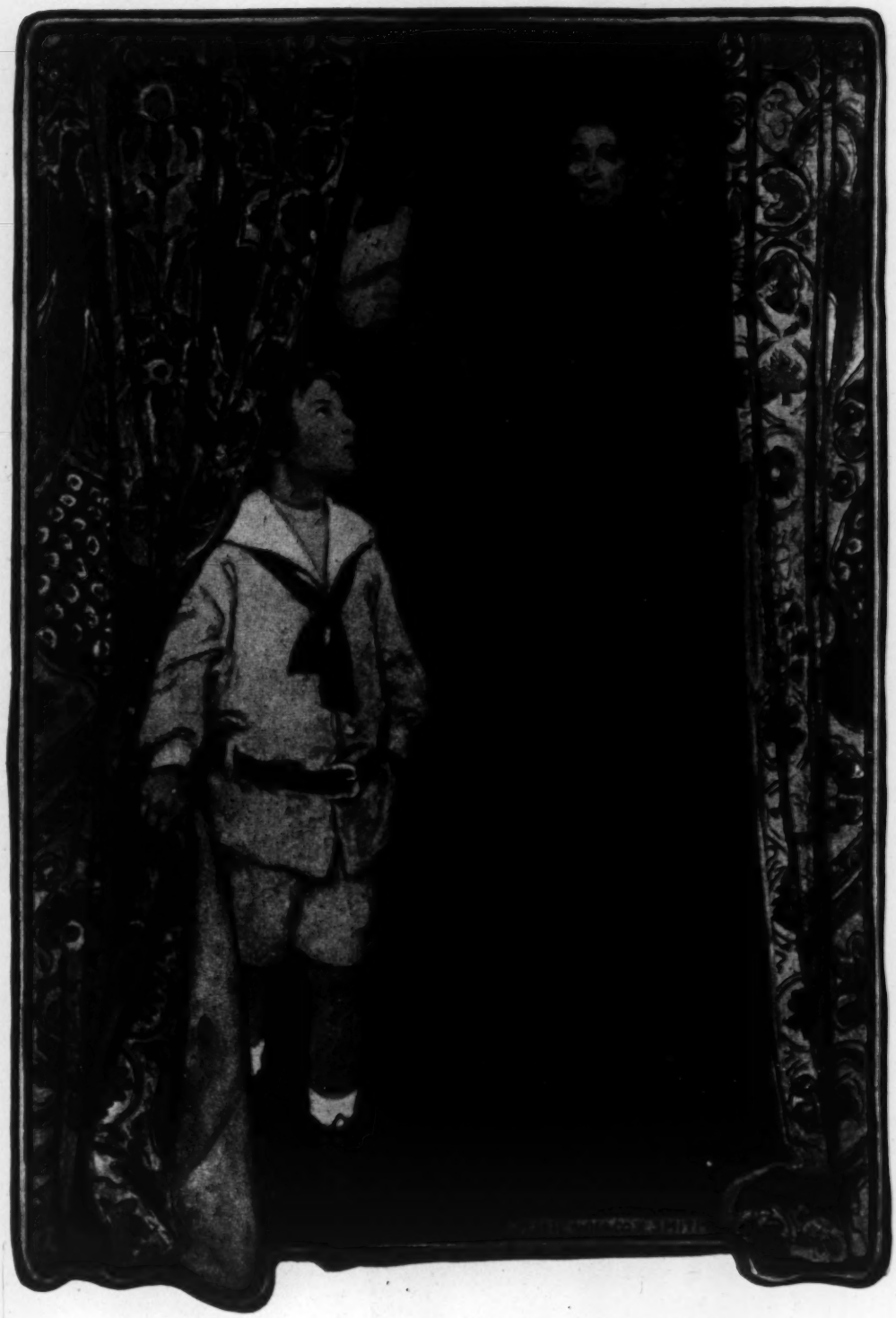
At luncheon it was even worse. They were barely seated at the table when she was called out to see the florist.

Charles Stuart made a last effort before he started for school again in the afternoon, but his mother laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Not now, Stuart," she said; "mamma is *so* busy."

So Charles Stuart walked slowly to school, and was late, and got a mark.

If only he could have had a minute to tell his mother about Nello and Andrew and Mrs. Peck and Mr. Donovan! He was sure she would have let him invite them. She



"'I THINK WE WILL GO OUT TO DINNER NOW'"

herself had asked the whole eight of the Murphys to the Christmas tree.

Charles Stuart could not study. He stared at the wall until Miss Murray spoke to him. Then he stared at his spelling, but he did not see the words.

His mother often told him that he must reason. So he reasoned. He reasoned a great many ways, but he reached only one conclusion. She would have been willing if she had known.

At last he took some crumpled paper from his desk, scowled for a while, then wrote on four of the best sheets :

"Your presence is invited to take dinner at 238 Congress Avenue this evening at eight o'clock. Come to the front door.

"Yours truly,
"Charles Stuart York."

When he had folded and addressed these, he drew a sigh of relief.

After school he delivered his invitations, stopping long enough with his friends to receive assurance that they would all come.

It was not until he was going up the steps of his own house that Charles Stuart felt that queerness in his knees that lasted him all the rest of the afternoon. It was like the feeling he had when his finger-nails were just cut, only it was in his legs instead of his fingers.

He sat on the bottom stair in the hall for a while before going up to find his mother.

When at last he rose, the trouble seemed to be spreading all over him, and he wondered if it might perhaps do him good to go out behind the stable and sit in the sun for a while.

He did feel better while he stayed there, but whenever he got up to go back to the house he grew worse again.

He tried it seven times. Then he started slowly up the walk, kicking a stone ahead of him.

His mother was in her room, but Charles Stuart stood outside the door for a few moments. He thought that he might be out of breath from coming up the stairs.

At last he went up to her, and, laying his hand on her skirt, swallowed two or three times.

"Mamma — now — now — mamma —"

"Yes, dear."

"Are — are the flowers pretty?"

"Lovely. Run down and look at them if you like."

"Now — mamma ——"

"CHARLES STUART WAS LIFTED IN A WAY THAT FELT VERY COMFORTABLE"

"What is it, dear? Mamma's in kind of a hurry. You see she's got to get dressed now."

"Now, wh — wh — what would you do if f-f-four extra people should come — er — on the train, f'rinstance?"

"Mercy, Stuart! What an idea! They won't. Now run along, and eat a good dinner."

Charles Stuart did not feel the relief he had hoped for.

In the play-room he found Fanny, with his dinner on a tray, and he soon discovered that soup was what he wanted more than anything else.

He began to take a more cheerful view of things. If his friends should come — of course, after all, they might not — Benson could just put on some extra plates. Benson often had to do that when some of the relatives happened in.

He sat by the window until it grew dark. Then he decided to go downstairs. He felt like himself again, and would have slid down the banisters, but they were wound with smilax.

After a stroll through the empty parlor and dining-room he went into the little sitting-room at the foot of the stairs. There was a window there that looked out on the front porch.

Very soon he heard his mother and father come down, and not long after there were steps outside. He put his hands to the glass and looked through, but it was only one of his mother's guests.

Another figure followed close, however, — a man with a limp. It was Andrew Laing, and as the door opened for him Charles Stuart darted swiftly through the hall and drew him into the sitting-room, while Benson stared astonishment.

It was the same with blind Nello Zarlino, though Benson had nearly shut the dog out before Charles Stuart reached him.

"It's all right, Benson," he said, catching hold of the cord and dragging the animal by. "Course you'd have to bring Tony, wouldn't you, Nello?"

When Mrs. Peck came, and had also been shown into the sitting-room, Charles Stuart felt himself held back by the sleeve.

"Look a' 'ere, Stuart," protested Benson, "'ow much longer is this a-goin' on? I don't like the looks of it hat all, Stuart!"

"Only one more, Benson. It's all right. You wait and you'll see." And Charles Stuart hurried in to his guests.

At last Mr. Donovan arrived. He was obliged to appear with a black shade over one eye, but he wore a dress suit, and exhibited upon his broad shirt bosom a diamond of several carats.

This gentleman's breeziness of manner immediately set the company at greater ease, and they were getting very well acquainted, especially Mrs. Peck and Mr. Donovan, when Charles Stuart heard his mother's guests passing out to the dining-room.

He waited a few moments until the chairs were quiet, then he rose.

"I think we will go out to dinner now," he said solemnly, pushing aside the portières and leading the way.

With a gallant bow Mr. Donovan presented his arm to Mrs. Peck. Andrew Laing limped a little behind, and after him came blind Nello. The dog, roused by the stir, and deciding that this was a time when things were expected of him, rose to his hind feet and balanced himself stiffly in Nello's wake.

The procession paused at the doorway of the dining-room.

"Mamma," — Charles Stuart's voice squeaked like a graphophone — "here are some poor and maimed and lame and blind. And thou shalt be blessed."

The stillness that followed and the line of eyes were very trying. After what seemed a needless time to wait Mr. York pushed back his chair and came out into the hall.

"My father," introduced Charles Stuart politely, made much more comfortable by the drawing of the curtains.

"Most happy," and Mr. Donovan stretched out his hand.

Mr. York took it. "I don't understand this," he said, looking very gravely at Charles Stuart.

"Why — now — papa," began Charles Stuart. "Now — now — don't you know, papa, the Bible says — now — the Bible says ——" His father's steady gaze was very disturbing, and it was with relief that he saw Benson coming stealthily from the back of the hall.

His father saw him too, and turned.

"I asks pardon, Mr. York, but things is pretty bad in the kitchen," Benson said in a low voice. "The cook and the 'elper

Mrs. York 'ad in 'ave between 'em got such a load on as they can't lift a 'and, sir. We got 'em braced up and thought they'd go through, but they won't, sir. We'll do the best we can, but I don't know, sir."

Mr. York thrust his hands in his pockets and surveyed Benson.

"Isn't the dinner cooked?"

"There's a good many things not done yet, sir. There's the sauces—as Mrs. York is most particular about—and the birds. We shall have to leave out the birds and the terrapin, sir, and maybe some other things."

Mr. York took a few steps down the hall, his hands still in his pockets.

Then Mr. Donovan, who had been standing near, stepped after.

"I hope you'll excuse me, Mr. York," he said, "but I couldn't help overhearin', an' I've been sayin' to myself that for once Terry Donovan might be the right man in the right place. I'm head cook at Ramsay's restaurant—I suppose you know how that stands—an' if you says the worrud, sorr, an' this gentleman will show me the way to the kitchen, I'll see what can be done there."

"And I'll help," supplemented Mrs. Peck, drawing near to Mr. Donovan.

Mr. York's gaze traveled from Mr. Donovan's black shade to his diamond stud, then to the other members of the group, then back to Mr. Donovan.

"Well, I don't know how you all came here," he said, "and there isn't time now to inquire. It is certainly a very kind offer you have made, however, and if you can carry this thing through with any sort of success, I'll make it worth your while."

"Don't mention it. Glad to oblige."

Mr. Donovan and Mrs. Peck followed Benson down the hall. And since nothing was said to Charles Stuart or Andrew or Nello or the dog, they followed Mr. Donovan and Mrs. Peck.

In the kitchen Mr. Donovan's first act was to strip off his coat and vest and cuffs, his next to remove two inert forms to the laundry.

Straightway he was in his element, and finding work for the whole company.

Little did Mrs. York dream that the fringed celery and the radishes carved in miniature roses that came on just a thought late after the soup were evolved with a pair of kindergarten scissors in the hands of her son Stuart; or that in a safe corner of her kitchen a blind Italian violin boy was chopping parsley or crushing bread-crumbs to cover cones and cubes and balls fashioned by a woman in a rusty black cashmere trimmed with jet; or that the City Hall elevator man was beating eggs and dipping croquettes and stirring sauces; or, in brief, that a man six feet two inches tall, with a black shade over one eye and a roll to his *r*'s, was dominating this whole astonishing force, and averting for her a social cataclysm.

After that first delay, when she had fidgeted her foot under the table for about two minutes and a half, the dinner proceeded in a most orderly manner.

When the terrapin came she was pleasantly conscious that it was a rare success. After that she began to grow puzzled, and to flash those rapid, perplexed glances at Benson, which continued throughout the dinner, and at which Mr. York, who was watching, would smile.

*Entrées* appeared, transfigured into artistic achievements in which she recognized only the foundations. Then her birds, ordered *sautés*, with a sauce *Bordelaise*, as within the compass of her cook, came on in a *salmi*, such as is produced only by the inspired. It grew more and more mystifying.

But when the mint sherbet had been served in her choice, pale-tinted, Bohemian glasses, and the salad with just the right zest to its crisp whiteness, Mrs. York leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction. Her dinner was a success; she was sure of the rest. A miracle had happened somewhere, but she was contented, and for the time incurious.

At a late hour that night a very weary Charles Stuart sat on a bench in the kitchen. He hoped that Mr. Donovan and Mrs. Peck and Andrew and Nello were not as tired as he was.

They were just going, but he could scarcely see them, because of the lines of forks that were marching between.

His father was on the other side, too, talking, and as they went out they each said "thank you."

Charles Stuart would have said good-night, but he was studying how to slip through the ranks of forks and reach the back stairs. He wanted to go to bed.

Suddenly the lines divided, and his father came across. Charles Stuart was lifted in a way that felt very comfortable, and after traveling for a long time, at last found himself in his own room standing by his father's side, ready for bed.

From an open window came a breeze that was like a dash of cool water. He raised his eyes uncertainly, blinking at the lights.

"The poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind," he murmured. "And you see — you see — we *were* blessed, papa! — You see we *were!*"

Then, just conscious that he had still his prayer to say, he sank on his knees by the narrow brass bedstead, and his head dropped upon his arm.

At last Mr. York gathered up the small, white-robed figure and laid it in bed, lingering a little to watch the curly head nestling down in the pillow.

Suddenly Charles Stuart opened his eyes very wide. Then the long lashes fell slowly upon his cheek again.

"Maybe — I might — call — out — Kid Sullivan — to-morrow," he breathed softly.

# TWO SIDES OF A STREET

## BY

## MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON-WATKINS

THAT *Fate is blind as well as Love; that the trend of a life waits sometimes on the turn of a step; that chance shakes its kaleidoscope and the bits of color fall into any of a dozen patterns of existence; that the choice of a train may be the decision of a destiny: these are truisms. Yet you are still you, and, after all, environment, that shapes personality, is ruled by it. One of these stories is the story of Katherine Lewis; the other is what might as easily have been.*

*Slim and straight, distinguished even on Fifth Avenue, she walked slowly up the east side of the street, and her black-lashed blue eyes were dreamy with thought, but it was not German philosophy or higher mathematics that absorbed her. She was asking herself, and her whole mind was on the question, "Shall I go to Sixty-fifth Street to the Whitneys and find out if they are going South? Shall I go across the street to the Maison Blanc and buy handkerchiefs?" It troubled her, as if much depended on it, to decide. And meantime the angel of destiny, silent, invisible, hung above the rush of Fifth Avenue, poised where the Waldorf-Astoria projects a ten-dollar-a-day magnificence into air, and in either hand he held a fate for Katherine, as she should choose the east side or the west. Two stories, two widely different possibilities, waited for the girl's uncertain will to become history and life.*

### THE STORY OF THE WEST SIDE

TOLD BY MARGARET ARTHUR

DUNCAN PAIGE, mounted on the Temples' best heavy-weight hunter, trotted forward to reconnoiter the take-off.

"It's all right," he called in a strong, slow voice. "Not mud — hard sand."

He wheeled the bay horse, and stood twenty feet to one side, to watch me. With a touch of my heel and a sharp word Monsieur and I were off at a dashing gallop, and I sat into the pommels and gave him his head for the four-foot bar. All sensations that come of doing and daring are exhilarating, but there is none that so breaks through physical limits and makes one a part of the swing of the worlds as feeling your spirit rise with the spring of a jumping horse. The beast's huge muscles are yours and for a glorious second you two together are a great bird rushing through air on wings of steel. Monsieur flattened himself over the rails in a long flying leap and came down snorting with joy and pride. I, on his back, merely expressed

"MONSIEUR AND I WERE OFF"

myself differently. I drew him out of the way and patted his brown neck, and waited for Duncan's turn.

The bay hunter, an old hand at the game, took it more quietly, and Duncan is always composed. With his head bare, sunlight on his bronze hair and massive face and great shoulders, and a flicker of pleasure in his eyes, he cantered easily forward, he and the big, shining horse against the shadowy woods behind them, as noble a sight as one might see. They flew over, the two great weights, lightly as if a four-foot jump were nothing, and the bay drew up beside me with what seemed an affectation of quiet thoughtfulness. I snapped at him with my crop and he bounded sidewise indignantly.

"Don't do that," said Duncan. "Didn't he jump well?"

"But he needn't be so blasé," I complained. "He needn't rub it in that he can do six feet six and Monsieur only five."

Duncan patted the nervous neck under my hands. "Monsieur did finely. Couldn't be done better. As for you, I sha'n't marry till I find a girl who can jump as you do."

Now, I will go miles for a compliment of any sort, but most of all one for my horsemanship touches me. "Did I take it all right?" I demanded, hoping to draw more fire.

Duncan leaned over and examined his spick and span russet boot. "Hate to get these boots muddy," he remarked. "Costs fifty cents to have them polished. Oh — yes. You jumped very well." Then he stared across at the west where the hills were turning purple against an orange sky. "I think we had better be going along," he said. "It will be dark now, before we get home."

In two minutes we trotted soberly out of the fields into the road, Duncan still gazing down moodily at his boots. In a moment he spoke again. "I'm going to marry a girl who rides — yes. What's more, I'm going to marry a girl who has horses, and can pay for them, and then the men can do my boots." He laughed, but not merrily. "I intend to marry a rich girl," he went on; "that's what I intend to do, Margaret. I'm tired of counting pennies, and riding other people's horses. When I was in the air just now taking that fence, what do you suppose I thought? Right in the middle it flashed into my head, 'This beast cost a thousand dollars — suppose I break his leg!'"

"But that's nonsense," I said. "With a trained hunter you took no risk."

"I didn't mean to, but I want to take risks if I choose. I want things of my own. And the only way I can see of getting them is to marry a rich girl."

I looked back at him as Monsieur's tast walk led the procession of two. "Duncan, I've heard you talk this way before. And I told you then that it's neither decent nor funny. You'll come to believe you mean it some day, if you say it so often."

"I do mean it," he insisted. "Why shouldn't I? Of course, I won't marry a girl I hate, an ugly girl, or a stupid girl. But if I liked her and she had lots of money, you'd see if I wouldn't get her if I could. Oh, I'd be good to her, you know — I wouldn't let her be sorry if I could help it, but" — he shut his lips — "I want money, and freedom from everlasting uphill grind."

"It's a very low ambition," I answered, and he turned on me with indignant deliberateness.

"You don't know in the least what it is. You don't know how it feels to be caught in a treadmill."

The bay hunter drew ahead and started up hill on a gallop, and I held Monsieur, prancing and snorting, back. I did know a little. I knew of his inheritance from grandfather and great-grandfather of a business once large and prosperous, now dwindled; I knew his dislike for the sort of work it entailed; his discouragement in it; his helplessness to leave it; I knew his love of sport and leisure and travel, his longing for

the refinements and opportunities which meant money; I knew how he kicked against the pricks, to feel his life lengthening without broadening. I had known the boy — my dead brother's best friend — since he was fifteen, and now he was twenty-eight. And I knew that his faults, all of them the sort that ill-natured people are quick to criticize, never cooled for a moment the warmth of his friends' affection. In all his big make-up there was no touch of meanness or selfishness. White honor, gay courage, untired gentleness, simple dignity — these were the qualities by which they knew Duncan Paige, who loved him. As I gained the brow of the hill he stood dark against the yellow sky, facing me, waiting for me, the big horse and big man a colossal equestrian statue in the hazy light.

"How long you keep me waiting!" he scolded. "I certainly shall not marry a girl who rides as slowly as that."

"Bad horsemanship to run your beast up hill," I retorted, and then harked back, as I had strictly decided not to do, "Duncan, suppose you fell in love — badly, idiotically, you know — with a poor girl."

"Shouldn't do it." He shook his head.

"But you know you might — truly. Wouldn't you let your low theories go, then?"

Duncan's slow speech hurried under stress of impatience with me. "Child, how foolish! A pretty figure I'd cut, marrying a poor girl! I hate sordidness and grubbing with all my soul, and I wouldn't like a girl who didn't feel the same way. Nice thing it would be, then, to get into a place where we should have to grub and be sordid together. But I'll likely never find any heiress who will have me, and isn't cross-eyed. I'll get poorer and stupider every year — what foolish talk!" He pulled himself up sharply. "Look, isn't that a nice moon I've had turned on for you?"

The gorgeous sunset of the short November day was a dull red glow behind us, and in front a gold Indian summer moon climbed swiftly up a clear sky from a rim of trees below to a diadem of clouds above. The air was like cooled wine. I stuffed my gloves into the saddle pocket, and hung my hat over my arm to let the exquisite night soak in at every inch. Monsieur and the bay stepped on with the swift, light gait into which horses fall when, untired, but with their big muscles playing well from miles of exercise, they are at their beautiful best of movement. The last half hour of a good ride is always the finest, and a rider who loves the exercise comes in fit and ready for twenty miles more. Down the long hill towards the lights of the city we drew the reins a touch tighter and lengthened the time of the musical hoof-beats ringing on the road from the strong and willing feet. We were glorying in and grudging each yard we covered, and as the asphalt struck out a sharper note from under, I looked up at the moon sailing high in a pulsing sky and over my shoulder at the darkening woodlands and the pale thread of road which called us back to them, and thought, as every rider thinks many a time, "This is the best of all."

I am writing the story of Katherine Lewis. This ride of mine with Duncan Paige, before she came into his life, is not of it, but it has always seemed to me a prelude and a part, so I place it where I think it belongs, a bit of galloping music done softly by the orchestra before the play begins.

The next day I went to New York. Country people all stay at the Waldorf-Astoria, because there one gets all of the passing show. The first day in the city I am like a child over the shop windows, and after a tailor-milliner morning I was still fresh enough and foolish enough to stroll out at four o'clock with an idea of doing the Fifth Avenue panorama. As I stood at the corner of Thirty-third Street, wondering which would be more of a revel — the gorgeous window full of Sheffield plate across the way, or the white gleam of embroidered linens in the Maison Blanc just below — I saw Katherine Lewis, a distinguished young figure even on Fifth Avenue, crossing slowly towards me.

In five minutes, our desultory plans abandoned, we sat over a corner table in the palm-room of the hotel, and a steaming little tea-pot was fragrant before us, and delicious unhealthy bits of cobweb pastry invited us to eat, drink, and be ill. In the pleasant "solitude à deux" which hides in the heart of a crowd, I felt the charm of the girl more strongly than ever. I can imagine needing a Keeley cure for the Katherine Lewis habit, for, while I can get along after abstaining for a while, yet the moment I see her and hear her voice and her laugh again I must have her — every inch of me rises up and demands her. Yet the charm

is no weird fascination, but a spell of sunshine and sweet temper, and for a foamy, sparkling top to such qualities, a keen humor that pervades them. No one sees the joke in a disagreeable happening so instantly as Katherine, no one can so carry others with her on a tide of contagious laughter. It is the light-heartedness which makes every one light-hearted about her, the forgetfulness of self which makes every one remember her, the wish to do pleasant things and the knowledge how to do them, which together mean good breeding. With all this and thirty thousand a year it is an eighth wonder that the girl is unspoiled, her father and mother, grandfather and uncles, having died in quick succession years ago to make poor little Katherine an heiress.

"Kitty-cat," I said, "I think I can't live without you more than a month longer. Will you come to Shoreland and stay — perhaps always?"

So a date was arranged for the day before New Year's, and Katherine was to stay two weeks.

Christmas Eve brought Duncan Paige with the bunch of violets he never forgets, flowers that are for thoughts, I know well, of the boy who used to give them to me, his friend and my brother.

"Duncan," I said, "you are going to the Hunt Club breakfast New Year's morning?"

"Can't," answered Duncan, with no waste of English.

"Why, but Duncan —" I was dumb with excess of things to say. Then I found eager words. "But the Temples will surely want you to ride one of their horses. Or you could have one of ours, only they're not as good. You must go — why not?"

"Have to be in New York on business the thirty-first. Why don't you have me trim that tree, John? I can reach everywhere — it's all I'm good for."

"Duncan, please settle this Hunt breakfast first."

"It's settled," said Duncan cheerfully.

"'"WILL YOU COME TO SHORELAND AND STAY — PERHAPS ALWAYS?"'"

Strings of tinsel and popcorn around my neck, red and gold and green balls strung on my fingers, I sat down and looked at him almost in tears. It was like prodding a mountain side. "It's going to be the best thing this winter — it's wicked to miss it. And I wanted you to be polite to Katherine Lewis — she's coming. I wanted you for a dinner the night of the Charity Ball. I wanted you for a lot of things."

"Awfully sorry," said Duncan. "I'd have liked to do it all, but I really must go down. It's important."

"Business!" I said scornfully as I gave John — a man whom I married — a line of silver fluff for the tree. "Business! You might be doing more at that if you stayed

here and made yourself agreeable to Miss Lewis — she has thirty thousand a year."

Duncan, his long arms reaching up to place a star-crowned flashing paper angel on the top of the tree, turned and looked down at me. I had not meant to tell him about Katherine's money. I was silent for a moment, displeased with myself, and then Duncan spoke slowly.

"Ollie Temple asked me to drive his four-in-hand to that breakfast."

There was one four-in-hand coach in the city and it belonged to Ollie Temple, who had tipped it over, loaded, three times. Four men had broken arms or collar-bones and people were shy about going out with him now. But by a kindly dispensation there were several who could not own four horses, yet could drive them, and Duncan, who had the accomplishments of a millionaire, was of the number.

"He did?" I said eagerly, and then I stopped. I would not ask him to stay now, after what I had said about the girl's money. I would not have Katherine fortune-hunted, not even for Duncan. I knew, too, that the idea of being married for her money was the one sore point in the girl's healthy mind. As I looked up at the young man there was a lazy, mischievous smile on his face.

"I'll tell Ollie I've reconsidered. I'll send big brother to New York the thirty-first. Would Miss Lewis drive out with me on the box of Ollie's coach?"

"Duncan," I said severely; "of course I want you to stay, but if you are doing it, as it looks, because of what I let slip about Katherine's money, why — why, you are disgusting."

"Can't seem to please you," said Duncan patiently. "Say I'll go and you jump on me; say I'll stay and you jump harder."

At that moment John, standing off to contemplate the glories of the now sparkling tree, finished his cigar, and threw it into the fire. "She's like Mr. Dooley's description of the Boers, Duncan, 'a pasthoral people, mindin' their own business, and raisin' hell wid everybody,'" he remarked.

Katherine Lewis and Duncan Paige New Year's morning on the box of the Temples' drag, four massive, curvetting hackneys in shining harness in front of them, a dozen gay people, picturesquely wrapped and furred behind them, the snowy winter land-

"TURNED AND LOOKED DOWN AT ME"

scape, bright with sunshine and clear blue sky, for a background, were as dashing a picture of the joy of life as anything an artist could imagine. I was first in the great, dim room, low, heavy-raftered, where the breakfast was served. As I held my fingers, stiff from cold bridle reins, to the huge fire that roared hospitably across the far end of the hall, I watched where — beyond the big horseshoe table, gleaming with white linen and silver and glass — through the open doorway the half hundred of people came laughing, talking, hurrying in, rosy and jolly, stamping cold feet, and rubbing tingling ears. But no Katherine and no Duncan. Every one else had come, and still no sign of them. The M. F. H. brought me a glass of egg-nog, and as I lifted it I saw, come at last and standing framed in the wide doorway, quietly laughing and talking together, the runaways. Colonel Van Deck followed my look.

"Those two young people seem rather absorbed in each other," he said, and waved his glass at the unnoticing Duncan. He turned to me with a laugh. "Drink to

the day-dreamers, Mrs. Arthur — it's a good toast for the first of the new year — youth and beauty and gladness — look at them! Here's to them and may they live long and be happy!"

Of course it was a foregone conclusion. I wondered many times how, knowing them each separately, I could have missed knowing they would be fire and tow together. The unquenchable brightness of Katherine's soul seemed made expressly to fit into the somber gentleness, to lift the discouragement of Duncan's, and

"'I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WILL SAY'"

his quiet composure of manner showed at its best beside the girl's effervescence of spirit. I watched him with a guilty anxiety, and he knew that I watched him.

"I told you so," he said to me one night after a dinner, as we sat alone, with fourteen people around us. He shifted lazily and regarded me with amused, half-open blue eyes.

"Duncan," I said, "you haven't the effrontery to tell me you are carrying out a plan?"

"How does it look?" he asked. "What do people say?"

"I don't care what people say. I'll believe what you say. If you tell me you are devoted to Katherine because of her money, I'll believe it — and despise you. Will you tell me that — are you?"

There was no answer and I turned and looked at him. The blue gaze had wandered across the room where the girl, her shoulders rising whitely from the soft blackness of her gown, animated, lovely, talked to a group of men. From under the heavy lashes shot a look of such intense fire as I had not dreamed was in him. I looked away quickly, for I knew I had surprised his soul.

It was only four days later that Katherine, her face radiant, came to me, slim and picturesque in her dark habit, from a long horseback ride through snowy country.

"I don't know what you will say, when I have known him such a little time," she said, "but I am engaged to Mr. Paige."

As the deed was done, I tried to shut out from my mind ugly possibilities. I knew how the girl, with her lack of vanity, had feared to be married for money, but now she had put such a thought out of her world, and a breath of it would have seemed to her disloyalty. Knowing her lover, I knew that no explanations were to be expected from him. With my heart in my words I told him what I thought of his sweetheart, and he listened seriously, and then bent over and kissed my hand.

"I know it," he said simply.

The engagement was kept quiet until Duncan could see the aunt and uncle who were the girl's only guardians, and in the meantime I held her beyond her promised visit.

Suddenly the world came to an end a week after its beginning. We had come in early one evening and I left the lovers in the library, after extracting John from it with pain, he being amiably disposed to make a night of it with them. I wandered into Katherine's room an hour later, and waited by the fire, though with little hope that Duncan would go so early. Suddenly the door opened and she came in, and when I saw her I sat up quickly and caught my breath, for she was shaking like a leaf.

"What is it?" I asked. "Kitty-cat, what is it?"

She came across to the rug, and sank on it and laid her head with its coil of heavy brown hair against my knee, and for a long minute shook and said not a word. Then she lifted her face, and looked at me steadily.

"It's all over," she said.

"All over? What do you mean?" My heart was like lead.

"Only this — he was going to marry me for my wretched money. I was so conceited, I thought I was worth being — loved — for myself. I'll never think so again. I've learned my lesson."

By degrees it came out. Duncan had told her how he stayed over New Year's because of what he had heard of her thirty thousand a year. I loved him for it, because it showed him secure in the certainty of his feeling for her. But I could not make her see it so, and I could have cried over the boy's honest stupidity. Why couldn't he have let things alone?

The next day she was gone, and the episode seemed finished — an episode only, leaving no record behind except for the marks which I knew would not fade quickly from the two scarred young lives. I saw Duncan as usual, but he never once spoke of that two weeks or of Katherine, and it would have taken a braver woman than I to break through his reserve. One evening he came in, and as the lord of the house snatched two cigars and a novel, and retired hurriedly up-stairs to his den, in a manner unflattering to both, Duncan and I were left alone. He was moody and low-spirited, and all the cheerful firelight, and lamplight, and my friendliest efforts could not make him happy. I knew what was in his thoughts, but I knew well that I might not speak of it. Suddenly, to my surprise, he spoke himself. There was a stillness in the room for a few moments after his low, slow voice, composed as always, had stopped, and the crackling, unconcerned fire had the situation all to itself. Then, as gently as I could, I told him how foolish he had been to put his clumsy finger on the one sore spot in Katherine's character. I told him how sure I was she had cared for him deeply, and did still. I assured him of my faith in his love for her and that, if her fortune were gone, he would want her just the same.

"I would," he said huskily. "I didn't know a man felt this way. But after all I've said, and believed I meant, life wouldn't be hard, even with little money, if — if she were in it."

I patted his arm, speechless, and we both stared at the blaze. Then a good spirit of evil, for such there must be, inspired me. Like a prophet of old I stood up, and leaning against the mantel-shelf, I poured out words upon words, and every word untrue. At first it was in the manner of a parable. I had no idea that Duncan would believe it; I had no idea from one sentence what the next would be; it startled my ears to hear them rolling plausibly along. But Duncan, who had known me always as truthful, never doubted a word. I told him that Katherine had, in fact, lost her money; that her uncle had lost it two days before in Wall Street. There had been a bad day in the Stock Exchange, and I had read about it, and by some chance the affair had caught in my mind. I expected to make mistakes every moment, but I did not. I gave details, I said what stock, I took risks blithely, yet the fabrication slipped from my hands flawless and shining with truth. Weeks of study could not have bettered it, John told me, with a lawyer's expert appreciation of a competent lie, when I repeated the details to him. Before I had finished Duncan was turning over the books on the library table.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Doesn't John keep his time-tables here?" he demanded abstractedly.

It took some trouble to prevent him from going that night. He would have reached Cloverly, Katherine's home, the next morning, and it was easy to see that those hours seemed as many as he could waste, with the new, unhoped-for prospect before him of clearing himself, of winning his lady-love. But I thought it too dangerous, done in that way, and with a carefully worded telegram I sent the eager lover down town, glad to have even that to do and resigned to waiting a little.

The telegram brought her in three days, her old sunshiny self, but with a little less bubbling over to her laughter, a little less gaiety in her bright manner. There had been no word of Duncan in my message, but I saw the thought of him in her eyes as she looked about the familiar little library. And I thought I could see that during the weeks since she saw him she had learned to judge him less harshly, to repent, perhaps, of her quick condemnation. So when, feeling my way at every word, I told her of the scene three nights before, of my inspired falsehood and its instant effect, I found a pliable spirit molding under my fingers.

I had told Duncan he might come at four o'clock, and at fifteen minutes before the time the bell rang. So contradictory a thing is a girl, that I had to push this one downstairs to meet the man she loved. With my heart beating, I waited till an hour later, out of what seemed to me the silence of the grave below, I heard Katherine's step on the stairs. When I went into the library with her two minutes after,

"I thought you were never coming back," said Duncan, not seeing me at all.

And as I left them in only ten minutes again — with great self-denial, for they combined the charm of other people's love-letters with the satisfaction of my own well-finished work — I turned in the doorway and looked back at the two tall and stately and radiant young people.

"There's nothing good enough to say to you," I exploded, "but Colonel Van Deck's first toast of the new year a thousand times over, is what I hope. As he said 'To youth and beauty and gladness,' with all my heart, 'May you live long and be happy!'"

## THE STORY OF THE EAST SIDE

TOLD BY GERALD WHITNEY, JR.

My sister Elinor has issued orders that I shall write a story. I never in my life did such a thing, though my chum at college made me write a poem once, and they put it in the *Yale Lit.*, and they said it was great because Maeterlinck himself could not tell what it was about. But Nell says I was the cause of this tale, so that it's fitting I should do it up in shape for the archives. That's because I happened to meet Katherine Lewis meandering up Fifth Avenue one afternoon last November, and captured her and took her home to see Nell and have tea. But she had some idea of going anyway, so I cannot set up the *deus ex machina* claim to any great extent. I was home from New Haven for a couple of days, and had just been out for a gallop in the park, and not having put in quite enough exercise was sailing down the Avenue feeling pretty fit and wondering what next. About Thirty-third Street I caught sight half a block away of a stunning looking girl, the tall, willowy kind, with the proper sort of clothes — I don't know what they were. I gave her the advantage of an approving glance for thirty feet or so, when I suddenly discovered it was Katherine.

Katherine and I are the oldest sort of friends, and the family had a theory we ought to marry some day when we grew up. Katherine, being two or three years older than I, mentioned it to me and begged me not. Said she wouldn't for anything; said she'd love to see me marry her Aunt Clara to keep me in the family, but none of me in hers, or words to that effect. So we settled that and left the family to fuss. I sha'n't bother about marriage much till I see if I make the foot-ball team. I'm persuaded there's nothing in it compared to foot-ball. But I digress.

"Hello, Kitty-cat!" I said, as soon as she was within hail, and she was all over howdy-do in a second.

"I was trying to decide whether I'd go to your house or order some handkerchiefs," she began.

"Handkerchiefs be hanged! I'll lend you all you want," I said. "Come along. Nell's at home and they'll be having tea. I'll turn around and walk back with you."

"But it's so far to Sixty-fifth Street — I'm not sure if I'm game," said Katherine.

Now that girl is always game for anything, whether she can do it or not. She wouldn't hesitate to go as half-back into the Yale-Harvard day if the captain of either team suggested it. So I was surprised.

"Nonsense, my good girl; that's no way to talk. What you need is exercise in hunks. To Sixty-fifth Street is only a mile and a half, a nice little sprint before dinner. I'll put you through at a pace that will make you feel your muscles. I can see you need it — you look sallow."

"Oh, Gerry!" said Katherine. "You're a horrid boy. I don't, do I? Come along anyway. I won't be stumped by you."

"Thought you wouldn't, if I handled you right," I said. I'm keen on character and I know girls.

Nell snatched at Katherine as if she'd had nothing to eat for a week. Heaven knows what they chattered about, but I was an "also ran" in two minutes, and sat back and watched them. I really enjoy seeing girls run on like that, they have such fun out of nothing, and it's such a wonder how they do it. A couple of men would need drinks and cigarettes and track athletics or something really important to talk about, and then they couldn't get on the steam in

the time. Katherine makes everybody laugh when she laughs herself — it's what the novels call "infectious." She certainly is good company, and no lugs or nonsense about her. I wouldn't have so much minded marrying her if my time was free, and if — but halt! — that's the story. I mustn't forget I'm writing a deathless tale, and it won't do to anticipate and steal my own thunder.

Pretty soon, while I divided my attention between watching the fire blaze, and listening to the girls laugh, and eating a ton or so of the very worthy little biscuit our people have for tea, I noticed that they were talking about Bermuda. The family had a cottage there the winter before, and I was down for two weeks, and I felt quite keen about going again. It's a great place. All the keener I was when I found out that they were cooking it up for Katherine to go too; that struck me as an able thought. To get on a bit with the plot, Katherine decided to shake her aunt for once — she's a tottlish old sort, nourished on things of a chicken-feed character, and Katherine sits about and takes care of her and gives up things a ridiculous lot. But she actually said she'd leave the old party for once, and go down to Bermuda for two months with the Whitneys.

I couldn't see my way to leaving college this year at first, but by good luck I put in December with an attack of grip, and by the thirty-first, which was the date the boat sailed, I was quite in shape — and no kick coming either — to be ordered to a warm climate. So down we all went together. The voyage was the sort you can't describe and be a church member, and I'll cut it out. Mother and Nell and the children and the servants were all stretched moaning on the bed of pain, but Katherine and I were up and at it all the time. She vowed she had always been seasick before, but Katherine regularly makes herself out the worst of the push, whatever the push may be. The third morning of the trip they had us routed up at seven, and the boat was going like an automobile, and all the old human drift-wood that had been stored below for three days was up on deck, looking haggard but willing. We were inside the bar, and sailing over water like blue jewelry. The whole island looks as if it had been planned for the drop curtain of a theater, you know. White stone houses, with flat white roofs, black-green

"I REALLY ENJOY SEEING GIRLS RUN ON LIKE THAT"

cedar trees everywhere, hot white roads that dazzle your eyes, bright blue water around every corner, and scarlet-coated soldiers dotted about to decorate the landscape.

Our cottage was in what they called Paget Parish, across a bay from the Princess Hotel, a typical limestone Bermuda house, quarried out of the hill above it, with the roof made of slabs of limestone too, and the whole thing white-washed. There were palms by the veranda, a hedge of scarlet geraniums three feet high, oleander trees that spread over the roof, and altogether you couldn't get rid of the idea that you were living in a stage setting. There was a big, green-painted veranda that looked across the water, and an English man-of-war lay down there, between us and the Princess. And now, pay strict attention, for enter the hero. At first there were so many of him that I couldn't tell which he was, for neither the navy nor the army was backward at mounting into the breach, and that sea-veranda was littered with uniforms every afternoon. It didn't worry me a little bit, for the left-overs made friends with brother Gerald, and I played tennis with them at Happy Valley and golf at the Garrison Club, and sailed and fished and dined and lunched with them, yes, and even drank with them — Tea. They were a fine, strong lot, always ready for next, and I put in a good month, in spite of my feeble health, which I cherished. And was Katherine popular? Was she indeed! She took no end of pains to prove to us that she had never before been made so much of, and it was all Nell's reflected glory and my bringing the chaps around, and a lot of rot besides. The girl has not only no conceit, but no perspective — she believes her own fictions. But she couldn't say much about Cecil Mansfield; no amount of modesty could fail to see that he was hard hit. He was a lieutenant on the "Moonstone," the English gunboat anchored down by the Princess, a big, dark, quiet Englishman, with a slow, assured way about him, and a lot of dignity. He came in sometimes on the accommodation train for an American joke, but he always got there. I asked him if a Uneeda biscuit was a soda-cracker, what was an ice pick? And when I told him it was a water-cracker it took him two days to assimilate it. But he did it, with application, and he had about half an hour's steady laughing when it struck home. We were on the "Moonstone" constantly for all sorts of things, and the Captain's having taken a shine to Nell made us all rulers of the King's navee.

There were half a dozen officers whom we got to know well, but Cecil Mansfield was far-and-away the best of the lot. It worried the girls to have him constantly doing things for them that cost money, for we had been told that this set were poorer than church mice, and we could see the proof of it in the others. But Mansfield was reckless, and blew in good money, as much as one can in those quiet summer isles. He drove us all down in carriages to St. George's for dinner, and that's a twenty-four mile stunt — and gave us lunches at the Monkey House, and had a ball of some sort wherever and whenever he could get in a chance.

"It's all right, Katherine," I said one day. "It's an investment. Mansfield has a hard head for business, and he can take the price out of your thirty thousand a year when he gets you."

She blushed, and I couldn't make out if it was maidenly shyness or temper. "Gerry, hush!" she said. "What a nasty thing to say! He doesn't know I have a cent."

"Oh, doesn't he though! But he does. I told him," I answered promptly. "And he said, 'That's the bird for me.'" Of course he had said no such thing, nor had I, but she got scarlet.

"I think you were very officious, and he very insulting. I wish you wouldn't talk about me to people," she said, and went off in a naughty pet.

I tried to tell her I'd been fooling, but she wouldn't listen, so I left her to her fate. And being furious at me she took it out of Mansfield. She treated him scandalously, and he looked at her in a gentle, astonished way that made me sorry. Sometimes I felt I ought to tell him about it, but the chap had such a dignified way that I was afraid. He never seemed to get angry at Katherine though she was downright rude at times, but from being trodden on he got careful how he strewed himself under her feet. He wasn't cut out for a worm. And he grew to be great friends with Nell, who liked him. Now Nell had troubles of her own in America, and didn't give a whoop for the whole outfit of Englishmen, except to pass the

"VOWED SHE HAD ALWAYS BEEN SEASICK BEFORE"

time, and Katherine knew it; but all the same she cooked up a foolish theory about Cecil and Nell that I will elucidate by a short, true story. The Monkey House was the scene of the drama, and I was the solitary and unexpected audience. The Monkey House, so-called, is nothing of the kind. It is a little Bermuda farm up the side of the hill over the bay, in Warwick Parish, and the owner is an English sailor, who has parrots and monkeys and animals galore, in cages around the house. But the owner isn't the owner—it's his wife. She's a Frenchwoman, and she has stuck imitation Japanese summer-houses up and down the hill, and they are covered with vines and flowers, and each one separate, and when you go in you feel lost to the world and pleasantly clandestine. She cooks stunningly, and it was a fad that year to go there for meals or afternoon tea, which she served in the said hen-coops. There is one of them that is a sort of conservatory, with an inner tea-room, and into that I wandered, one hot afternoon in late January, when I had ridden over on my bicycle and got there ahead of the party. Some of them were rowing across and some of them driving around by the road, but I thought they would find me when they came, so I didn't bother, but penetrated into the penetralia, and as I'd been at the dance at the Hamilton Hotel the night before and was drowsy, I went comfortably asleep in a wicker chair with my feet in another. I woke to find myself slapping about as if to ward off flies, and suddenly realized that it wasn't flies, but voices. Two of them, in the conservatory, with nothing but lattice-work and vines between us. I started up to go in, but was petrified into stillness. Cecil Mansfield was talking.

"Please listen," he said. "This is the only chance I've had to speak to you alone for a week, and I mean not to be done out of it. You mustn't think me a brute to insist against your will, but there's something I must say. I don't understand in the least why you suddenly changed your whole attitude towards me. At first you were so good to me that I hoped I might sometime make you care as I cared."

There was a pause, and back in the sanctum I reflected. "Gerry, boy," I said to myself, "are you a cad, or are you a ministering angel? If you go in there Katherine will cling to you like a drowning man to a straw, and you'll spoil Mansfield's hard earned innings. Maybe you'd better lie down again, and if they come in here, which is unlikely, you'll be sound asleep and snoring gently. And nothing could be more respectful than the interest with which you will listen to this little drama, anyway." So I did that.

The next thing was Katherine's voice, cool as a cucumber.

"I'm going up to the house. There doesn't seem to be much plot to what you are saying, and I want to find Gerry."

I could hear a movement.

"Oh, of course, if you are going to guard the door I sha'n't fight you," Katherine went on. "In that case talk fast and get it over, if you feel you must say whatever it is." I listened to hear him box her ears, but he didn't. Only the chap's voice seemed to tremble.

"You are very unkind. There is something I don't understand, and it would be fairer of you to explain what it is — what I have done. I want to tell you" — he stopped and it seemed hard for him to get the words out — "to tell you that I love you — I love you, Katherine, and ask you to marry me."

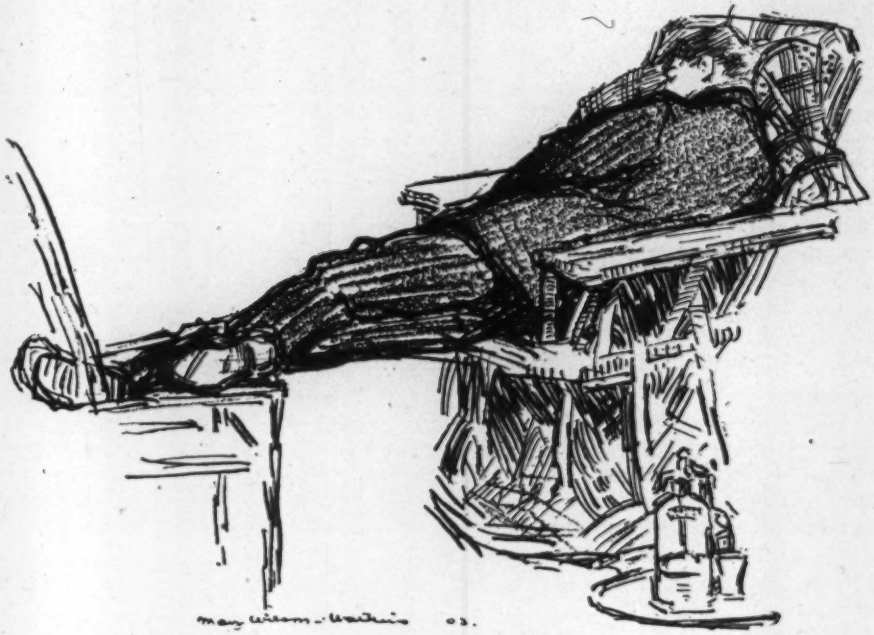
"Miss Whitney? Why do you say that?"

I heard her skirts swish a step or two towards the door then, and I knew she was throwing the words over her shoulder as she moved out:

"Because the Whitneys are rich too."

And then I could hear her flying away across the grass, and I knew Mansfield was there alone. At least he thought he was. He began talking to himself on this theory:

"Rich too? I don't understand!" then silence. Then again: "Rich too? Is it possible she thinks —" and another silence. Finally I heard a chair groan dismally as he



"WENT COMFORTABLY ASLEEP IN A WICKER CHAIR"

I tell you the air was thundery for the next second, while neither of them said a word. Then Cecil began to plough along again.

"It's frightfully hard when you look at me like that. It makes me desperate. I can't feel a ray of hope. Yet I want you — I want you — and I can't give it up without a try. I never wanted anything in my life so much before, so I've got to tell you whatever comes."

Air heavy with electricity. Then Katherine's voice, deliberate, nasty:

"And failing me, Miss Whitney."

I could have gone out there and lammed her, and Mansfield jumped.

dropped into it, and then he groaned. I tell you I was sorry for him.

Tea was a solemn function that afternoon, and I left my happy home just as often as I could in the next day or two, for there was a sickly effort to be sprightly in Katherine's manner that took all the starch out of me, and I felt as if I had stolen the milk from a blind kitten every time Nell mentioned Mansfield. Yet I did not dare put my finger in the pie to straighten things out till one day I heard something that dumfounded me. I was lunching at the Yacht Club with Dunlap of the "Moonstone" three days after the Monkey House tea, and talking up a golf tournament. The

Governor had put up a cup for the ladies, and I wanted the "Moonstone" chaps to let me go in with them and put up a polo pony for the men. But Dunlap thought it too much.

"You Americans are all so rich," he complained. "Money means nothing to you. We can't afford to do things in that way. We are all younger sons, living on our pay and small allowances, and if we went into sports at that pace we would soon go broke. Except Mansfield, of course. He could do what he chose, but he doesn't on account of the others, don't you know."

"Is Mansfield better off than the rest?" I asked. I'll own up I was curious. Dunlap stopped drumming on the table and stared at me.

"Don't you know about him? Why he's heir to the earldom of St. Edmond. Lord St. Edmond is what he'll be before long, likely, for it's his great uncle has got the job now, and the old chap is feeble. He has about five thousand pounds a year now, don't you know, and will have thirty or forty thousand when he comes to the title."

"Lord!" I gasped.

Dunlap was quite pleased to impress me that way. "Yes. It's quite a devil of a lot, even to Americans, isn't it?"

"What's he doing, fooling around Bermuda?" I demanded indignantly.

Dunlap gazed out of the window at the little boats in the water across Bay Street, and the "Trinidad" lying at anchor. "Does that old scow sail to-night?" he asked, with the most irritating absent-mindedness. "Oh—Mansfield. Well, I suppose he didn't know it would bother you, do you see! That's why he stayed on in the service." Then he laughed and patted my shoulder. "The story's quite dramatic. A year ago Mansfield was like the rest of us, no money and no prospects in particular. But the sort of thing that happens in novels happened in his family. Heir was killed hunting, the next in succession shot in Africa, somebody else died of measles, we'll say—three or four of them cleared off, so that Mansfield, to his astonishment, suddenly stood next the title, don't you know. But he wouldn't leave the sea, good boy that he is, so here he is still with us, on the good ship 'Moonstone,' till the old man dies, and he's forced home to tackle his earldom."

"Oh, Lord!" I howled again. "Oh, Lord! Oh, Dunlap!" And I fell over the back of my chair, so limp that Dunlap hastily began pouring Scotch.

"What the deuce is it to you anyway?" he snapped. "What are you fainting about, I'd like to know?"

I left him snapping, and I got home as fast as my legs would let me, and there I cornered my sister in a hurry, and poured out the whole symposium. Nell's first thought was to lecture me, but she then decided that whatever happened she was going to laugh. So we shook together as we contemplated the thought of Katherine refusing the Earl of What-you-may-call-him and his diamond rings, with scorn and anger, because he was after her money. Then, after deep thought, Nell summoned her tact and went up-stairs to tell her, while I waited for results. I didn't have to wait long. Nell came back with a face like a funeral. She shook her head solemnly at me.

"Gerry, I think you'd better go up to the Hamilton for a few days."

"Jupiter, Nell! Is it as bad as that?"

"Cheer up; the worst is yet to come," my sister assured me. "She says nothing will persuade her to speak to him again. She's in love with him, you know."

That dazed me. What's the good of being in love with 'em if you don't speak to 'em? "Then why won't she speak to him?"

Nell looked at me with contempt. "Can't you understand that? Of course, the more she cares, the more she won't—Oh, well! I should think you'd understand. Even you, Gerry."

I was fallen so low I couldn't resent anything. "Yes," I said meekly, and then, "What's going to happen?"

Nell considered. "I think," she said with impressiveness, "there is one chance to set it all straight."

My spirits rose. "You'll tell him, Nell? You're a jim-dandy girl, that you are."

"No," said Nell. "It's not quite that. *You'll* tell him."

Then I begged like a dog, but it wasn't any use. I had to do it. And I had warning that if I suggested to Mansfield, or let him get the suggestion, that Katherine wanted his money or his title or him or would even look at any of them again, I might as well go bury myself, for my life would end. So I set forth with a light heart

to tell a man that I'd lied about him to his best girl, that I had eavesdropped at his love-making, and that the pleasant outcome of my frolicsome tricks was that she would never speak to him again. A situation like that is a privilege that is granted to only the elect of the earth, but I wished I hadn't been elected.

It was an evil half hour, and old Mansfield fixed me with the eye of an earl and other nobilities, while I staggered along with my horrid tale. After I had finished he kept that stern eye contemplatively on me as I writhed before him.

"I refuse to accept your judgment as to whether Miss Lewis will see me again," he said.

"It isn't mine; it's Nell's," I whimpered, for I was a broken man.

"Or your sister's! I shall go over there now to see Miss Lewis."

"Oh! So you don't think she's after your title?" I said surprised, and then shuddered with horror as I grasped that I'd said the one thing Nell had most solemnly forbidden.

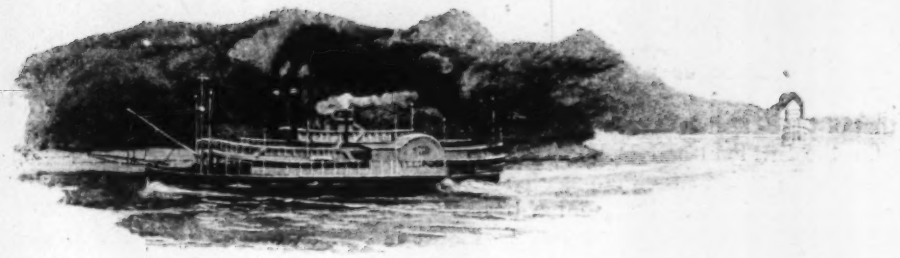
But to my astonishment Mansfield laughed. "No, I don't think she is after my title. Or any of you. Gad, boy, don't you think I know good people when I see them?" Then his eyes grew dark again, and I shivered with terror before them, and he jammed his mouth into a hard line. "You may have ruined my chances," he said, "but I shall not give up until I am sure," and off he went and left me.

"SET FORTH WITH A LIGHT HEART TO TELL A MAN THAT I'D LIED ABOUT HIM"

I felt that I wasn't fit to associate with him or any white man, so I followed slowly up to the cottage. Thunder and lightning, frost and cold, wind and storm, was the best I looked forward to for my portion. But this world is deceitful and desperately unexpected. What I got was this: as I dragged my weary length up the high steps, I heard voices back of the jalousies on the veranda, and I had it planned to bolt past and lock myself in my room till some of the clouds rolled by. But as I came to the top step, I stopped petrified, for across my crazed brain tinkled like soothing music the jolly, contagious laugh of Katherine Lewis. I put my hand to my ear to help my dulled hearing, and it tinkled out again, and with it Cecil Mansfield's. Then I turned and stared, and happiness rippled all over me at the sight I saw. Kitty-cat was in the depths of a big chair, and by her was seated big, dignified Cecil Mansfield with his arm over the back of the chair and Katherine's head against it, and the silliest expression on his face I ever chanced to see.

"Come here, you boy, you brute, you marplot. Come right here and let Mr. Mansfield pound your brains out," Katherine invited me cordially.

So, knowing I owed them both a turn, I kissed her, and I'm going to England for the hunting season next autumn.



# MURNANE AND THE "ILLINOIS"

BY

WILLIS GIBSON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

A GENIUS on a steamboat: that was Murnane. And not a man on the Union Line was there who didn't acknowledge it every day, and cheerfully.

Ten years he stood our Superintendent: a man stocky and sunburned, gentle-voiced and polite like a purser, and, as I said at the beginning, a genius. Deft as a poet he could recount the stories of the North Mississippi: of the Dakotahs, the Sacs, the Mormons, of Battle Island, and Nauvoo. And in the midst, perhaps, of Black Hawk's defeat, he could jump down to the main deck, where poets are not appreciated, and break up a roustabout mutiny faster than a company of Regulars. Many the ugly deckhand who noted the gentle voice failed to note the iron fist — until too late. He could scent a windstorm while the sky was yet empty; he could forge and set up an engine part better than any chief we had; he could give the steward pointers on desserts fit for the Planters' dining-room. Night and day he knew the river — twist, turn, bar, shallow — as though he, himself, had planned it. And these are surprising good points, every one. But, to my mind, the deed that, more than any other thing, stamped Murnane the man out of the ordinary was his run with the steamer "Illinois" in the Star-Union race.

It was in the early days of Murnane's directorate that Captain Redford, a New Orleans navigator, came to the Upper River with the idea of revolutionizing things in the St. Louis-St. Paul trade: our trade. With him he brought the "Sultana," a $75,000 side-wheel steamboat, new-built at Cincinnati, and three decrepit but brightly painted packets purchased at forced sale from a bankrupt Missouri River company.

Less than a month it took us to decide that the Star Line — the title Redford had given his enterprise — must go out of business, above St. Louis at least. Three years it took us to put the Star Line out, and even then we wouldn't have done it if it hadn't been for Murnane. More than that, we came so near to going out of business ourselves that for a good many hours we thought we *were* out.

Three years the boats of the Star Line and the boats of the Union Line steamed side by side on the Upper River, and waged a war, bitter as Homestead, crafty as the Mafia, stubborn as the Rebellion. Three years freights and passengers rode for half-rate, for quarter-rate, for nothing. Three years the directors of the Union Line, and Redford and his backers, dug deep into bank accounts and got nothing back.

Then opened the fourth season, as mean a squabble as ever. But in the first week a thing happened that was to change all:

Redford made a fast trip with the "Sultana" from St. Paul to Dubuque, and gave the account to the Dubuque papers, claiming he had established a record. It was a fast trip, that of the "Sultana's," and a worthy trip; for the St. Paul and Dubuque river holds as many bends to the mile as a corkscrew, and is none too roomy for a boat with 300 feet of bottom and a five-foot hold. But it wasn't the record, for, back in the seventies, the old Union Liner "Lincoln," since broken up, had covered the course in a good two hours' less time. Kehoe, our president, nettled at Redford's claim, composed a long statement concerning the "Lincoln's" feat, and sent it into print. Redford, very hot, replied in an open letter so sarcastic that we held our breath when we read it. Kehoe wrote more letters, Redford wrote more. All sorts of river men, active and retired, contributed opinions; soon the papers from St. Louis to St. Paul were full of the controversy. And so ended the month of May, with Redford growing more boastful every hour.

On the first day of June Murnane strolled into Kehoe's office with a plan, a very simple plan, for stopping the dispute. Murnane talked an hour earnestly, and, when he had finished, Kehoe penned a challenge to Redford, worded something like this:

> To settle the question of speed supremacy over the so-called "Dubuque course," the steamer ——, representing the Star Line, and the steamer ——, representing the Union Line, will run a straightaway race from St. Paul, Minn., to Dubuque, Iowa, leaving St. Paul at 2 P. M. July 4th. The Mayor of St. Paul will start the race; the Mayor of Dubuque will judge the finish. Contesting steamers must be entered on or before July 3rd. No allowances will be made for delays of any sort; the first boat to tie up at Dubuque dock will be declared the winner.

This challenge Kehoe signed and mailed to Redford's office in St. Paul. Two days later it was back again, with Redford's name beneath Kehoe's.

Though the racers were not to be announced until July 3rd, it was well understood that the Star people would name the "Sultana," and that we would name the "Iowa," the sleek and chubby sprinter designed by Murnane and built at our own Dubuque yard.

As the June days passed the interest in the coming contest waxed warmer and warmer until there was little else talked of in the Valley. Bets were laid; small bets, and large. Kehoe wagered thousands; so did Redford.

And in the final week of the month Murnane went to Kehoe with another plan, not so simple this time.

"Kehoe," said he, "we've risked so much on this thing — money and reputation — why not risk a little more? I say, let the line that wins the race gain the exclusive right to the trade; let the line that loses lock its warehouses and agencies, and take its boats elsewhere forever."

Kehoe, certain the "Iowa" would win, was for it. Redford, certain the "Sultana" would win, was for it. And so an agreement was drawn and certified, and, after that, no further moves seemed possible, save the formal selecting of the candidates.

But on the morning of the twenty-fifth the "Iowa," northbound, struck a snag at the head of Island 98 and sank. When the news sped north and south, Redford and his followers grinned; Kehoe and Murnane looked blank at each other. Murnane inspected the wreck next day and came away disheartened; he found the "Iowa" not fatally hurt, but impossible of raising for weeks. Hastily he looked over our other three boats, studied their records, and talked with their officers — and quit, still disheartened. Then, brightening, he dropped into Dubuque, spent the afternoon of the twenty-ninth there, and left at six-thirty for St. Louis.

The minute the train rolled into the shadow of the Union Depot, Murnane bolted for the office. He found Kehoe in and wasted no words in getting to business.

"Kehoe," declared Murnane, "I'm going to race the 'Illinois.'"

Kehoe laughed sorrowfully at his superintendent, and after, when he saw he was in earnest, he scoffed at him. For the "Illinois" was the veteran steamboat of the Union Line: a side-wheeler, out of commission, and on the bank at the Dubuque yard five years, crowded out by boats newer, stancher, and more economical. In her day she had been a famous boat, and fast, but now — no wonder Kehoe scoffed.

"The old boat's a hulk, a shell, a junk heap," Kehoe wound up, "rusted, rotted, not even worth dismantling. When she first left the trade we advertised her, offered to give her away, almost; and nobody'd take her. Her hull wouldn't stand the current a half-day; her engines wouldn't hang

together an hour. No, we'll have to take our chances with the 'Chippewa,' the 'Alton,' or the 'Burlington'—they're good boats, aren't they?"

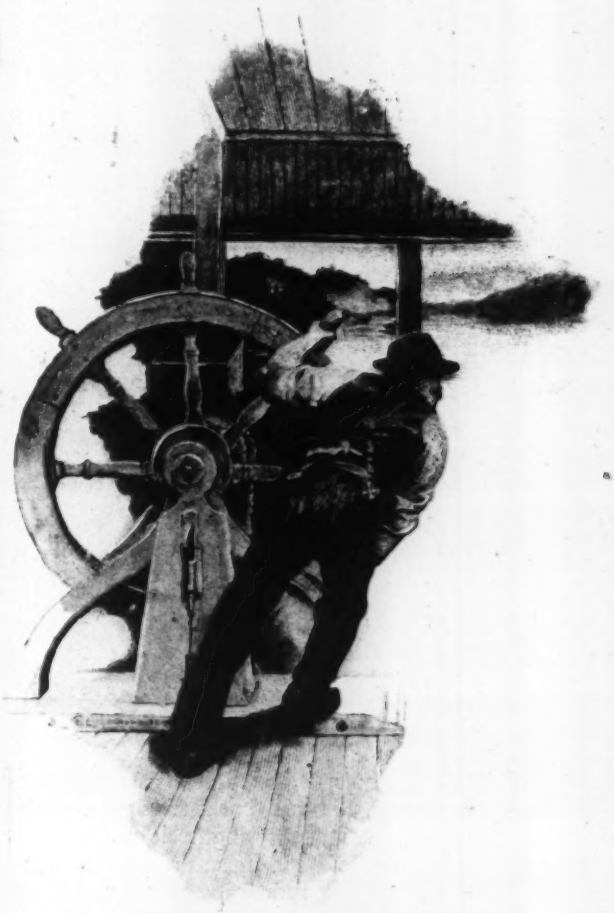
"Yes," replied Murnane calmly, "good boats—and slow boats. I don't know of any slower north of New Orleans. There's the 'Chippewa.' You can jam steam into her boilers till you start the rivets, you can push her engines till the river's all foam for a mile astern—but you can't hurry her an inch beyond her everyday gait, and just so with the others. But the 'Illinois'—I saw her yesterday—she's got some shape in her hull, and some style in her engines, and she's not so shaky as you think. I'll take charge of the 'Illinois' myself, Kehoe; and, if I don't bring her first into Dubuque, you'll find us sunk or blown up somewhere on the course."

And Kehoe, who knew there was no brag in Murnane, consented, grumbling and doubtful.

Within an hour Murnane started back by train for Dubuque. Before daylight the first of July he set to work on the "Illinois," the yard force aiding. He caulked her seams, braced her sides, and softened her machinery; he gave her a searchlight, and a plant to run it, and a steering engine—conveniences she had never owned before,—and by nightfall she was in the river, with a fresh certificate, cajoled from the inspectors somehow, in her cabin, and a picked crew on her decks: Hi Davis and Billy Owens, pilots; Gerry and Bell, chief engineers; Tim Burns, first mate; and a full crew of machinists, firemen, and roustabouts.

At midnight the "Alton" arrived from St. Louis on her regular trip, according to arrangement took the "Illinois" in tow, and went again on her northward way. Thus the old steamer journeyed slowly to St. Paul, and reached there, without mishap, at noon of the third. And then Murnane walked quickly to the City Hall, and there entered the steamer "Illinois," John Murnane, Master, as the representative of the Union Line. And Redford, who had been awaiting him, entered the steamer "Sultana" as his choice, and elected to command her in person.

The afternoon of the Fourth came hot and clear at St. Paul, with the river at four feet and rising. The "Sultana," as handsome a steamboat as man ever fashioned, gay with bunting, and sprinkled with invited guests, lay ready at the foot of Sibley Street—the post Redford had won for her in the morning's drawing for starting positions. The "Illinois," gray and grimy, with not a speck of color save the crimson pennant of the line, noisy with hammering, and half hidden by the steam that sputtered from her leaky pipes, rocked at the foot of Jackson, a block above the



"BILLY OWENS STARTED IN ON SOME DAINTY STEERING"

"Sultana." On her upper deck, three of us from the St. Louis office sat, the only passengers.

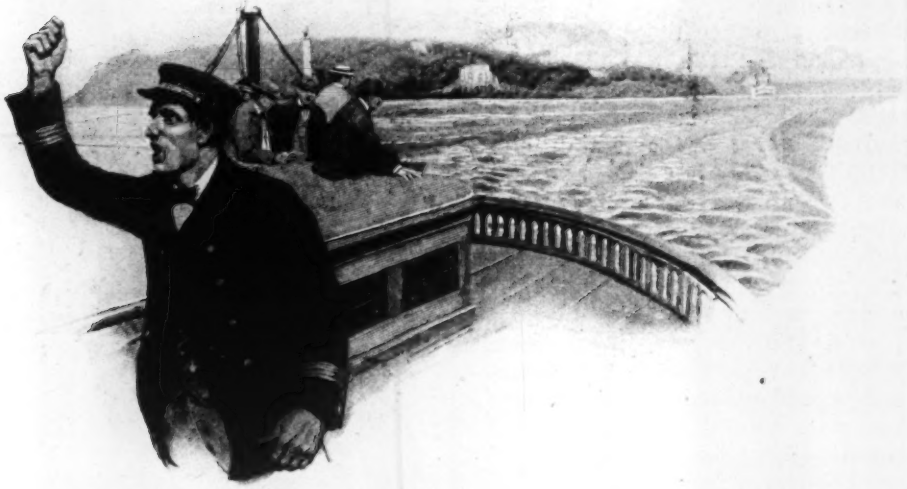
Sharp at two the Mayor of St. Paul nodded a signal. The "Sultana" cast off and wheeled lazily into the Bend; the "Illinois" switched and floundered after: the three-hundred-mile race for Dubuque was on. For the first two hours there was no excitement to it. The "Sultana" ahead

simply loafed, scoring ten miles an hour. Owens, who had our first wheel trick, wanted to squeeze by her, and begged Murnane for the chance again and again, but the channel is narrow through the Minnesota meadows, and the "Sultana" was weaving all over it, besides tossing up a tricky swell, and Murnane wouldn't risk the try until we were in sight of Hastings, about half-past four. There he gave the word, and, while the "Sultana" fiddled in the west passage of Hastings drawbridge, Owens slipped the "Illinois" through the east passage, and led into the bluff country at a twelve-mile gait.

The joining of the St. Croix deepens the water from Hastings down, but the crookedness is worse, and crookedness was what

Six-thirty found us past Red Wing and close to the lake inlet. It is a great widening of the Mississippi: Lake Pepin — thirty miles from gate to gate, and deeper far than any sounding pole — a place grand and treacherous. It is a speedway where steamboat engines may be loosed at will, a beautiful basin where, in minutes, the gentle breeze of summer may change to a hurricane of death.

Even now we were worrying; since four there had been wind; and, as we pushed by the last point, a scowl sprang to the face of every man on lookout. For Pepin was rough: clear to the tiny blue hills about the outlet — mountains they are when you near them — a field of frothy whitecaps twinkled in the lowering sun.

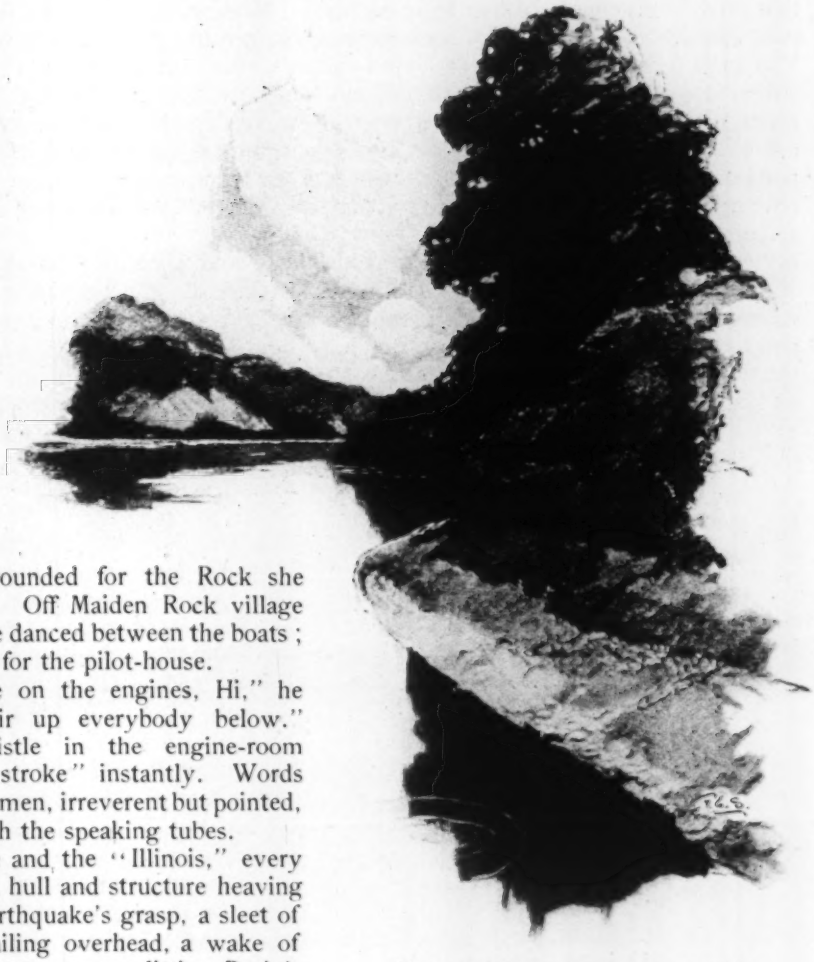


"'FULL STROKE ON THE ENGINES, HI,' HE SNAPPED"

the "Illinois" loved. And once among the bends, Billy Owens started in on some dainty steering, steering such as never had been seen before in those waters. At times he coaxed the rudder by ripple-widths, at times he drove the wheel down so fast the steering engine smoked in every bearing. He missed wingdams by inches only, on the turns he shaved the shore so close the branches brushed our stern. But not once did he reckon wrongly. Redford's pilots were nervy — he had two in the house after leaving Hastings bridge — they worked fast and took chances, but, with every curve and crossing finished, the "Sultana" fell away. At Diamond Bluff she was swallowed up in the winding cañon behind.

Free of the entrance channel, the "Illinois" wallowed in the choppy lake like a yawl in a seaway, but Hi Davis, who had taken the wheel at supper-time, after a fight pinned her nose on Maiden Rock, the first headmark, and called for a bit of extra speed, though the increase wasn't much, for Murnane didn't want to urge the worn machinery any more than he could help.

Meanwhile Murnane and the office squad gathered aft on the top deck to watch for the "Sultana." We were out ten minutes, no more, when a white flash cleaved the green of the north shore and the Star Line racer sought the lake. Without a dip or quiver she came, the smoke curling heavy about her chimneys, the steam leaving her exhaust pipes in feathery darts. From the



"INTO THE BLUFF COUNTRY"

moment she rounded for the Rock she gained surely. Off Maiden Rock village but a scant mile danced between the boats; Murnane broke for the pilot-house.

"Full stroke on the engines, Hi," he snapped. "Stir up everybody below." The little whistle in the engine-room squealed "full stroke" instantly. Words for the machine men, irreverent but pointed, tumbled through the speaking tubes.

Another mile and the "Illinois," every stick a-tremble, hull and structure heaving as though in earthquake's grasp, a sleet of live cinders trailing overhead, a wake of foam boiling astern, was splitting Pepin's green water like a torpedo boat on her trial trip. The roar of the draught in the chimneys, the harsh clank of crowded engines, the creaking of racked timber, the drum of paddles — every second we listened for a crash. But those engines and boilers and hull timbers stood up to the run like thoroughbreds. From Frontenac to Lake City, from Lake City to Read's Landing — through the ten-mile South End in thirty-seven minutes — the "Illinois" held her lead, and better, over the boat with the canoe hull and Cincinnati machinery.

The lake narrows and ends at Read's Landing; the Mississippi begins again. And a little distance below the outlet Chippewa Valley bridge, a pile structure with a pontoon draw, crosses from Minnesota to Wisconsin. It was eight o'clock — sunset-time — when we lined up joyously for this bridge, and then came the break we had dreaded: a cam yoke on the starboard engine sprang loose, and, in a twinkling, put a bad mess of rods and brackets about the cylinder, halting the "Illinois" fair in front of the landing. Murnane dropped an anchor over, and, with the engineers, went at the trouble like lightning; and, while they tugged and hammered and straightened, the "Sultana," at first a black smudge back on the gilded lake, swiftly grew and grew, until, a vast white pile of power and motion, she swept splashing by us, through the bridge, and disappeared in the woods below.

They say bad luck runs in streaks, and I believe it. If it wasn't a streak we struck foul at Read's Landing, I don't know what it was. And the first thing to get mixed in it, after the cam yoke, was the Chippewa Valley bridge. I want to say, right here, a steamboat-man hates a drawbridge. If a draw opens on a first whistle signal, he is astonished; if the draw, opened, stays in

that pose long enough for him to sneak his boat through, he is astonished some more. You can't figure on a draw at all. And so, when, just as the pounding in the engine-room ceased, and Murnane loped for the anchor, Chippewa Valley bridge swung ponderously shut, we were not astonished, only grieved. The train that asked passage, a string of gravel-laden flats drawn by a toy engine, had crawled out on the trestle approach, unnoticed by us. 'Twas a worrisome wait while the little engine coughed, and toiled, and tugged at her flats; and a puzzle whether she'd ever get them across, so stubborn did they roll; but, in the end,

"TOLLED THE THREE-TAP 'READY' SIGNAL ON THE BIG BELL"

steam and sand conquered; the draw opened; and the "Illinois" passed through.

Stalled our steamer had been for thirty minutes, and thirty minutes meant six miles to the rear. Murnane said she must make it up. Again the engineers unwound the throttles, and stared wistfully at steam-dial pointers fluttering fifty pounds beyond the lawful figure. At Alma the daylight had gone, but we had gained ten minutes — so said watchers at the landing; — at Minneiska ten more — the "Sultana's" searchlight flared in the southern sky; — then, beneath Mount Vernon, the fog, which had been in the air since sundown, settled over the river.

Navigation in a night fog is more than dangerous; there is but one rule for such weather: grope your steamboat to the nearest tree and tie up. But to-night it was different. Murnane and the "Illinois" weren't tying up for any fog, not to-night. Nor were Redford and the "Sultana."

The valley never knew a drearier fog — it hung on every hand solid and wet and cold and silent. The dusky bluffs, the landmarks of tree and rock, the yellow beacons — all were vanished. The searchlight shot out a useless white shaft of curling mist. In the quiet, the faint jingles for engines, the nervous peals for checking, shocked our ears like the clamor of fire bells. Drifting, we could even hear the oil sputtering on the hot pistons, the water dripping from the bucket planks. Mile after mile we stole through it, sounding every length, the wheel stirring slowly, often not at all. Sometimes a shift of the cloud would uncover a beacon, far away and faint like a firefly; then the pilots — Owens had gone up now to help Davis fight the fog — would exclaim "Lone Oak Light," or whatever light it was, and we'd plough for it full head — but never more than a minute was it before the speck was blotted out, and we'd go to drifting and sounding again.

All the while we counted to find the "Sultana" aground somewhere; for it seemed unreasonable that she could steer her great bulk safely through the vapor, but, though we kept sharp watch, we saw nought of her.

A little past midnight a clump of blurred red spots glimmered on the port side, and Murnane pronounced them the street arc lights of Fountain City. Because of an old-fogy notion of Kehoe's, Fountain City was our northern coal station. Because Kehoe, starting in the business twenty years before with a little La Crosse and Alma packet, had bought his coal at the City yard: so, now, it was the order for the Union Line steamers, southbound, instead of coaling at St. Paul or Dubuque, to take on a coal barge at the City and carry it alongside until the load was transferred. And to-night, of all unhandy nights, we had a coal barge to pick up at Fountain City. As we edged in toward the yard levee, Murnane looked sour enough. Not a sign of a lantern was there about the yard, but, after a time, Owens got the

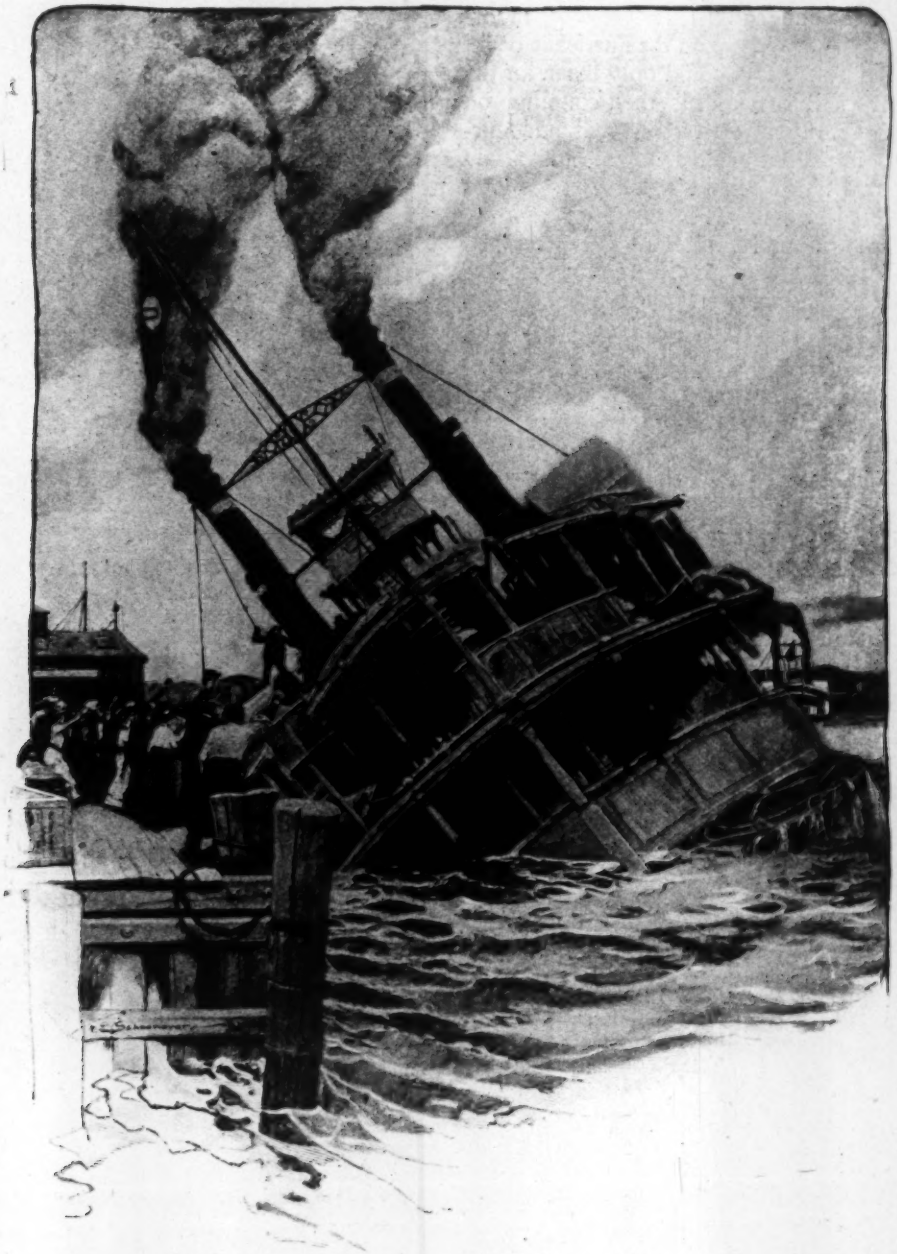
"Illinois" ranged abreast the barge mooring ground. We, up on the hurricane deck, blinded by the fog, could only listen for the clatter of Burns and his men coupling on the barge. But no clatter followed, and Murnane, impatient, called down, and asked Burns why he didn't make fast. Burns answered he couldn't see anything to make fast to. Murnane, thinking we were too far out, told Owens to work in slow. The "Illinois" sidled shoreward ten feet or less, and bumped heavily against something sunken — then we knew the bad luck was still with us. Torches, hurriedly brought, threw a feeble light over the slack water next the levee, and there we saw our coal barge heeled over on her side, with her coal spilled in the river to the last sweeping. Murnane was pretty mad, we could see that, but whether waves from a passing steamer had forced the barge against the levee piling and crushed in her side, or whether she had sunk from mere old age — both these accidents had happened previously at the City yard — he didn't take time to find out. He dropped the "Illinois" down to the main landing, and from there departed on a run for the depot to wire Winona and La Crosse for coal and barges for loading. Inside of ten minutes the answers were back — duplicates: "Plenty of coal but no barges."

Murnane came out of the depot and shouted the messages, and then disappointment surged thick all through the "Illinois." The engineers threw down their oilers and settled, downcast, into chairs; the negro firemen, weeping dismay, got ready to bank the fires; Burns began laying out some extra lines for the tying up and forgot to mix the bad words with the orders, so disgusted was he; Davis, who, though off watch, had been working with Owens at the wheel since midnight, started for his stateroom, and with him went every one else who was free to do so.

But it was all wrong. When Murnane sprang down the bank and across the stage, he didn't say anything about extra lines, and Burns told his helpers to quit; nor did he say anything about banking fires, nor going to bed.

Instead he came trotting up-stairs to the hurricane deck, and briskly tolled the three-tap "Ready" signal on the big bell. Burns, swearing gleefully, set a stampede going on the forecastle; the engineers jumped out

"AS FAST AS THE STRUCTURE WAS TORN AWAY THE AXLESS MEN HURRIED IT TO THE FURNACES"



"'STEAMER "ILLINOIS" IS MOORED'"

of their chairs; the firemen grabbed their shovels; Davis clawed back up the pilot-house steps; those of us who had started for berths turned and ran pattering forward, chock-full of inquiry. As we gained the headrail beside Murnane, Bell, the chief engineer on watch, appeared on the fore-castle beneath us.

"There ain't coal enough left to last us half an hour, Cap'n," he protested.

"There'r other things besides coal that'll burn," answered Murnane cheerfully. Before Bell could question further, Murnane pulled the "let go" stroke — BOOM — and shouted up at the pilots: "Go on down the river, boys."

There was a splashing of lines in the water, a rattle of engine bells, a hiss of steam, and, with everybody aboard wondering save Murnane, the "Illinois" once

more headed south into the mist, with a handicap of twenty minutes to wipe out, according to figures given by the depot operator.

Murnane didn't keep us long in suspense. As soon as the steamer reached mid-river, he jogged down to the main deck, and presently returned with a file of deckhands, all carrying axes. Behind them marched a second detail carrying nothing, and, yet later, Burns Murnane directing, the axmen went to chopping down the texas — the upper cabin, as the landsman knows it — walls, roof, floor, berths, partitions; and as fast as the structure was torn away the axless men hurried it to the furnaces — all but the roof, which, being some tin, and some tar, and some gravel, wouldn't burn, and was dumped over the side.

When the work was well under way, Murnane left it with Burns, and explained his scheme.

"We're going to keep those fires hot," said he, "if we have to split this boat to kindling from texas to keelson. I sha'n't be surprised if we go into Dubuque with nothing but the hull and machinery, and the pilot-house on the bow."

As Murnane had planned it, we crept along: now in the channel, now out; sometimes guided by a beacon, oftener by nothing, and, as we blundered on, the axmen hewed fuel out of the texas, and the helpers bore it below.

Two hours in the eight-mile stretch south of Fountain City brought us to Winona, and there we performed the hazardous trick of threading two drawbridges in the fog. From the engineer on the lower bridge we learned that the "Sultana" was now but seven minutes ahead.

Nevertheless, we didn't catch her for almost an hour; then, of a sudden, through a rift in the fog, she loomed square abreast, as big as a mountain, and not a light showing save her red and green chimney lanterns. Moving the faster, we slipped past her easily, but the minute we were by, she swung in behind us. And it was uncanny, somehow, those colored lanterns floating back there in the gloom; for with the closing of the rift all else of the "Sultana" was hidden. Till a quarter to four she stuck at our stern, and then, in the neighborhood of Trempealeau shoals, she seemed to find trouble, for the lanterns slowly dimmed and finally faded out.

At four o'clock the fog began changing from black to gray, and, with the sunrise, from gray to white. By five the sun stood a pale pink disc well up in the east and the fog was turning restive. Two hours it lazily rose and fell, thinned and thickened, giving us hazy glimpses of the shore, and at seven, as we approached La Crosse, it rose and rolled away for good. Anxiously we looked up-river for the "Sultana's" white shape, and no trace was there; but miles back, plain against the brilliant blue of the valley's horizon, hung a little puff of gray smoke.

And now began trouble with the fuel. While the axmen had had the light, flimsy texas, it had been easy, very easy, to keep the fires bright enough for the low pressure carried during the night. But with the going of the fog it was another proposition. From La Crosse the "Illinois" wanted a full head of steam, and under the forced draught the sun-baked wood flashed away in the furnaces like powder. And the texas was gone — all but a few posts left to support the pilot-house. Different the choppers found it below decks — they couldn't tear away woodwork right and left, for the removal of a principal timber, or the shifting of a truss, meant a sure collapse in the hull.

So slow was the finding of fuel that the fires waned often for the lack of it. In the first hour after leaving La Crosse the "Illinois" made eight miles, in the second hour eleven, in the third nine, her speed governed exactly by the supply of fuel. This way the morning wore along, the gray smoke back in the valley following steadily, and gradually overtaking us. Toward twelve o'clock the smoke began to gain rapidly, and by two in the afternoon it had grown very near and very black.

Faster flashed the axes through the boiler deck, through the main deck. Faster crumbled to firewood the long tinselled cabin, and the little faded staterooms, that, in their time had heard the laughter of fair women, the whispers of politicians; that had seen the meetings of statesmen, the brawls of gamblers; that had sheltered men of war and peace, of order and disorder — the greatest and the basest souls of the new West.

Two hours we held the pace to thirteen miles and our advantage looked safe, but at four o'clock, off Cassville, with Dubuque but thirty miles away, Burns reported trouble below the water line. Murnane

dived for the hold and found it afloat, with the river bubbling in through many splits in the sides and bottom. It was nothing to explain the leakage — the wrecking of the upper works had warped the hull and started the seams — and, for a little, 'twas nothing, with patches and a hose laid to the steam pump, to keep the water back. But, as the miles slipped by, the racking of the engines and the pressure of the river told on the weakened hull, and by and by the cracks began to open faster than we could count them, and the "Illinois" began to fall inch by inch.

Nearer moved the dogging smoke cloud. As we left Specht's Ferry it floated over the trees at the head of the four-mile reach astern, and out over the water; and, a minute after, the "Sultana" forged around the bend and into the reach.

Such was the finish of the Star-Union race: a fourteen-mile battle between a steamboat in the pink of trim and a waterlogged sinking skeleton. And how Murnane did urge on his racer! Under her hull he drew bandages and inside he built timber props; the steam pump he set thumping fast as a dynamo engine; the choppers and helpers — there was fuel enough by the boilers now to carry us through — he put to bailing with buckets. But still the "Illinois" settled, and her speed lessened from ten miles to eight miles — to six miles. Off Eagle Point, in sight of Dubuque, the "Sultana" had crept within seven or eight lengths. But the lead of the "Illinois" was enough to send her first through Dubuque drawbridge at a quarter to seven. Then she turned for Dubuque dock: the last thousand yards. Barely strength had she to meet the current pushing at her starboard side, the main deck amidships was awash: every minute it seemed she must go under.

But Murnane, perched way forward on the upper deck, was not a whit worried — in fact he was smiling a bit, for on the corner of the wharf we could make out Kehoe, crazily waving his arms and howling things we couldn't hear.

"Have your boys ready with the lines, Tim," Murnane called gently down to Burns. "They'd better hang tight on to something until you give the word." To the pilot, Davis: "Tell the engineer to have a handful of steam in reserve, Hi."

While Murnane talked the "Illinois" lay in the water sluggish as a dying creature. Fifty feet from the dock she lost headway and commenced sliding back with the current.

Murnane wheeled toward the pilot-house like a flash. "Now, Hi," he shouted. Davis, snatching fast at the bell ropes, sent a wild alarm to the engineers and screamed into the tube: "Now give it to her, *give* it to her." The engines answered with jar upon jar, the steamer hung still, then moved ahead again. The black river washed over the main deck and joined the river rising in the hatches. The "Illinois" lurched to port, feebly grazed Dubuque dock, and sank like lead in eight feet.

The decks were slanting like toboggan slides, the fires drowned, the engineers and the deck crew up to their necks, Davis fast in the pilot-house casings, and we St. Louis fellows hanging by our nails to the remnants of the cabin skylight; but Murnane, braced on a chimney guy, was as gravely watchful as though his steamboat was landing in a twenty-foot harbor with a stiff water foaming at the bow.

"Get out your head and stern lines, lively, Tim," he ordered. "I want a spring line too."

Burns's men, wet, but grinning, scrambled out of the river and ashore with the hawsers, and drew them taut on the mooring piles. "All solid, sir," sung Burns.

Murnane looked back for the "Sultana"; she was just emerging from the drawbridge. Turning again to the dock, he picked the Mayor of Dubuque in the crowd.

"Steamer 'Illinois' is moored," said Murnane, solemn as a judge. "I believe the articles specify: 'The first boat to tie up.'"

"Correct," returned the Mayor, just as solemn.

# THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE

## A COAST LEGEND

BY MARY K. SEEGER

WE had a wur-rd the morn — a wur-rd an' it wasna kind,
An' we had been married a year, an' I didna think he would mind.

I said I was tired of my life — an' at odds wi' th' shudderin' sea,
An' I moaned the lot of a fisher wife, wi' my goodman far frae me, —

Till my lad went out at th' dure, wi' a face as black as the night,
An' never a good-by wur-rd from the shore — that would 'a' made it right.

So I watched the sail fade out, in a girlin', lowerin' West,
While I hugged my wrath till the day was done, to hide the ache in my breast.

The skies they were sodden gray — and gray was the windy sea,
An' a sobbing breath, like a soul that is lost, came out of the mirk to me.

O, the days they are long to wait when the boats are far from the bay,
An' a fisherman's lot is a black, black lot, whatever the folks may say.

It's an oath an' a glowerin' face whenever the luck is poor,
An' women that wait with heavy hearts for the lads to come ashore;

It's an oath an the haul is light, an' a song when the fish come home,
A laugh an' a song as the tide breaks in, an' the rocks are white wi' foam;

Then the wild wet nights go on — the green wave rocks at our feet —
Rock green or gray, whichever it may, the life it isna sweet.

An' each must grieve in his place. In the ravenin' dusk I see
The light that shines in my own man's face — that is callin' to home an' me.

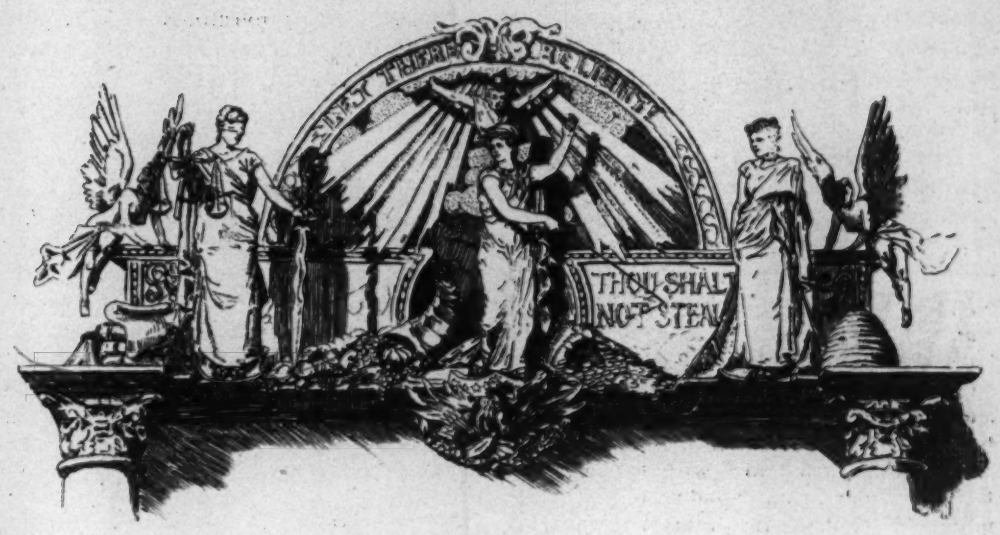
For the boat went down that night — th' A'mighty held his hand
Till she passed the cliffs where the white gulls nest betwixt the sea an' th' land.

I couldna sleep for fear — an' this is as true as the day,
I saw my lad when the strong keel broke, though his face was turned away.

An' "Dan" I called — an' again, as the lightning flashed an' flew,
Till he bent once more wi' his face to the shore and laughed wi' a laugh I knew.

He did not die as a coward dies — my Dan — for I saw him go,
He covered his eyes from the awful skies while the water boiled below.

"God keep you, wife, an' th' little un," I heard him every wur-rd;
They'll tell you it's far where the dark reefs are, — but the women know I heard.




# COLONEL LUMPKIN'S CAMPAIGN

## THE PLATFORM OF A REFORMED CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

BY

JOHN McAULEY PALMER

ILLUSTRATED WITH CARTOONS BY DAN BEARD

THE city elections in Westport are generally interesting enough to Westporters, and every now and then the municipal canvass attracts attention throughout the whole State of Winnebago, but the campaign now pending is unique in that it has attracted national interest. This is partly due to the picturesque character of Colonel Timothy Lumpkin, the fusion candidate for Mayor, and to the belief that his success in the city will make him a strong candidate for senatorial honors. But the real interest hinges not so much upon the picturesqueness of the candidate as upon the novelty of his platform. The Colonel has announced that he is going to regulate the public utilities of the city of Westport, and, particularly, the Westport Consolidated Traction Company. He asserts the right of the people to regulate street-car fares in the city of Westport. And he offers to prove that the Westport Consolidated Traction Company is earning 37 per cent. on the capital actually invested, notwithstanding the fact that its common stock is quoted at 23 and has never paid a dividend.

Shortly after accepting his nomination Colonel Lumpkin was asked if he believed that the municipality ought to operate the street railways. "By no means," said the Colonel. "Street railways should be operated by private corporations — but by honest corporations. I do not believe that an honest railroad corporation is impossible, although I have never known one. I think they are dishonest because it is the fashion for them to be dishonest, because we expect them to be dishonest, and because we have never taken the time and the pains to compel them to be honest. We must get at the facts of the franchise situation. If we give the people a full diagnosis we can rely on them to prescribe the remedy."

The Colonel is neither a demagogue nor a doctrinaire. He said in his speech on accepting the nomination: "I am not a philanthropist; I am a man of business. In fact, you might call me a reformed promoter and financier. I have accumulated money. Some of it I have earned and some of it I haven't earned. I have organized companies and I have reorganized them. I have paid an engraver seven dollars and a half for four pounds of engraved bond paper, and then sold the lot for over a million dollars. Indeed, I am something of a Captain of Industry myself, and I know enough about bookkeeping to tell the difference between an honest balance sheet and the kind filed with the Railroad Commissioners, and what's more, I am going to explain the difference to the people."

On another occasion the Colonel said: "When I was a boy I studied what my professor called natural philosophy. I believe they call it physics nowadays. I remember one proposition called 'the principle of the conservation of energy.' It taught me that I must not expect to get more energy out of a machine than I put in it. If my steam engine develops one horse-power, I have to put at least one horse-power in it in the shape of coal or other fuel. We can't make a two horse-power engine do the work of ten horses. A similar law prevails in the business world. A railroad doesn't get to be worth ten million dollars unless ten million dollars of value is put in it. If I build a railroad for two million dollars, and it gets to be worth ten million dollars, where did the other eight million dollars come from? Who invested them? To whom do they belong? My enterprise may account for a part of the new wealth, for I have invested my business capacity as well as my money. If I were an up-to-date financier instead of a reformed financier I would dodge the question; I wouldn't attempt to answer it. I would simply reorganize the company and change its name from the Lumpkin Street Railway Company to the Lumpkin Securities Company, and then I would pocket the mooted value in the shape of new securities. I would pay the necessary incorporation fees in New Jersey, and the good people of Westport would keep on paying five-cent fares, not because the service costs that much, not because five-cent fares are necessary to give me a fair profit on my investment of two million dollars, but because they are necessary to pay 5 per cent. on the eight millions of new securities lying in my safe deposit vault."

A Voice: "Who did invest the other eight million dollars, Colonel?" Colonel Lumpkin: "You did for one, my friend; you and your fellow-citizens. When I wanted to build the road you gave me permission. You gave me a right of way in your streets. You gave me a franchise. I did my share to develop better communication, and you did your share. As a practical man of business I should say that if you conceded my share to be one-half of the developed value I should regard you as very liberal. That division would give me 16 per cent. on my investment after paying $200,000 a year to the city for better schools and parks and libraries.

"In developing that property the public made me its partner. It was mutually understood that I was to have a reasonable profit, and that the people were to have the cheapest transportation consistent with that reasonable profit. The enterprise required my capital or some other man's capital to develop it. It also required public consent and public patronage. I could not have enjoyed that exceptional opportunity for profitable investment without active public coöperation, and I could not have extended my tracks if you had not improved your property and built homes along the line. I acknowledge my obligation to the public bounty, and I intend to pay the debt with interest. I think I can help the people in their fight against the ingratitude of these corporations, because I have been on the inside and know some of the tricks of the trade.

"In 1893 I built an electric railway known as the Crosstown Line. Most of you will remember it as the Washington Avenue Line. It was the first new line built in the city after we adopted electric traction. I built five miles of main line with double track and six miles of branch lines with single track; in all, sixteen miles of electric railway. It cost me about $400,000, and in order to pay six per cent. on my money it should have earned $24,000 per year or $1,500 per mile of track. Judging from my experience with horse-car lines, I expected it to earn a fair profit. But I found that the success of

electricity upset all my calculations. The cost of operation per car-mile was much less than I expected, and, on account of the speed and comfort of the service, the receipts per car-mile were much more than I expected. At the end of the first year I had earned 12 per cent. on my money.

"Now my branch lines were built to develop suburbs where I had bought a lot of vacant real estate. I thought that better communication would help to develop that property, and I hoped that I might realize on my land investment in the course of eight or ten years. But here again I was figuring on my horse-car experience, and found that electric traction simply upset all my estimates. You people simply fell over each other to get that property away from me. You took a sudden determination to stop renting crowded apartments and tenements in the city, and developed a passion for home building. You took me so by surprise that I didn't make half as much out of you as I might have made. But in moving out there you increased the profits of my street railway so much that I might have afforded to give you the lots at cost.

"By the end of the third year my railway was paying me $4,500 per mile of track, or 18 per cent. on my money, and even then I was charging more betterments and new equipment to 'operating expenses' than my conscience would stand with comfort. In 1897 I got a proposition to sell my line to the City Electric *Railroad* Company, which was to be reorganized in order to buy other properties and to change its name to the City Electric *Railway* Company. I was getting tired of the business. Profits were increasing too fast. It embarrassed me to think that I was really earning 22 per cent. from a franchise given me by the people. I thought I could ease my conscience by getting a corporation to do the stealing for me, and so I consented to the consolidation and sold out. My share in

JACK GIVES AWAY THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS

*"'When I wanted to build the road you gave me permission. You gave me a right of way in your streets. You gave me a franchise. I did my share to develop better communication, and you did your share. As a practical man of business I should say that if you conceded my share to be one-half of the developed value I should regard you as very liberal.'"*

the deal was $1,000,000 in bonds and $1,000,000 in the stock of the new company. At that stage of my career I was enthusiastic about the beauties of reorganization and consolidation. I posed as a public-spirited investor. I pretended to be a little doubtful of the wisdom of my investment, and I tried to give the impression that I was despondent and bearish. 'Here I am,' I would say, 'with $2,000,000 tied up in that confounded street railway. I hope my fellow-citizens will appreciate the sacrifices I am making for them.' And then something in me would reply to me, 'Oh, you outrageous old hypocrite. You know that you only invested $400,000, and that the other $1,600,000 was donated to you by the people. For heaven's sake, Lumpkin, don't pose as a philanthropist. Be a good, honest, stock-watering thief if you want to, bunco the people as much as you can, but don't try to bunco me.'

"In the year 1902 my new stock had begun to pay 10 per cent. dividends, and our directors realized that they hadn't reorganized for enough in 1897. We saw that we should have to do something radical. It was getting hard to make it appear that we were barely paying expenses.

"The problem was a little too complicated for home talent, so we sent down to New York and got a real sure-enough reorganizer, a genius who had appropriated enough public wealth to pay the national debt. That distinguished Captain of Industry looked over the ground, and proposed that we reorganize and form the Westport Consolidated Traction Company, with power to buy up all the street railways of the city and to consolidate them into one great system. In carrying out this reorganization and consolidation the capitalization was increased $36,000,000, mostly applied to the 'purchase' of new properties. The new capital actually invested was a trifle under $500,000. For my original $1,000,000 in 5 per cent. bonds I received $1,250,000 in new 4 per cent. bonds. This transaction was called 'refunding': the rate of interest was reduced from 5 per cent. to 4 per cent., but the principal was increased just enough to make the interest charge the same as before. For my original $1,000,000 in stock I received $1,500,000 in 4 per cent. bonds, $1,500,000 in 4 per cent. preferred stock, and $1,500,000 in the common stock of the new company, the total par value of my street railway securities being $5,750,000—a very reasonable increase from my original investment of $400,000.

"The present annual returns from these securities is $170,000, or 42½ per cent. on my original investment, and when in a few years the common stock begins to pay dividends the annual return will be considerably better. Just how long it will be before the common stock reaches par I am unable to say. But if the directors adhere to their resolution not to charge betterments to operating expenses, dividends will soon become necessary. Everything has been renewed and repaired that can be renewed and repaired, and there has even been a proposition to have the rails silver-plated, the trolley poles gilded, and the rolling stock refitted in mahogany.

"Of course, I am a Captain of Industry, a genius of finance, and therefore, according to present economic canons, my compensation must be measured by new and peculiar standards; but even after making liberal allowances for my merits, I do not believe that my genius entitles me to more than 200 cents on the dollar. I may be doing myself an injustice, but I have decided that if I take $1,000,000 in 4 per cent. bonds I will be doing tolerably well on my investment of $400,000. This means a profit of 10 per cent. per annum, not to speak of the profits of administering the railroad for the benefit of my real estate. I should regard this a very fair return in an ordinary business partnership, and I can't see why I should adopt a different standard in this case because my partner happens to be the public.

"The Westport Consolidated Traction Company was formed by a merger of the City Electric Railway and the Citizens' Electric Railway, in September, 1902. Before the consolidation the City Electric owned and operated 38 miles of road with 60 miles of track in the southern quarter of the city; the Citizens' Electric owned and operated 36 miles of road with 54 miles of track in the northern quarter of the city.

"The consolidation involved several substantial advantages to the public, such as more liberal transfers from one line to another. But judging from the reorganization prospectus, the syndicate would seem to have been moved purely by altruistic considerations, and a considerable part of the public still believes that the consolidation

was effected simply to give the people better service, and that the improvements were made at considerable pecuniary loss to the shareholders.

"The real necessity for the consolidation and incidental reorganization is to be found in the fact that the capital stock of the City Electric was quoted at 199 and that of the Citizens' Electric at 219. When a railroad is so badly managed that its capital stock stands so far above par, it is getting in bad shape; such plethoric, vaunting prosperity is generally conceded to indicate bad financiering. And when the stock persists in standing at that figure, even when large appropriations are invested in new equipment and betterments and charged to operating expenses, the property is in sad need of reorganization. Reorganizers are generally forthcoming, for the reorganization of public utilities is the safest and most profitable form of robbery.

"A stock quotation of 219 means a dividend of 10 per cent. to 12 per cent. on the capital stock, after paying expenses, taxes interest, and all other charges. In the case of the Citizens' Electric Railway it represented a dividend of more than 35 per cent. on the capital actually invested, for it seems necessary, in view of the simplicity of the public, to explain that capital stock is very seldom capital invested; that, generally speaking, all capital stock of street railways is a mere unpaid hypothecation of public favor and public patronage, and that even the bonded debt is usually much in excess of the capital actually invested.

"Watered stocks no longer attract comment. Practically, all stocks are watered. The present tendency of modern finance is toward the more profitable manufacture of water bonds.

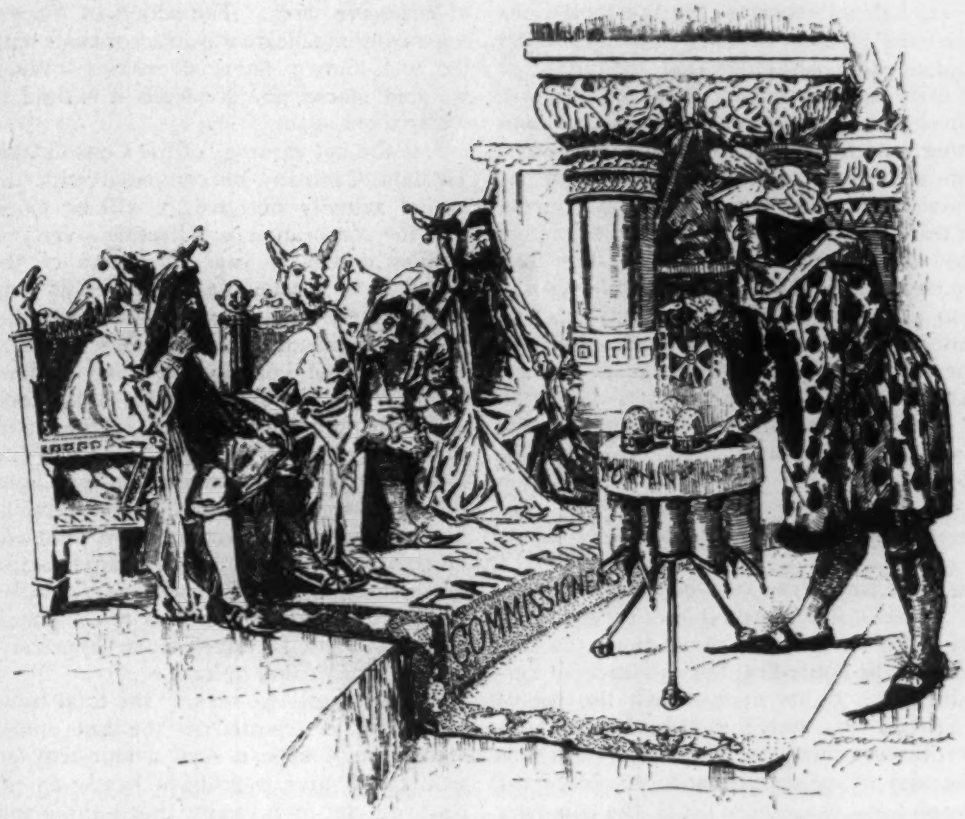
"The principal objects of reorganization are to appropriate the accrued values of franchise property; to increase the bonded debt enough to absorb all present earnings; to deceive the public as to the actual cost of the investment and the actual state of the corporate business, in order to prevent the possibility of reduction of fares or other equitable benefit to the public; but, above all, to anticipate the value of future development by issuing bonus or bogus stocks, as you may choose to call them. These stocks may have little market value — there is generally no immediate value back of them — but the public will give them value in due time and will finally bring them to par by complacently paying excessive fares. A new reorganization will then be in order.

"Well organized, consolidated, and reorganized street railways are frequently bonded for three times their cost, and have a capital stock more or less in excess of their bonded debt, so that when they pay 6 per cent. on their capital stock, they really pay about 36 per cent. on the capital actually invested. But the modest declared dividend of 5 or 6 per cent. deceives the people who are too just and good-natured to insist on a reduction of fares where the apparent profit of the service is so moderate.

"The actual cost of the City Electric Line before its absorption by the Traction Company was about $2,500,000. As a contractor and capitalist I would gladly undertake to duplicate it for 10 per cent. less than that sum, and yet it was reported to the Railroad Commissioners of the State of Winnebago as having cost $7,540,000. The same property a few months later, after the organization of the Traction Company, but before another dollar was invested in betterments, was reported to the same commissioners as having cost $24,000,000.

"Railroad commissioners should have at least an elementary knowledge of engineering and bookkeeping. Their principal faculty seems to be unlimited credulity. I suppose if the Traction Company had reported that its track was ballasted with Edam cheeses at seven dollars a pound, the commissioners would have had faith enough for that too. If I wanted to sell a gold brick I would avoid farmers as being too sophisticated. I would look for a railroad commissioner; I would expect him not only to buy the brick but to pay two or three times the market price of gold.

"In the spring of 1894 I backed a contract to build four miles of track for the Citizens' Electric Company. We were subcontractors, the principal being a 'Construction Company' consisting of some of the directors of the railroad company. We laid the track, installed the overhead construction, and laid asphalt pavement between the rails and for half a yard on either side, for $100,000, and we made a very fair profit on it. The Construction Company paid us $100,000, but in turning over the line to the Railway Company it received $160,000 in the company's bonds and $160,000 in the company's stock. The actual cost was




THE SHELL GAME

*"'If I wanted to sell a gold brick I would avoid farmers as being too sophisticated. I would look for a railroad commissioner; I would expect him not only to buy the brick but to pay two or three times the market price of gold.'"*

$100,000, but they were able to report it to the Railroad Commissioners as,

Cost of road built by contract.....$320,000.00

the par value of the securities being charged. The present reported cost of this line, as inventoried by the Westport Consolidated Traction Company, is a trifle over $600,000, or, to be exact, $603,197.43. The numerical exactitude of this 'account' is merely an artistic refinement on the part of the company's bookkeeper.

"We have a law in Winnebago that prohibits corporations from issuing stock except for cash or for property, and from issuing any stock at less than par. The purpose of the law is cleverly evaded by assigning a fictitious value to properties purchased. Some of our most distinguished corporation lawyers hold that this is within the letter of the statute, and as for the spirit of the law, they say that they have not been retained to interpret it."

In order to guide the uninitiated into the inner mysteries of modern finance, Colonel Lumpkin has prepared comparative financial statements of the street railways of Westport. These documents include the official report of the Westport Consolidated Traction Company to the Railroad Commissioners of the State of Winnebago.

"The ordinary balance sheet," says the Colonel, "is dry reading, and has not yet gained a place in polite literature, but it will be found that the balance sheet of the Westport Consolidated Traction Company is not a mere prosy statement of fact. On the contrary, it is illuminated by the mysterious charm of the imagination, and is therefore entitled to the esteem of all true lovers of fiction. It will be found that even here, in the unpromising field of commercial arithmetic, the poetic genius has been able 'to give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name.'"

The official report of the Westport Consolidated Traction Company gives the total capitalization as $51,000,000, and the "cost of road and equipment as $50,730,579." These two items substantially balance each other, and indicate a very reputable corporate condition. But Colonel Lumpkin has shown from a comparison of the statements of the component companies that the actual cost of road and equipment was less than $5,000,000, and that more than $45,000,000 of the reported cost is fictitious; in other words, that more than nine-tenths of the alleged cost is to be explained by false accounting.

If the assets had been honestly stated, the items should have appeared something as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Cost of road and equipment | $4,571,849.34 |
| Net capital value of the franchise donated by the people | 45,802,130.02 |

etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

"To concede a net value of a franchise," said the Colonel in elucidation, "would amount to conceding the existence of certain public rights upon which the people might have claimed a reduction of fares or other dividend to the public. But it is the aim of modern finance to fleece the people, and, as is now usual, the company extinguished the people's claim by the simple expedient of a falsehood. The transaction was given some color of truth by buying property from the issue of inflated securities and charging the par value of these securities as the cost of 'purchased road and equipment,' as when the Traction Company bought the Washington Avenue Line. In this case the property was exchanged for $2,000,000 in stocks and bonds, and the two million dollars were added to the investment account, whereas the actual cost of the property acquired was only $400,000. As it turned out, the Washington Avenue Line was actually a productive asset at the valuation of $2,000,000, but 80 per cent. of this value was donated by the public, and was in fact the *people's equity*. The reorganizing process simply amounted to appropriating the *people's equity* without dividing with the people, and the appropriation was concealed by the issue of stocks and bonds purporting to represent a bona fide investment. There was no new investment at all except by the plain people of Westport, and they are supporting the inflated structure by the complacent payment of excessive fares. The action of the reorganizing syndicate was in accordance with the well-known financial maxim, 'When watered stocks pay dividends it is time to water them again.'

"If the net earnings of the Consolidated Traction Company be compared with the capital actually invested, it will be found that the corporation is collecting over one million dollars a year in excess of the demands of reasonable profit. This sum might justly be claimed by the city as the people's dividend on the people's equity."

But Colonel Lumpkin does not contend that the people should claim this, their undoubted dividend, in kind. If the profits of excessive fares were paid into the city they would still be wrong in principle. The Colonel believes that the best public dividend would be a reduction of fares, and he points to the Traction Company's actual net earning of $37\frac{7}{10}$ per cent. as conclusive proof that a five-cent fare is more than is necessary, and is therefore an oppressive tax on urban communication.

"Assuming," he says, "the total traffic to remain as reported in the last annual statement, it appears that a four-cent fare would still give a profit of nearly 23 per cent. on the investment, that a three-and-one-third-cent fare (eight rides for a quarter) would give a profit of more than 14 per cent., and that a straight fare of three cents would give a profit of 8 per cent. But this computation assumes no increase in traffic as a result of the lower fares. The history of these railways has shown that there is a steady annual increase in traffic, and that the rate of increase in revenue has been much greater than the rate of increase of cost of plant. It is this condition that accounts for the temptation to water stock. The rate of profit is constantly increasing, and in order to absorb it, under the color of reasonable compensation, companies find it necessary to falsify their investment accounts. This may be effected in a great variety of ways, through fictitious sales or leases, or through the newer device of securities or holding companies; the object in all cases being to increase fixed charges and to mystify and deceive the public by complicating and obscuring accounts.

"But if fares are lowered the rate of profit cannot fall in the same ratio. Experience has shown that a reduction of fares enormously increases the volume of business.

THE CONTENTED GOOSE-HERD

*"Inflated securities sell because bankers and promoters can rely upon the willingness of the people to be robbed. Enormous bond issues can be underwritten because the people can be relied upon to pay the interest in the shape of unnecessary and exorbitant charges or prices."*

In 1902 the company collected upwards of 74,000,000 five-cent fares. If the fare had been three cents there would have been more travel and a greater number of fares collected. Consequently the 40 per cent. reduction of fare could not have resulted in a 40 per cent. reduction in gross earnings. With a lower fare present patrons are induced to ride more, and what is more important, a new patronage will be developed. Thousands of people in our large cities are living in crowded and unhealthy neighborhoods because they cannot afford to move to healthier and more attractive parts of the city. In most cases they could find as low or even lower rents in the suburbs, but the additional cost of transportation prohibits a change that would otherwise benefit them and therefore the whole community.

"A family of five, including three children of school age, may easily save $120 per year in car fare by living in a crowded quarter of the city. This sum might more than compensate for a considerable difference in house rent. But with three-cent fares, the same car service would cost but $72 per year, and under the changed conditions they might be able to move. At present this family does not patronize the street railway at all; but, under the assumed new conditions, their patronage would compensate for a two-cent remission on 3,600 fares. This increased patronage might not bring net earnings up to their present preposterous total, but it would certainly increase the volume of business enough to assure a reasonable profit to the actual capital invested. A three-cent fare, even with the present traffic of the Traction Company, would pay 8 per cent. If it resulted in a 10 per cent. increase of traffic there would be an annual profit of 12 per cent., and every subsequent increase of traffic would further increase the rate of profit. Such a continuous increase of business is inevitable in a growing city like Westport. Street railway companies oppose lower fares, not because their reasonable profit would be affected thereby, but because they want

more than a reasonable profit, and just as much more as they can get.

"It will be seen, therefore, that the question of urban transportation has a tremendous bearing on the health and morals of the people. The surest way to relieve the congestion of the slums is to make it possible for poor people to live elsewhere, and nothing can further this aim so much as the provision of cheap transportation.

"The equities of the situation are very clear. Capital invested in street railways is entitled to a reasonable profit; the people, on the other hand, are entitled to the lowest fare consistent with that reasonable profit. As traffic increases fares should gradually fall, and every cent collected above the demands of reasonable profit is clearly a tax on communication.

"The evil consists not so much in the fact that the people are being taxed for the benefit of private individuals; it lies rather in the way this tax is collected. It is indeed an outrage that the people of Westport should be taxed $1,500,000 a year for the benefit of a luxurious and unscrupulous privileged class; but the real evil lies in the fact that the tax is an embargo on civic activity, a ban on social improvement and intelligence. The five-cent fare would still be an evil if the unearned profits were paid into the city and disbursed for public purposes. The intrinsic evil lies in the fact that the citizen is taxed on his freedom of movement. When he goes to his business he is taxed, when he returns to his home he is taxed, when his children go to school he is taxed, when they go for an outing he is taxed, when he goes to the polls he is taxed, when he goes to church he is taxed, when he seeks a healthier habitation he is taxed, when he seeks a cleaner environment for his family he is taxed. In all of his domestic, social, and political motions he is taxed. He can escape the impost only by being a recluse, by remaining within walking distance of his tenement-house steps.

"It may not be easy to define the least vicious way of levying an annual tribute of $1,000,000 on the people of a great city; but certainly the most vicious way is to levy it on their goings and comings, on their freedom of communication, to levy it indeed on the circulation of the city's life blood.

"The chief asset of these corporations is the stupidity of the public. Inflated securities sell because bankers and promoters can rely upon the willingness of the people to be robbed. Enormous bond issues can be underwritten because the people can be relied upon to pay the interest in the shape of unnecessary and exorbitant charges or prices.

"An examination of all the franchise properties in the city of Westport will show that only about 25 per cent. of their nominal capitalization represents honest investment, the remaining 75 per cent. being the net capital value of the people's consent. The proceeds of this valuable and productive asset are appropriated by private individuals who, enriching themselves at the public expense, pay no reasonable royalty to the people.

"Nor is Westport an exceptional city. Her people are subjected to no more fraud and pillage than is generally found in the fair fabric of municipal finance."

# THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE SITUATION

BY

GEORGE HIBBARD

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HUTT

AS Dayton kept himself afloat in the black icy water his first emotion was one of surprise. His sudden absolute helplessness completely astonished him, and he could not bring himself to a realization of the position in which he was. With help so near there could be no danger, and yet, as he felt the numbing effect of his saturated clothes clinging heavily to him and reflected that the other skaters were a quarter of a mile away on the other side of the island, the seriousness of the predicament was forced upon him. Still, he only experienced a mild amusement as he thought how close was the warm, dry hall, and the bright blazing fire of the Hargreaves' country house.

He was a fair swimmer and had at once risen to the surface. Instinctively he clutched at the jagged edges of the outstretching ice, but it was too thin to hold his weight and piece after piece broke in his hands. He shouted with all the force of his lungs, but his call seemed singularly feeble in the motionless air. He knew that the rest could not have heard. The cold was telling on him. His limbs were growing heavier; every moment his strength was less. He tried again to hold himself up by the ice, but again it gave way with him. Once more he shouted as loudly as he was able. He knew that he could not struggle much longer. Was it the end he wondered? Was this really going to be the conclusion of it all? Suddenly his life seemed very far away from him. He was looking at it as if it were the existence of some one else. Utterly disassociated and irrelevant events started out in his mind with entirely discrepant distinctness.

He heard a low cry of distress. Turning his head he saw, silhouetted against the white expanse of the ice, the dark figure of a girl. She was skating rapidly toward him.

"Stop!" he shouted with reviving energy. "Don't come too near."

"Hold the ice!" she cried breathlessly.

"I can't," he answered. "It's too thin."

"What can I do?" she demanded, falling on her knees and creeping toward him.

"Don't come closer," he implored. "It will break."

"But I must," she said wildly. "I must do something."

"Go and call them," he replied less strongly.

"But you — you are tired. You can't keep yourself up. I know from your voice."

"If I could only get my hands on something I could hold," he muttered.

For an instant she gazed at him in blank terror. Suddenly her expression changed. She crept a little nearer. Swiftly she unwound the long, thick, fur boa from about her neck. With a quick, sure motion she threw the end toward him. He, seeing her purpose, was ready. He grasped it securely with his almost frozen hands.

"I can't draw you out," she said; "but I can hold it. I can hold you up."

Clinging to the improvised life-line at which she tugged with all her slight strength Dayton forced his body through the thinner ice. At last he reached a place where it no longer broke under him. Raising himself on it with his elbows, he dragged himself slowly from the water. In a moment he stood beside her.

"Hurry!" she sobbed. "You will catch cold."

"You have saved my life," he stammered.

"Hurry!" she repeated in quick entreaty. "Come!"

She seized his hands and, struggling to make his limbs obey his will, he skated on beside her.

"You have saved my life," he repeated in stupefaction. "What can I say?"

"Don't say anything," she answered impatiently. "Skate! You must go where it is warm."

Questions mingled with conjectures, exclamations crossed interjections, as they came up with the others, the girl guiding and half supporting her companion.

"Mr. Dayton fell in," she announced simply as she skated up.

"Miss Lane has saved my life," Dayton added in determined supplement.

"Sit down," commanded Hargreaves. "I'll get your skates off."

Dayton fumbled clumsily with a fastening as he looked helplessly at those about him.

"I broke through," he explained. "I was almost done when Miss Lane came up. She saved my life."

He repeated it — the one thought in his mind — as if he could not state the amazing fact often enough.

"Now run!" ordered Hargreaves, who had slipped the skates from Dayton's feet. He put his hand under his arm and urged him to rise. When Dayton stood up he drew him forward.

"Run!" he commanded, and raced with him up the road toward the house.

"How lucky, Edith!" cried Mrs. Hargreaves, regarding the girl. "And how splendid!"

"But, Marion," she said, "I only threw him the end of my boa."

"He would have been drowned without you," pronounced the other decisively — a fluttering recognition of the possibility in her voice. "You saved his life," she echoed monotonously.

"Fiddlesticks!" responded the girl.

Mrs. Hargreaves and Edith Lane made their way up the bank alone.

"You must be so happy," said the former as she thrust her hand confidentially under the girl's arm. "To have done this for him when you know you — like him so much."

She paused as if to accent what she wished the other to know was her underestimate of the case.

"I am," replied the girl briefly.

"It is so glorious — so romantic," she babbled.

"Only," laughed the girl, "in romance the man saves the girl."

"And then she always marries him afterward," suggested Mrs. Hargreaves slyly.

Edith Lane blushed quickly and looked away angrily.

"To think of having anything so delightful happen under one's own roof," continued Mrs. Hargreaves joyfully. "Or at least next door to it — on the lake," she amended, contentedly, on second thought.

"I hope he doesn't catch cold," said the girl.

"How stupid you are," rebelled Mrs. Hargreaves. "Here he is rescued from a watery grave and you are wondering if he'll catch cold just as if he had been in a draught. He won't behave in that indifferent way. You'll see how grateful he'll be."

"Indeed," the girl protested, "I hope that he won't take it like that."

"What other way can he take it?" her companion asked in emphatic assertion.

Hargreaves met them in the hall. In answer to the question which his wife called from the door, and the girl asked with her eyes as they drew nearer, he informed them that Dayton, in dry things, was sitting before the smoking-room fire, and was already falling off into a doze.

"And you'd better go and lie down," said Mrs. Hargreaves to Edith.

"I think I will," answered the girl with surprising meekness.

Hargreaves settled himself receptively as she departed.

"Did you ever know anything like it?" exacted Mrs. Hargreaves, taking off her coat with something the effect of waving it in the air. "I am thinking of her. She must be wildly happy to have done this for him."

"It's he of whom I'm thinking," replied Hargreaves deliberately.

"What is there to think of him?" she expostulated.

"Why," said Hargreaves, rising and lighting a cigarette, "if you ask me I'd say he was in a pretty awkward situation."

In her amazement Mrs. Hargreaves sat down as if to indicate that such a suggestion required full discussion.

"Don't you see," he went on, "he owes her such a lot?"

"She doesn't think of it in that way."

"But he must. He'll be under such obligations. I don't see what he can do about it."

Mrs. Hargreaves pondered.

"That's such a practical way of looking at it," she remonstrated.

"There are always results," mused her husband, "and consequences."

"There can't be any here," she maintained, founding her statement on what she always felt was the rock of her common sense. "And they are so in love with each other," she continued cheerfully.

The clock chimed and she rose, gathering together her veil, gloves, and coat with the air of "cutting out" something from under the guns of her husband's objections.

"Dinner is at half-past seven," she said as she disappeared.

Hargreaves rose and entered the smoking-room where he found Dayton still stretched in a low chair before the fire. He stirred sleepily, started up, and then spoke briskly.

"Where is Miss Lane?"

"Not down yet."

"I want to see her," the young man announced decidedly.

Miss Lane did not appear until a few moments before dinner was announced. The fact that she was using her high spirits as a shield was at once evident. That she was nervous was indicated by the aggressive nature of her gaiety. Dayton and the others at once felt themselves helpless. She had anticipated any likelihood of their treating the situation heroically by announcing from half-way down the stairs how hungry she was and her earnest wish for the nearness of dinner. With this she had "blanketed" the swelling sails of their gratitude, and left them without steerage way to direct the course of their conversation. Dayton advanced and held out his hand, which she was obliged to take, while he asked, as he felt, insufficiently:

"You are not tired?"

"Not a bit," she announced hurriedly; "only *fearfully* hungry. And I hope that they are going to give us that nice timbale again."

Mrs. Hargreaves advanced and putting her arm about the girl drew her toward her.

"My dear," she said, "you can't escape by talking as if nothing on earth were of consequence except dinner. You've got to be told what presence of mind you had — and how brave you were. And you've got to be thanked and praised and generally given a triumph."

"I'm sure I can never say enough — anything —" stammered Dayton.

"Oh!" she cried, "if you are all going to be silly!"

"It's you who are silly," accused Mrs. Hargreaves. "You've done an important thing, and you can't treat it as if you'd found a lost golf ball."

"Yes," confirmed Hargreaves, "you've got to be bored a little with our praise. We may crush you somewhat under the bucklers of our admiration, but we'll let you off as easily as we can. You really must consider us. We feel that we must try to come up to the demands of the case."

Edith Lane looked her gratitude at Hargreaves for his more flippant treatment of the conjuncture.

"I just happened to be there," she said.

"But you put yourself in danger, and you thought of what to do," interrupted Mrs. Hargreaves.

"You see," said Hargreaves, as dinner was announced, "you stand convicted of heroism or heroinism for life."

At dinner, though the subject was not mentioned again, all could feel that it was lying directly at their feet to stumble over.

Miss Lane was manifestly not having a pleasant time. In spite of the fact that she had announced her hunger, she did little toward appeasing it, and she clearly dreaded the end of dinner even more than its continuance. Dayton, on the contrary, though his silence was as unusual as her chatter, appeared desirous of having it over. He ate as little as she did and sat through the slow passing of the courses in restless inattention.

When Mrs. Hargreaves rose he spoke abruptly.

"Since there's no one else here, why don't we go with you and smoke?"

When they were gathered before the fire in the hall, the sudden silence was even more disconcerting than the conscious clamor of the dining-room. Hargreaves was manifestly weakening, and his uneasy movements clearly indicated to his wife's experienced eyes that he meditated flight. Anticipating him, she sprang up with an assumption of suddenness that she felt was a

distinct contribution to the prevailing constraint.

"Durden is going to town early," she announced, "and I want to see her about some things."

Hargreaves shuffled uneasily and then boldly got up and left without a word. Miss Lane half rose and glanced about as she heard the door of the smoking-room carefully closed. But Dayton seized her hand and held it.

"You mustn't go," he said. "I have been waiting for this chance."

"Please!" she cried, "don't say any more about it."

"No," he said, "not that. Not now—not yet. It's something else I want to tell you. I want to ask you——"

She looked at him affrightedly, as he clung to her hand so that she could not stir.

"I want to ask you to marry me."

With a quick wrench she tore her fingers away from his grasp and springing back stood with her eyes fiercely fixed upon him.

"Marry you!" she cried.

"Yes," he said, rising and facing her. "Do I frighten you by asking you so suddenly? Is it sudden? It does not seem sudden to me."

"Never! Never!" she cried quickly, with bitter firmness.

"I won't let you say that," he replied, striving again to seize her hand as she retreated before him. "I won't let you answer anything but what I want."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing, "I never thought that you would say it."

"Why?" he asked, with puzzled earnestness. "You must have known what I was thinking—feeling—that I loved you."

"You say that now," she breathed.

"I do," he answered amazedly. "Of course I do."

"Oh!" she cried, "it is unworthy. It is an insult."

"Why?" he demanded impatiently. "Of course, I'm not worthy of you, and I know that, but——"

"Don't say anything more. Don't make it any worse," she implored. "I feel humiliated enough. I never thought that you could do it."

"What have I done?" he asked. "I know that I asked you to marry me, and it's awfully cheeky perhaps for me to think of it, but other men have asked other women——"

"But not as we are," she replied in horror.

"How are we? I don't understand."

"Oh, you only say it," she moaned. "You feel that it is necessary. You imagine that I saved your life and you believe that you must do this. You think that you are doing what is right—what is required; but you should have known better. It is an insult. I don't want to see you again."

Dayton strove to keep her from flight.

"No," she hissed. "I am disappointed. I am hurt. I will not listen to you. I can't forgive you."

With lithe swiftness she slipped up the stairs and was out of sight at the turn before Dayton in his dazed state reached the lower step. He paused for a moment irresolute and turned toward the door through which Hargreaves had disappeared.

"Well," said Hargreaves, looking at him curiously as he entered.

"Here's a pretty to-do," he said furiously, as he threw himself into a chair. "I've just asked Miss Lane to marry me."

Hargreaves nodded comprehendingly.

"And she has refused me absolutely—entirely—irrevocably. She said that it was insulting. That she was hurt—humiliated. Can you believe it? She says that I am only asking her because I know that she saved my life."

Hargreaves continued to smoke in silence.

"Did you ever hear such mad nonsense?"

"Is it?" Hargreaves asked slowly.

"Of course it is," Dayton replied defiantly. "Look at it."

"Well, look at it," said Hargreaves, "the way that she probably looks at it. A young woman pulls you out of the water. The inference is that it might have been pretty bad for you if she hadn't. Of course, you are supposed to feel beholden to her."

"But that doesn't necessarily mean that I'd ask her to marry me."

"I don't know," answered Hargreaves. "There is a popular idea about—women have been known to share it—that the highest compliment that a man can pay a woman is to ask her to become his wife. Now the young woman saved your life and there can be no doubt from every point of view that it would be exceedingly graceful of you to do this."

"But I was going to ask her any way."

"I know that, but she doesn't, and her pride won't permit her to allow herself to believe it. She's a high-spirited girl, and she assumes that you are trying to pay her — to reward her."

"What am I to do?" asked Dayton helplessly.

"I confess," said his friend, "that it seems to me that you are in something of a boat. It's extremely awkward, anyway, for a man to have his life saved by a woman. It's all wrong, and only the kind of thing that could happen in these days of 'bachelor girls' and emancipation. Here a young person comes upsetting all traditions and demanding new considerations. You've certainly got to do something. That's what she says to herself, that you were trying to do — trying to re-establish yourself as it were. Giving her the life that she had saved in the true Christmas Number manner."

"Bosh!" exclaimed Dayton angrily. "Don't chaff me. I'm in an awful box."

"I know how you feel," said Hargreaves more seriously, "but I'll be hanged now if I see what you can do about it."

Mrs. Hargreaves stood in the doorway.

"Edith says," she announced, "that she has a headache and will not come down again to-night."

When later his wife entered Hargreaves's dressing-room she drew up a chair with an air of definite intention.

"Edith is crying her eyes out," she said.

Hargreaves looked the picture of interested ignorance.

"Harry Dayton asked her to marry him, and she thinks that he only did it because she saved his life," she further narrated.

Hargreaves paid the tribute of a low whistle to the news.

"She vows that she never wants to speak to him — to see him again."

"Isn't that a little violent?"

"But think how she must feel. To do a splendid thing — a noble thing — and then to believe that he is behaving to her as if he wanted to compensate her, as one does a porter who has carried up a trunk."

"There is a difference," he suggested, "between a proffer of fifty cents and one's whole future."

"Don't be absurd," said his wife with matrimonial brevity. "This is a very real situation and a very trying one. Edith loves him. Indeed that's the reason she's so ready to believe that he is only doing this from a sense of duty — because she'd like so to believe the other and is afraid."

"He loves her."

"And this has happened and upset everything. Why did he ask her to-night?"

"He did not think."

"He should have thought."

"And therefore have been so much less in love."

"She'll never forgive him," maintained his wife, disregarding what she considered one of Hargreaves's digressions and skipping it — as she always did foot-notes when she was reading.

She rose slowly with the manner of one who has failed.

"Something *must* be done," she announced impressively.

"And I see," said Hargreaves, "from the way that you do not look at me that you expect me to do it. Isn't it rather more in your line?"

"You can make him realize what an idiot he was," she said.

"You could gently lead her to understand that she has made a mistake," he suggested.

"She can't. She has a great pride about it. She would never consent to take him as a *reward*. No girl would."

Hargreaves wrinkled his brow in perplexity.

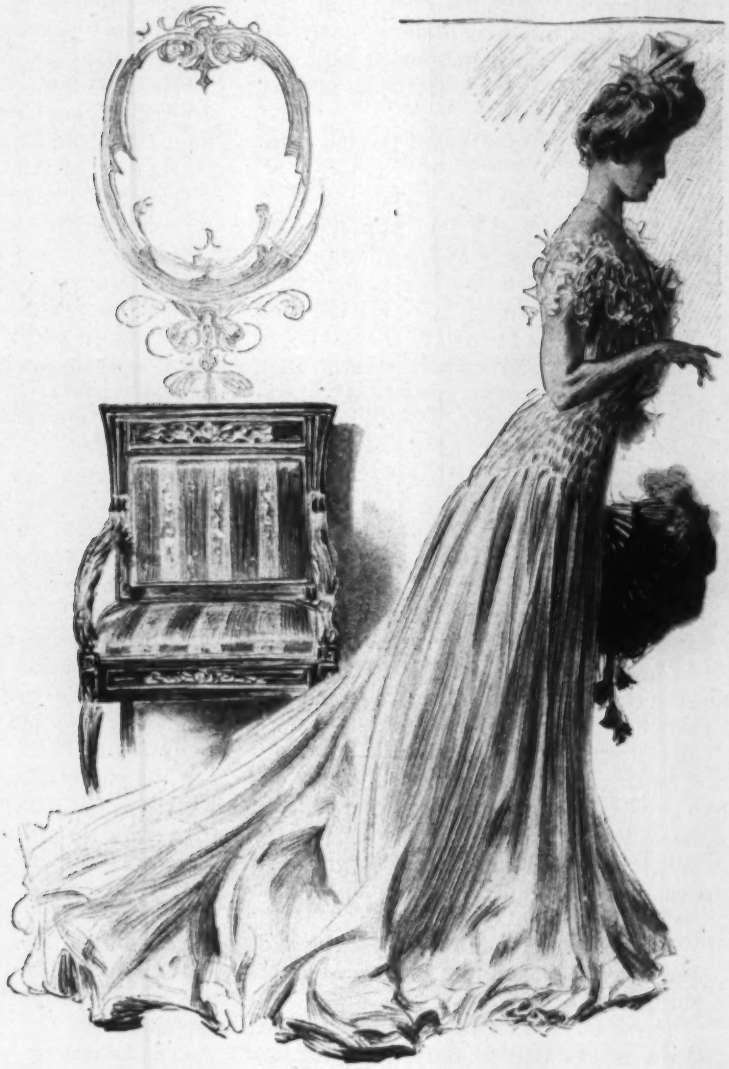
"I seem," he said, "to recognize some of the familiar objects of our starting-point. It's serious. I face to-morrow with those two young people here with the greatest apprehension."

The following morning passed as a morning passes with people who are closely thrown together and who have at heart a subject of which they cannot speak. Edith Lane's dread of being left alone with Dayton increased the constraint. She clung to her host and hostess as if for protection with pathetic evidence, and avoided with terror any mention of the great incident of the day before.

At intervals Mrs. Hargreaves managed to convey bulletins to her husband who had retreated early and ignominiously to the smoking-room.

"I can't stand it," she announced. "There is a perfect pall of ceremonious politeness over everything."

"I'm moving about myself," said Hargreaves, "on mental tiptoe. That's what



"ASKED, AS HE FELT, INSUFFICIENTLY:

comes of having a problem thrown into the house."

The morning dragged slowly.

"I'm going to have another try," said Dayton suddenly, about one o'clock, rising from a council of war.

"Oh, yes," cried Mrs. Hargreaves hopefully. "She's at the piano now in the music room and doesn't know that I have slipped away."

Dayton stole through the concealing plants of the conservatory and stood beside Edith Lane before she was aware of his approach. She started nervously — her fingers making a sudden discord of notes as she did so.

"Please," he said imploringly. She stood up, and then the dislike of doing what would be so abruptly evident held her from going.

"I wanted to see you — to speak to you again last night. Don't you really believe me? Don't you know that I love you?"

"No," she answered wildly. "Oh, if you did you wouldn't have said it. You would have considered me."

"With a man, when he's in love, his one thought is to get the woman he wants

'YOU ARE NOT TIRED?' ''

— even when she doesn't want him sometimes — and that's what he considers first and the most. You saved my life," he went on. "It's the most one person can do for another, but now you aren't going to make it miserable — worthless?"

"I can't listen to you," she answered desperately. "Oh, I know you may be only saying that because you think that it is right."

"Look at me," he said. "Can't you see that I mean it?"

"No! No!" she answered. "I am afraid — I am afraid to believe anything. Don't say any more. You have said it. You have fulfilled your duty. You have done all that you think there is for you to do."

"You are mad," he exclaimed impatiently and imperiously. "You are possessed by this idea. Suppose that you hadn't saved me — and I wish now that you hadn't — suppose this hadn't been, wouldn't you have believed me?"

"That would not be this," she said doggedly, backing away from him.

"Didn't you see before that I loved you?"

"I thought that you did."

"And why not now?"

"I couldn't believe now. I am afraid."

"But I do—I do," he urged. "Will nothing make you believe? Can't I do anything?"

"No," she replied slowly.

"Simply because you make a mistake——"

She leaned against the piano and put her hands before her face.

"It isn't easy for me. I will tell you," she cried. "I want to believe. I should tell you perhaps, if it had not been for this I should have answered very differently."

"Edith!" he cried, taking a short step forward.

"Don't!" she said, as she held out her hands as if to hold him back. "I love you. Yes, I love you, but that can't be anything now. I couldn't take you feeling that perhaps you are giving yourself to pay a debt—that you did not come entirely of your own free will."

"Can't I prove it to you?" he interrupted.

"How can you? What I did was nothing, but you think that I saved you and that throws everything out of balance. You can't forget it."

"Of course I can't," he answered defiantly.

"You see," she said helplessly.

"But not in that way," he urged. "I can't explain. I love you more for it. I can't be grateful enough, and yet gratitude has nothing to do with it. Oh, no man ever was in such a fix. You must understand me."

"You must understand me," she answered.

"Is there nothing can be done?" he repeated. "You say you love me——"

"Yes," she replied boldly. "I want you to know that anyway."

And wholly unexpectedly to him—as if in sudden fright—she turned and again fled from him.

At luncheon Edith Lane did not appear, and immediately afterward Dayton set off for a long tramp. The weather had changed. A warm wind had come up and by the afternoon was driving a fine rain before it. The day was too unpleasant to make it likely that any one would appear from any of the other houses. The Hargreaves household was left in isolation to meet the conditions imposed upon it. Hargreaves sat smoking, as he realized, more than was good for him. The hours dragged wearily. Mrs. Hargreaves remained with Edith and the loneliness told upon him. At dusk he found himself gazing out upon the dripping, dismal scene and watching Dayton as he made his way up the muddy drive to the porte-cochère.

"What do you suppose has happened now?" he heard his wife say from the dark interior of the room.

"I can't tell," he replied, as if too dispirited to find, as he usually did, in her remarks an incentive to mockery.

"Edith says that she thinks that she ought to go away at once."

Hargreaves nodded dejectedly.

"Oh, can't anything be done?" wailed his wife. "She is perfectly miserable and breaking her heart. And look at him." She pointed to the despondent figure to be seen through the window slowly mounting the steps.

"Edith wants to go," she announced to Dayton as he entered.

"She mustn't do that," he cried. "I can't drive her away. I'll go myself. Where is she?"

"She came down and is sitting by the fire in the hall. Oh, she looks so pretty and is so wretched."

"I'll speak to her," said Dayton promptly. "I'll go at once, and I'll leave tonight if nothing else can be done."

"She won't hear you," Mrs. Hargreaves warned him as he moved toward the door. "Oh!" she exclaimed, when she and her husband were alone, "it will end by their *both* going and hating the house and both of us always."

Dayton strode through the narrow passageway and out into the big hall. From the fire came the only illumination, falling across the rugs and tunneling a shaft of light under the billiard table in the center. In the glow sat Edith Lane. Dayton hardly gave her time to look up before he spoke to her.

"Mrs. Hargreaves has told me," he said. "You must not go. I will go myself."

"I don't want you to do that," she said, watching him wearily. "That would not be fair."

"There isn't anything fair about this," he exclaimed hotly. "But I am going anyway. You can stay!"

"TORE DOWN A HEAVY CURTAIN"

"I can't let you do it," she urged. "I should hate it."

"Can't we find a way or make one?" he cried.

"I have thought and thought," she replied earnestly. "Oh, if it had not happened."

"Then if I had come to you and said what I have said ——"

"I should have answered 'Yes,'" she told him slowly, simply, quietly. "I should not have felt that I was taking anything except what you gave me naturally. We should have been on equal terms."

"I can't tell you that saving my life was nothing ——"

"It is there," she interrupted desperately, rising and facing him on the broad hearth. She stood for a moment in thought with the light glowing behind her; and although he could not see her face, he recognized, from the manner in which she held her hands, her deep agitation.

"Oh, if it were out of the way! If there were some way of putting it out of the way!"

As she spoke she moved quickly and rebelliously, turning and leaning with her hand against the arch of the wide high mantel. Without andirons the huge logs of wood placed directly on the bricks were blazing brilliantly in the cavernous fireplace. In a moment it happened. She had turned too carelessly and too far. A lacy edge of her gown touched by a darting tongue of flame sprang into a blaze. Dayton saw the quick spread of the fire along the delicate fabric. He fell on his knees and with both hands strove to beat it out and tear away the kindling folds. But swiftly as he worked the fire still spread. It caught more and more of the silk and lace in blazing ruin.

The girl stood entirely motionless, looking at him almost curiously.

"I can't put it out," he cried.

Throwing his arm about her he carried her from the hearth. Reaching up with his right hand he tore down a heavy curtain in which he instantly wrapped her. He gathered it about her as he cast her down on a divan, folding the heavy material over and over her. He toiled frantically—pressing the stuff on her—binding the long folds tighter and tighter about her. He only desisted when she at last made her voice heard through the mass of covering.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I am smothering."

Appalled by his roughness Dayton proceeded to undo her, and in a moment she stood before him with charred and ruined dress, but herself unhurt.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and then with tears in her eyes she began to laugh.

He stared at her breathlessly.

"How you mauled and pounded me!" Then she paused and with a gasp spoke hurriedly. "Harry! Harry!" she cried. "I am so happy. Don't you understand? You saved my life. What did you say? What did you ask me?"

"That I loved you. That I wanted you to marry me," he replied stupidly and brokenly.

"And I will. I will. I will gladly, and proudly, and thankfully."

"But—" he began.

"Don't you see?" she interrupted excitedly. "It's different now. It's all right now. We're quits. We're on equal terms. Now if you want to ask me——"

When Hargreaves was alone with his wife she sat looking at him questioningly.

"Did she do it on purpose?" she asked in an almost awed whisper.

"I don't know," he replied helplessly and without displaying any inclination to elaborate the theme; "but it seems to have met the requirements of the situation."

# THE FOREMAN

A "BLAZED TRAIL" STORY

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "CONJUROR'S HOUSE"

ILLUSTRATED BY POWER O'MALLEY

A MAN is one thing: a man *plus* his work is another, entirely different. You can learn this anywhere, but in the lumber woods best of all.

Especially is it true of the camp boss. A firm that knows its business knows this, and so never considers merely what sort of a character its candidate may show in town. He may drink or abstain, may exhibit bravery or cowardice, strength or weakness,—it is all one to the lumbermen who employ him. In the woods his quality must appear.

So often the men most efficient and trusted in the especial environment of their work are most disreputable and weak outside it The mere dignifying quality of labor raises their value to the *n*th power. In it they discover the self-respect which, in one form

or another, is absolutely necessary to the man who counts. Their resolution to succeed has back of it this necessity of self-respect, and so is invincible. A good boss recedes before nothing which will further his job.

Most people of the north country understand this double standard; but occasionally some one, either stupid or inexperienced or unobservant, makes the mistake of concluding that the town character and the woods character of a man are necessarily the same. If he acts in accordance with that erroneous idea he gets into trouble. Take the case of Silver Jack and the walking boss of Morrison & Daly, for instance. Silver Jack imagined that his first encounter with Richard Darrell in Bay City indicated the certainty of like results to his second encounter with that individual in Camp Thirty. His mistake was costly: but almost anybody could have told him better. To understand the case you must know Richard Darrell.

He was a man about five feet six inches in height, slenderly built, yet with broad hanging shoulders. His face was an exact triangle, beginning with a mop of red brown hair, and ending with a pointed chin. Two level quadrilaterals served him as eyebrows, beneath which a strong hooked nose separated his brown chipmunk eyes. When he walked he threw his heavy shoulders slightly forward. This, in turn, projected his eager nervous countenance. The fact that he was accustomed to hold his hands half open, with the palms faced square to the rear, lent him a peculiarly ready and truculent air. His name, as has been said, was Richard Darrell; but men called him Roaring Dick.

For upwards of fourteen years he had been woods foreman for Morrison & Daly, the great lumber firm of Beeson Lake district. That would make him about thirty-eight years old. He did not look it. His firm thought everything of him in spite of the fact that his reputation made it exceedingly difficult to hire men for his camps. He had the name of a "driver." But this little man, in some mysterious way of his own, could get in the logs. There was none like him. About once in three months he would suddenly appear, worn and haggard, at Beeson Lake, where he would drop into an iron bed, which the company maintained for that especial purpose. Tim Brady, the caretaker, would bring him food at stated intervals. After four days of this he would as suddenly disappear into the forest, again charged with the vital restless energy which kept him on his feet fourteen hours a day until the next breakdown. When he looked directly at you this nerve force seemed to communicate itself to you with the impact of a physical shock.

Richard Darrell usually finished banking his season's cut a month earlier than any one else. Then he drew his pay at Beeson Lake, took the train for Bay City, and set out to have a good time. Whisky was its main element. On his intensely nervous organization it acted like poison. He would do the wildest things. After his money was all spent, he started up river for the log drive, hollow-eyed, shaking. In twenty-four hours be was himself again, dominant, truculent, fixing his brown chipmunk eyes on the delinquents with the shock of a physical impact, coolly balancing beneath the imminent ruin of a jam.

Silver Jack, on the other hand, was not nervous at all, but very tall and strong, with bronze red skin, and flax-white hair, mustache, and eyebrows. The latter peculiarity had earned him his nickname. He was at all times absolutely fearless and self-reliant in regard to material conditions, but singularly unobservant and stupid when it was a question of subtleties. He had been a sawyer in his early experience, but later became a bartender in Muskegon. He was in general a good-humored animal enough, but fond of swagger, given to showing off, and exceedingly ugly when his passions were aroused.

His first hard work, on arriving in Bay City, was of course to visit the saloons. In one of them he came upon Richard Darrell. The latter was enjoying himself noisily by throwing wine glasses at a beer advertisement. As he always paid liberally for the glasses, none thought of objecting.

"Who's the bucko?" inquired Silver Jack of a man near the stove.

"That's Roaring Dick Darrell, walking boss for M. & D.," replied the other.

Silver Jack drew his flax-white eyebrows together.

"Roaring Dick, eh? Roaring Dick. Fine name for a bad man. I s'pose he thinks he's particular bad, don't he?"

"I do'no. I guess he is. He's got the name for it."

"Well," said Silver Jack, drawing his powerful back into a bow, "I ain't much; but I don't like noise — 'specially roaring."

With the words he walked directly across the saloon to the foreman.

"My name is Silver Jack," said he. "I come from Muskegon way. I don't like noise. Quit it."

"All right," replied Dick.

The other was astonished. Then he recovered his swagger and went on.

"What's that!" shouted the stranger, towering with threatening bulk over the smaller man.

And then to his surprise Dick Darrell began to beg.

"Don't you hit me!" he cried. "I ain't done nothing to you! You let me alone! Don't you let him hit me!" he called beseechingly to the barkeeper. "I don't want to get hurt! Stop it! Let me be!"

Silver Jack took Richard Darrell by the collar and propelled him rapidly to the door. The foreman hung back like a small boy in the grasp of a schoolmaster, whining, beseeching, squirming, appealing for help to the bystanders and the barkeeper. When finally he was energetically kicked into the gutter, he wept a little with nervous rage.

SILVER JACK

"They tell me you're the old he coon of this neck of the woods. Perhaps you *were*. But I'm here now. Ketch on? I'm the boss of this shebang now."

Dick smiled amiably. "All right," he repeated.

This second acquiescence nonplussed the new-comer. But he insisted on his fight.

"You're a bluff!" said he insultingly.

"Ah, get out!" replied Dick with disgust.

"Roaring Dick! Rats!" said Silver Jack, "Anybody can do him proper. If that's your 'knocker,' you're a set of high-bankers!"

The other men merely smiled in the manner of those who know. Incidentally Silver Jack was desperately pounded by Big Dan, later in the evening, on account of that high-banker remark.

Richard Darrell, soon after, went into the woods with his crew, and began the tremendous struggle against the wilderness. Silver Jack and Big Dan took up the saloon business at Beeson Lake, and set themselves to gathering a clientele which should do them credit.

"'I DON'T LIKE NOISE. QUIT IT'"

The winter was a bad one for everybody. Deep snows put the job behind; frequent storms undid the work of an infinitely slow patience. When the logging roads were cut through, the ground refused to freeze, because of the thick white covering that overlaid it. Darrell, in his mysterious compelling fashion, managed somehow. Everywhere his thin eager triangle of a face with the brown chipmunk eyes was seen, bullying the men into titanic exertions by the mere shock of his nervous force. Over the thin crust of ice cautious loads of a few thousand feet were drawn to the banks of the river. The road-bed held. Gradually it hardened and thickened. The size of the loads increased. Finally Billy O'Brien drew up triumphantly at the rollway.

"There's a rimracker!" he claimed. "Give her all she'll stand, Jimmy."

Jimmy Hall, the scaler, laid his flexible rule over the face of each log. The men gathered, interested in this record load.

"Thirteen thousand, two hundred and fifty," announced the scaler at last.

"Whoopee!" crowed Billy O'Brien. "That'll lay out Rollway Charley by two thousand feet!"

The men congratulated him on his victory over the other teamster, Rollway Charley. Suddenly Darrell was among them, eager, menacing, thrusting his nervous face and his heavy shoulders here and there in the crowd, bullying them back to the work which they were neglecting. When his

back was turned they grumbled at him savagely, threatening to disobey, resolving to quit. Some of them did quit: but none of them disobeyed.

Now the big loads were coming in regularly, and the rollways became choked with the logs dumped down on them from the sleighs. There were not enough men to roll them down to the river, nor to "deck" them there in piles. Work accumulated. The cant-hook men became discouraged. What was the use of trying? They might as well take it easy. They did take it easy. As a consequence the teamsters had often to wait two or three hours to be unloaded. They were out until long after dark, feeling their way homeward through hunger and cold.

Dick Darrell, walking boss of all the camps, did the best he could. He sent message after message to Beeson Lake demanding more men. If the rollways could be definitely cleared once, the work would lighten all along the line. Then the men would regain their content. More help was promised, but it was slow in coming. The balance hung trembling. At any moment the foreman expected a crisis, when the men, discouraged by the accumulation of work, would begin to "jump," would ask for their time and quit, leaving the job half-finished in the woods. This catastrophe must not happen. Darrell himself worked like a demon until dark, and then, ten to one, while other men rested, would strike feverishly across to Camp Twenty-Eight or Camp Forty where he would consult with Morgan or Scotty Parsons until far into the night. His pale, triangular face showed the white lines of exhaustion, but his chipmunk eyes and his eager movement told of a determination stronger than the protests of nature.

Now fate ordained that Silver Jack, for the purposes of his enlightenment, should select just this moment to drum up trade. He was, in his way, as anxious to induce the men to come out of the woods as Richard Darrell was to keep them in. Beeson Lake at this time of year was very dull. Only a few chronic loafers, without money, ornamented the saloon walls. On the other hand, at the four camps of Morrison & Daly were three hundred men, each with four months' pay coming to him. In the ordinary course of events these men would not be out for sixty days yet, but Silver Jack and Big Dan perfectly well knew that it needed only the suggestion, the temptation, to arouse the spirit of restlessness in them. That a taste or so of whisky will shiver the patience of men oppressed by long monotony is as A B C to the north-country saloon-keeper. Silver Jack resolved to make the rounds of the camps, sure that an investment of a few jugs of whisky would bring down to Beeson Lake at least thirty or forty woods-wearied men.

Accordingly he donned many clothes, and drove out into the wilderness in a cutter containing three jugs of whisky and some cigars in boxes. He anticipated trouble. Perhaps he would even have to lurk in the woods, awaiting his opportunity to smuggle his liquor to the men.

However, luck favored him. At Camp Twenty-Eight he was able to dodge unseen into the men's camp. When Morgan, the camp foreman, finally discovered his presence the mischief had been done. Everybody was smoking cigars, everybody was happily conscious of a warm glow at the pit of the stomach, everybody was firmly convinced that Silver Jack was the best fellow on earth. Morgan could do nothing. An attempt to eject Silver Jack, an expostulation even, would, he knew, lose him his entire gang. The men, their heads whirling with the anticipated delights of a spree, would indignantly champion their new friend. Morgan retired grimly to the "office." There, the next morning, he silently made out the time of six men who had decided to quit. He wondered what would become of the rollways.

Silver Jack, for the sake of companionship, took one of the six in the cutter with him. He was pleased over his success, and intended now to try Camp Thirty — Darrell's headquarters. In regard to Morgan he had been somewhat uneasy, for he had never encountered that individual; but Darrell he thought he knew. The trouble at Bay City had inspired him with a great contempt for the walking boss. That is where his mistake came in.

It was very cold. The snow was up to the horses' bellies, so Silver Jack had to drive at a plunging walk. Occasionally one or the other of the two stood up and thrashed his arms about. At noon they ate sandwiches of cold fried bacon, which the frost rendered brittle as soon as it left the warmth of their inside pockets.

"STOOD THERE, HUGE, MENACING, AGAINST THE LIGHT"

Underfoot the runners of the cutter shrieked loudly. They saw the tracks of deer and wolves and partridge, and encountered a few jays, chickadees, and woodpeckers. Otherwise the forest seemed quite empty. By half-past two they had made nine miles, and the sun, in that high latitude, was swinging low. Silver Jack spoke angrily to his struggling animals. The other had fallen into the silence of numbness.

They did not know that across the reaches of the forest a man was hurrying to intercept them, a man who hastened to cope with this new complication in his labor as readily as he would have coped with the emergency of a scarcity of flour or the sickness of horses. They drove confidently.

Suddenly, from nowhere, a figure appeared in the trail before them. It stood, silent and impassive, with forward drooping heavy shoulders, watching the approaching cutter through inscrutable chipmunk eyes. When the strangers had approached to within a few feet of this man the horses stopped of their own accord.

"Hullo, Darrell!" greeted Silver Jack, tugging at one of the stone jugs beneath the seat; "you're just the man I wanted to see."

The figure made no reply.

"Have a drink," offered the big man, finally extricating the whisky.

"You can't take that whisky into camp," said Darrell.

"Oh, I guess so!" replied Silver Jack easily, hoping for the peaceful solution. "There ain't enough to get anybody full. Have a taster, Darrell; it's pretty good stuff."

"I mean it," insisted Darrell; "you got to go back." He seized the horses' bits and began to lead them in the reversing circle.

"Hold on there!" cried Silver Jack. "You let that horse alone! You blamed little runt! Let him alone, I say!" The robe was kicked aside and Silver Jack prepared to descend.

Richard Darrell twisted his feet out of his snow-shoe straps. "You can't take that whisky into camp," he repeated simply.

"Now, look here, Darrell," said the other in even tones, "don't you make no mistake. I ain't selling this whisky; I'm *giving* it away. The law can't touch me. You ain't got any right to say where I'll go, and, by ——, I'm going where I please!"

"You got to go back with that whisky," replied Darrell.

Silver Jack threw aside his fur coat and advanced. "You get out of my way, or I'll kick you out, like I done at Bay City!"

In an instant two blows were exchanged. The first marked Silver Jack's bronze-red face just to the left of his white eyebrow. The second sent Richard Darrell gasping and sobbing into the snow bank ten feet away. He arose with the blood streaming from beneath his mustache. His eager, nervous face was white; his great hands, held palm backward, clutched spasmodically. With the stealthy motion of a cat he approached his antagonist, and sprang. Silver Jack stood straight and confident awaiting him. Three times the aggressor was knocked entirely off his feet. The fourth he hit against the cutter body, and his fingers closed on the ax which all voyagers through the forest carry as a matter of course.

"He's gettin' ugly. Come on, Hank," cried Silver Jack.

The other man, with a long score to pay the walking boss, seized the starting bar and descended. Out from the inscrutable white forest murder breathed like a pestilential air. The men talked about it easily, confidently.

"You ketch him on one side and I'll come in on the other," said the man named Hank, gripping his short heavy bar.

The forest lay behind; the forest, easily penetrable to a man in moccasins. Richard Darrell could at any moment have fled beyond the possibility of pursuit. This had become no mere question of a bar-room fight, but of life and death. He had begged abjectly from the pain of a cuff on the ear: now he merely glanced over his shoulder toward the safety that lay beyond. Then with a cry he whirled the ax about his head and threw it directly at the second of his antagonists. The flat of the implement struck heavily, full on the man's forehead. He fell, stunned. Immediately the other two precipitated themselves on the weapons. This time Silver Jack secured the ax, while Darrell had to content himself with the short heavy bar. The strange duel recommenced, while the horses, mildly curious, gazed through the steam of their white breath at their warring masters.

Overhead the ravens of the far north idled to and fro. When the three men lay still on the trampled snow, they stooped nearer and nearer. Then they towered. One of the men had stirred.

Richard Darrell painfully cleared his eyes and dragged himself to a sitting position, sweeping the blood of his shallow wound from his forehead. He searched out the ax. With it he first smashed in the two whisky jugs. Then he wrecked the cutter, chopping it savagely until it was reduced to splinters and twisted iron. By the time this was done his antagonists were in the throes of returning consciousness. He stood over them, dominant, menacing.

"You hit the back trail," said he, "quick! Don't you let me see you 'round these diggings again!"

Silver Jack, bewildered, half stunned, not understanding this little cowardly man who had permitted himself to be kicked from the saloon, rose slowly.

"You stand there!" commanded Darrell. He opened a pocket knife and cut the harness to bits, leaving only the necessary head-stalls intact.

"Now git!" said he. "Pike out!—for Beeson Lake! Don't you stop at no Camp Twenty-Eight."

Appalled at the prospect of the long journey through the frozen forest, Silver Jack and his companion silently led their horses away. As they reached the bend in the trail, they looked back. The sun was just setting through the trees, throwing the illusion of them gigantic across the eye. And he stood there, huge, menacing, against the light—the dominant spirit, Roaring Dick of the Woods, the incarnation of Necessity, the Man defending his Work, the Foreman!

"THEY SET FORWARD INTO THE DESERT"

# THE GIRL AT DUKE'S

BY

JAMES WEBER LINN

AUTHOR OF "THE CHAMELEON"

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBIDGE

DUKE'S slept in the hot sun. Who was Duke, what was he, where did he come from, where did he go—the scion of a noble house, or some intimate humble citizen of the plains? Nobody knows; his memory is shrouded in the mists of antiquity which wrap the early eighties. The railroad, toiling over the ruddy desert, crosses a little empty run, which in some seasons holds water from heaven knows where; and at the crossing stands, or crouches, Duke's. Rose-red hills, clasping in their jealous hearts the secret of fertility, some day to be delivered up at the touch of the Genius—rose-red, sun-smitten, dusty, treeless, grassless, waterless hills roll and roll endlessly away from Duke's, lonely and bare as in the ages before history began; bisected by the two gleaming steel rails, seeming unhuman somehow, savage as the cacti, and

no more a part of civilization than the flickering, quivering sun-devils are which dance hour after hour above them to the monotonous fiddling of Phaeton in his fiery chariot. Duke's is a tank, a platform, a little wooden shanty, and a name. Passengers upon the observation-cars of the Limited behold it, and in utter idleness watch its oblong diminish over the flat miles; suddenly the train whips round the shoulder of a hill, and Duke's is gone forever from their memory.

When had such a passenger been known to descend at Duke's? And yet, one afternoon of a day late in April, one did descend. The person who got off upon that little oasis of station platform was a girl. She had left the spring behind her piecing out its mosaic of showers and sunshine, with birds singing and mating, and had traveled two thousand miles to reach this forsaken spot in the land of burning summer. The conductor, as he helped her from the step, looked at her doubtfully; the porter, who followed with her handbag, looked at Duke's disdainfully; and the passengers in the "tourist" looked wonderingly at all three.

"Well, your folks ain't here," said the conductor.

"Who did you expect, lady?" asked the porter.

She replied shyly to both. She was a girl of twenty, perhaps; of a pretty timidity; plainly not one who was accustomed to find for herself. "It is my uncle. He knows that I am coming."

"I suppose it's all right," meditated the conductor, "but I'd be easier in my mind

"'WHY, BILL, UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS, HEY?'"

if I saw him waiting for you. Some men got no sense of punctuality. And if I was lookin' for the jumping-off place, I certainly wouldn't go a step farther."

"Lonely place to leave a lady in, foh suah," assented the porter.

"Well, if you're easy in your mind, I guess we'll have to be pulling out," observed the conductor. "You're sure you won't come on to Wheeler?"

"No, sir, I think I'd better not."

They left her reluctantly. The porter tossed his carpet-covered stool to the platform, and swung aboard, waving his hand

"A CRY WHICH NO COYOTE EVER GAVE"

encouragingly. She watched the train foreshorten itself to a square in the distance, until the hill shut it out. Its last, least humming died away. Instantly primeval silence and desolation reasserted themselves.

She looked about her, and saw her trunk, some rods from her. Further off, the line of dying green showed where the creek had been. A lizard ran along the edge of the platform, and perceiving her, made an odd little noise in its throat, like the snapping of a match-box. Otherwise, there was no sign of life anywhere. Half an hour passed; an hour. Her uncle was long in coming! The shade of the tiny station shifted lazily over the hot boards. She made an effort to draw her trunk within it, for she was tired of standing, but though she flushed and panted in her endeavor, she was unsuccessful. Another half-hour passed. Her eyes were weary with gazing across the glowing slopes, and her brain ached with waiting. Off in the distance a bird lazily sailed, and she followed its flight aimlessly. A red rock looming upon a hill, a rock of sandstone carved and machicolated by the centuries, confronted her, and she stared at it till presently it glared and blurred, for she was crying. She stepped from the edge of the platform; at once her foot sank to the ankle in the soft, fine dust, which followed in a little jet as she drew back. She could not travel far that way; besides, she was quite ignorant of the road. "Come to Duke's," her uncle had written, "and I will meet you there." That was a month ago, after her mother died. The girl had come promptly, her warm young heart stirring with affection for the uncle whose hospitality asked no questions; he had sent her the money for the journey, and she was here. It was incomprehensible, terrible, that he should fail her now. Should she go back? To whom—and how? Her questions mocked her.

As she stood there forlornly, a musical note reached her ear, and another, and another, shaping themselves into the fragment of a tune which had been popular in New York years before. From behind the thrust of a hill rode a young man, sitting on a dusty sorrel pony, and singing as he rode. At the sight of him the girl's heart leaped, and then sank again; for she saw that he was plainly bent on errands of his own. He did not glance in her direction. To call to him, without knowing what sort of a man he might be, seemed dreadful; and yet not so dreadful as to let him go and be left again to solitude. He crossed the space between two hills, the dust spouting and floating around him, while she sought to make up her mind. He was disappearing, when she gave a low cry—involuntary, it seemed, and so low that he must have had sharp ears to hear it at his distance. Hear it he did; turned, saw her standing there, and, flicking the sorrel with his quirt, cantered toward her rapidly. Instinctively she shrank a little, though she had called to him.

"You were not sent to meet me?" she faltered.

"No, Miss," he said respectfully.

"My name is Dudley — Miss Dorothy Dudley. I — I expected some one to meet me here."

He waited in silence. He had removed his wide, corded hat, and she saw that his hair was brown, and his face tanned almost black; even his eyelids were tanned, and the blue of his eyes was in sharp contrast to them.

"It was my uncle," the girl went on eagerly. A sudden fear seized her, and she cried: "He was to meet me at Duke's. This is Duke's, isn't it?"

"This city? Yes, ma'am."

She looked at him hopelessly, and the tears, which she had restrained, stood in her eyes once more.

"Maybe," he said gently, "if you was to tell me your uncle's name, Miss, I might know him. I know a good many round here."

"Gage — Mr. Henry F. Gage. His ranch is the Bar K."

The young fellow gave a slight start. "Gage — the Bar K?" he repeated. "Why, Miss —" He broke off. She ventured to look at him again; and her shy, quick glance noted the clear line of his forehead, the clean, firm line of his jaw, the little upward curving of his lips; and her girl's heart told her that she was not wholly helpless now, and need not be afraid. She had time to wonder who he was, and on what errand he had been bound, before he spoke again. Yet his pause was scarcely perceptible.

"I reckon I'm in some luck; yes, I reckon I am. You wanted Mr. Gage, of the Bar K? That's where I hang out, Miss."

"You live there?"

He nodded. "Foreman," he said pleasantly.

"I am so glad!" She had not known how her nerves were strained until the relief came. "Can you take me there? Is it far? Do you know why my uncle didn't come to meet me?"

A strange expression, untranslatable to the girl, hovered upon his face.

"You say you were expecting him? You wrote to Wheeler, didn't you? That's where we get our mail. Wheeler's about forty miles on. I reckon your letter's there now; we've not been in — not for ten days."

"And suppose you hadn't come along."

"I guess maybe that was arranged. I don't guess you're the sort of lady that hard luck is wantin' to meet." He paused. "Your uncle — Mr. Gage — he's not at the ranch just now," he added.

"Not at the ranch?" she said after him.

"Yesterday was a week," he calculated, "that he went."

"But what shall I do?" she cried. She told him, hurriedly, all that she could of her affairs; she was glad to explain her strange presence there. She was as unsuspicious of him as a child, he could see.

"Well, Miss," he answered, "I don't know. You see, of course, you could go on to Wheeler, or back to Winslow, and wait there till you hear from him; but there's no train till to-morrow, now."

"But how could I wait here till then?"

"And I reckon you're hungry, too," he said thoughtfully. "I could tote you right out to the Bar K on Pete — he's a kitten when I give him the say-so; but —" He frowned.

"But you would have to walk!" she finished disappointedly.

"I hope you weren't thinking I was caring about *that?*" He saw her answer in her look, and it seemed to decide him. "Come," he said; and though, as soon as he had decided, she hung back, hesitating, suddenly he put his two hands beneath her elbows, and lifted her lightly into the saddle, in which she sat sidewise, as if it had been a chair. In front it had a great horn, or pommel, and the rear curved bluntly up, unlike any saddle the girl had ever seen. Obediently she steadied herself with one hand upon the pommel; her brown skirts fluttered against the sorrel pony's side, and the animal looked round nervously, but the young man patted his nose, soothing him.

"There, be good," he said. "Do you want to lose your good luck, you Pete? I am expectin' you to behave." He slipped the bridle over the pony's head. "Come on, quit your joking, horse; come on now." After a moment the sorrel followed quietly. They set forward into the desert, the man trudging at the pony's head, and the girl, her little feet rising and falling with the pony's breathing, her right arm about the saddle-horn, and her brown eyes roaming over the hot, dry wastes, but always returning to fasten themselves upon the unconscious back of her young guide. The sun brooded and burned above them, but

she was gay in the relief from her loneliness. She asked him his name, and why he had come into this part of the country; she asked him a hundred questions of her uncle, and of the Bar K ranch; but the more she questioned him, the more somber grew his tone, the briefer his replies, until she began to wonder, and to remember again the wide desolate spaces about them, and her ignorance of her conductor and her destination. Fear crept into her heart again, and stilled her; until, noticing her silence, he turned round, and, she hardly knew why, she was reassured. She thought how fine the life must be which made men so strong and yet so lightly-formed; and she wondered what he was thinking of, and as she wondered she brushed the red dust from her skirts with her free hand. The heat made her sleepy. She did not know how long they had been traveling when, at the summit of a slope, he turned and said:

"There's the Bar K, Miss."

"Oh-h!"

Imagine, set in the midst of masses of crusted rose-pink topaz and chrysolite, a single great emerald, like a seal, and dangling down from it, a narrow silken ribbon of the intensest green. Thus you may conceive what wrung the exclamation from the girl's lips, and then kept her silent. The ranch was still a mile away, but in that thin clear air it showed as if it lay at their very feet. Up to their ears came the thin barking of a dog, and the faint soft sigh of puffing steam. A capful of vapor floated lazily through the trees, and a throb, throb, which the distance robbed of its harshness, proclaimed the working of an engine.

"What is that?" she asked.

"That's the well, Miss, that irrigates the ranch. All the soil round here is rich, if they could only get water to it. Your uncle happened to find the water, just here."

"Is that all my uncle's? I don't see how he could go away and leave it—it's so beautiful. How soon do you think he will be back?"

The man failed to answer her, relapsing again into the moody silence from which the sight of the ranch had drawn him. And as they approached the place, her timidity rose once more, with the knowledge that she had offended him somehow, though in what way she did not know. They had almost reached the buildings, in the midst of which towered the reservoir and coughed the engine, like a patron saint hoarse with many benedictions, when she ventured to say, half under her breath:

"I hope you won't forget to let me see you again, to thank you for bringing me here. You know I'm very much obliged to you; I don't know what I could have done without you."

"Are you, Miss?"

"I don't know what I could have done without you," she repeated hurriedly, something in his tone seeming to make his question mocking. He bowed gravely, took her hand in his, and helped her to the ground. For an instant he continued to hold her, his eyes searching her face. Her heart beat fast; but he said only:

"You know I'd be mighty glad to be of service to you." Then he released her, and they walked in silence up the little path which led to the door.

As they did so a man came round the corner of the low building and confronted them.

"Why, where the—" he began; then, seeing the girl, he left off speaking, with his mouth still open, and utter surprise written on his face. But he recovered himself quickly.

"Why, Bill, up to your old tricks, hey?" he said softly. "Like to meet your friend, if it's convenient, I would." The young man made no answer; she quickened her step, and they left him standing, with an evil smile upon his lips, staring after them. She could feel his sensual look upon her, as she unconsciously walked closer to her guide; it followed her, piercing, enfolding, defiling her in spite of herself. The fear which had been partly forgotten sprang up in her heart again. Was this truly the Bar K ranch, or— She could not finish the thought, even to herself, as she realized her own helplessness, her remoteness from all that she knew of civilization.

"This is your uncle's shack, Miss; I reckon you'd better keep it for to-night, anyway," he said; but with that other man so near her, his voice had lost its power to reassure.

"Yes," she answered nervously. "Can you—can you send a woman here, please?"

He shook his head. "There ain't any woman on the place, Miss; I'm sorry." Over his shoulder she caught the eyes of

the other man, still turned steadfastly upon her. She knew that she was growing pale, but she tried to say bravely:

"Never mind; I—I shall not need one, I think." Then, as he left her, she shut the door fast; she meant to lock it but there was no key, and she could only press a chair against it. She grew weak and sick as she stood there, straining her ears to hear the conversation that should pass outside. Her heart fluttered; her hands grew cold; in a wild thought of escape, she looked about the room, to see whither she might fly. Mistily she saw the big bare oblong of it, the table with its red cloth, the deer's heads above the windows, the coyote skins upon the floor; and then her eye caught the two narrow book-shelves upon the opposite wall, and, hardly knowing what she did, she crossed to them, and took down a volume at random. She meant to open it, to look at the fly-leaf, but her fingers refused to obey her. When she had them under her control, she looked quickly. A name was written there, in bold black chirography; the lines wavered and trembled, then settled into a signature she knew. Henry F. Gage! She had reached her destination. She sank into a chair, not knowing whether she wished to laugh or cry. This was the Bar K! Lonely she was still, but no longer afraid. She had done right to trust the man who had been good to her!

While she sat there, trying to force herself to realize where she was, a silent, soft-padding Chinaman entered, and began to set the table for her supper. She watched him curiously, and saw that he provided only one place. She was to eat alone, then. She spoke to him, conquering her aversion with an effort, and he bowed solemnly, the tips of his fingers upon his breast, but he made no attempt to answer her question; and, when she said nothing more, he went on deftly with his work. When she looked towards him, his beady, glittering black eyes were fastened upon whatever occupied his fingers; yet when she looked away, she seemed to be conscious of their quick stare fixed upon *her*, and, though she hardly knew why, she was glad when the meal was ready, and, the yellow pointed nails once more apexed upon his breast, he signified to her that she should eat, and noiselessly took his departure.

When supper was over the sun was almost down and it was seven o'clock, yet there was still no decay in the brilliance of the light. She went to the window and looked out, and the sight drew her, in spite of herself, into the open. She was in the emerald heart of a world of coral-pink. Softer than scarlet, more glowing than pink, the earth lay suffused, tinted like the embers of a dying fire. Gradually the plains became one rose; deep purple lowered in the sky, orange and gold and pearl; yet still the marvel and the richness of the rose claimed them and won them all, won them into its heart. Dorothy watched it; and for long minutes there was no change, no diminution of its irresistible splendor; the beauty was flaunted unendurably, as if God would forgive the world no jot of abasement before his terrible glory. Then slowly a gray veil began to film the heavens; for a moment, as the rose faded, the bright colors gleamed and displayed themselves again in bands and streaks and burning, prismatic spots; then, suddenly, as if the fire were dead, the wind blew the embers black, and night fell.

"That's part of why I stay in this section, I reckon," said the boy in a low voice. She knew that he had been standing quiet beside her. Because she had wronged him in her thoughts, her face caught the dying flush of the sun as she turned to him, and she put out her hand.

"How wonderful it is! Does it come always?"

"'Most always, at this time of year. I reckon you didn't think much of me for not telling you there was no other ladies on this ranch?" he asked bluntly. She flushed again.

"I didn't mind," she said. But his eyes were upon her, reading her, and she added, "That is—I did at first. But I knew you couldn't help yourself."

"I kind o' didn't want to worry you before I had to," he said eagerly. "I thought it'd be better if you came out here, instead of waiting back to Duke's all night; but I reckon I'd ought to have told you at the time."

"You did what you thought was right," she said shyly, defending him against himself. "I am very much obliged to you. Are you going to stay on here—at the ranch? You said you were, didn't you?"

"Well, we're footloose — me and Pete," he said quickly. "We wouldn't want to bother you ——"

"Oh, I didn't mean —" She stopped, hardly knowing what, indeed, she had meant to say. "I hope we shall be friends," she added, and again she put out her hand to him half-unconsciously. He took it this time.

"Friends!" he said, with a sudden gruffness that contrasted oddly with the youthfulness of his face. "I reckon I'd like mighty well to sit in that sort of a game with you, Miss Dudley. If, when you know me, you'd just ask me once to chip in, I'd chip in; the cards couldn't be held that'd pass me out. But it's not fair — not fair to you. If you knew who you was playin' with, I reckon you'd have nothin' to do with me. Maybe I'm a tinhorn; maybe I'm meaner 'n a sheep-herd; how can you tell — a lady like you, that don't know and hadn't ought to know about such things — a lady that the whole world is plum glad, I reckon, to be a cyarpet for? It's not fair."

Remembrance of the half-comprehended words the other man had said came back to her as this one denied himself virtue, and she looked away. He seemed to understand.

"Don't you think," he said hurriedly, "that anything Big Ed says about me goes. I wouldn't — I wouldn't want ——"

"Was you wanting me?" interrupted a voice. Out of the gloom appeared the man of whom he was speaking. "If it was anyways convenient — couldn't you give me a knock-down to your friend?" he repeated.

The girl and the boy sprang apart, but as he approached she drew near to the younger man again instinctively.

"I reckon you'd best mosey," said the boy quietly.

"If it was anyways convenient —" began the man again, smiling his evil smile. The boy drove it back upon his teeth, and Big Ed dropped.

"Yes; better mosey," said the boy again, through tight lips. "Do not mind him, Miss; he is only joking." Big Ed rose and vanished, the boy looking after him. "Do not mind him," he repeated soothingly. "You see, he does not know who you are, or he would not be saucy." His voice was tender as a woman's. They walked to the door of the shack, and he bowed a good-night.

"I — I think I'm a little — a little afraid," she whispered.

"He was joking," the boy said again. "He knows — now."

"Are you — are you going to explain to him?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss; I'll tell him who you are; that's all, you see." He bowed again and closed the door.

Sleep would not come to her, though she was very tired. The patron saint coughed monotonously on throughout the night; a coyote on a hill howled tenaciously; and when he ceased, and the throb of the engine had wrought itself inoticeably into the woof of the stillness, there recurred another sound, faint, yet persistent, which summoned her wide awake, and kept her so. It went and came; now it was unheard, now close by again, tapping, tapping, stealthily. She had barred her door and fastened her windows shut before she lay down, and the room was very hot. The night was endless! At last she could endure that sound no longer, and, slipping from her bed, she stole in her bare feet to the window, and pushing aside the curtain ever so little, peered fearfully out. The moon was up, and turned the coral plains to silver. Before the shack she saw the boy standing, looking away into the colorless night. As she watched him, he began his steady tramping up and down, up and down. His face was visible in the moonlight, hard and set, so that it frightened her. Yet she remained looking at him, fascinated; her breath, which had been coming in silent gasps, softened and grew regular, and her heart left off the nervous rapidity of its hammering. Tears came into her eyes. Presently she crept back to bed, leaving that silent sentinel to his vigil under the purple-black sky, and, after a little, she slept soundly.

She did not know how long she had slept, when she was awakened, sharply, as if the veil of her sleep, instead of being lifted, had been torn across. She lay palpitating, fancying that she had heard voices in alternations. Suddenly a shot was fired, then another, close to the shack. She cowered in the bed, vibrant with horror. She knew that if for an instant she should draw the quilt from her mouth, where she had stuffed it, she would be screaming. Then a voice, the boy's voice, said, gently, at the door:

"Excuse me, Miss; if maybe you're

awake, I wanted to say don't be scared ; it was a coyote I had to shoot. I know I oughtn't to have done it."

The throb of the engine resumed its place in the silence. Her fears sank, but her horror remained. She fancied that she heard in her ears a cry which no coyote ever gave. The chill which comes before the dawn was in the air. At last the sun rose and found her dressed and shivering.

The noiseless Chinaman served her breakfast, as he had served her supper. She could not eat, but, when he had deferentially bowed and departed, she made a pretence. She was sitting at the table when a knock came, and the boy entered. His face was unchanged by his night's watch.

"Good-morning," she tried to say, rising quickly as he came in.

"And to you, Miss."

"Won't you — sit down?"

"I thank you. I reckon we'll have to be movin', Miss."

"Yes." She comprehended his meaning by one of those flashes of understanding in which all that has passed seems to gather to one focus. "My uncle?" she asked tremblingly.

"I reckon I'd best explain it to you going in, hadn't I?"

"Now," she insisted. "Where have you brought me to? Where is my uncle? What is this place?" She kept her eyes on his, flutteringly, like a bird's.

"This is the Bar K ranch," he said dutifully. "You didn't think ——"

"My uncle — Mr. Gage?"

"Your uncle is dead, Miss Dudley," he replied somberly. The place reeled in red circles around her, and he caught her as she was falling.

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"It can't be ; it can't be," she cried. "I have his letters ——"

The boy told her obediently and mechanically. "He went out Tuesday was a week. When he didn't come back that night, we went to look for him. It ain't safe to leave them go more than one night, ever." His eyes swept that merciless ruddy plain. "We found him, Miss. He'd turned down the wrong arroyo, you see, and then he couldn't seem to get straight again. Sometimes it is hard so to do. Well — I reckon, that's all."

"So, yesterday, you were telling me —" She left the sentence unfinished. For the first time, that morning, his face showed emotion. His lips twitched, and his words came a little jerkily.

"That was bad. But I couldn't think what was best to do, and I didn't want to worry you out there. I hadn't no excuse, no right excuse, that is, such as would be fit and proper. It was partly seeing you, Miss ; I hadn't seen a lady like you, not for a long time. Never. And — you was wanting to come right to this ranch ; and I knew I could make it safe and comfortable for you, this night, better than down there at Duke's. So ——"

"I'm ready," she said. "When does the train go?"

"East or west, Miss?"

"East."

"I supposed you'd be taking that one. At ten o'clock."

"Must I ride in — like yesterday?"

"No, Miss. There is a wagon. But I'm afraid I'll have to go with you. There's nobody else, I reckon, I can trust. I know it ain't gentleman-like."

The girl took the place that he pointed out in the light wagon. She was moving like a person in a dream. She hardly even knew why she had stared at him so eagerly when he entered, nor why she had drawn that long breath of relief when she perceived that he was unhurt. She thought she abhorred him ; she thought that her only wish was never to see him again, to get away, to escape, to leave behind her this country of death. They drove through clouds of dust, which rose and settled upon them. The old, bad, pink buttes glimmered at them maliciously in the heaving distance, seeming to beckon to the girl, to lure her on as they had lured her uncle. Their beauty was dead ; they grinned like skeletons. She had been driving forever, it seemed to her, over slopes and through red river-beds as dry as bones. Not even a bird hung in the blue, not even a rabbit loped away listlessly before them ; theirs was the only life in the desert. The sun smote upon them, now from the side, now in their faces, now upon their backs. Where she was, whither she was going, she did not know. Yet she was not afraid, as she had been before — only dull and careless of what happened to her. She was hardly more a part of the world, the living,

spinning world, than the bit of sandstone they were passing. They passed it; she looked at her guide — and there was Duke's asleep in the hot sun, amidst the rose-red, sun-beaten, grassless, treeless, waterless hills, as it had been yesterday, and should be to-morrow. But she did not see it, for as it came in sight the boy's face paled, and he dropped the reins.

"I reckon you can find — your — way — now," he said, and his eyes closed peacefully. "I've —" He toppled toward her, and she had to put her arms around him.

"What is it? what is it?" she cried wildly.

His eyes opened slowly. "That coyote — bit me," he murmured, and they closed again. The ponies, left to themselves, stopped. They had reached Duke's. She got water from the perishing creek and bathed his head, and then, taking off her hat, she sat and fanned him. Presently he revived again, and under his direction she found his flask and gave him whisky.

"I — I — didn't know I was such a dern fool," he whispered.

"Hush!" she said. "You mustn't talk."

"I saw this morning," he answered irrelevantly, "that you knew I was lying to you last night about that coyote. But I guess you was deceived then?"

"No," she said quickly; "I knew. I heard — but I thought you weren't hurt."

"Don't you be good to me," he said. "I wasn't hurt bad — I ain't lying to you now. I reckon I just keeled over with the sun — me being a fool."

"If you would get into the shade —" she said hesitatingly.

"Don't you be good to me," he repeated. But he moved obediently as she suggested.

"That train'll be along soon now," he said. "We have to flag it, you know, Miss. Naturally, it don't stop."

"I know."

"I reckon you'll be going back to your folks?" he asked at length.

"There was only my uncle," she answered quietly.

"Well, a lady like you has got plenty of friends everywhere."

"And yet you wouldn't be friends ——"

"Friends!" he interrupted her. "You're goin' away so soon now I reckon it wouldn't be playing it low-down if I was to tell you ——"

"You oughtn't to talk," she repeated.

"I can't help myself, Miss. I've got to say this. I told you I might be trash, and if you was to be staying here I wouldn't say a word more. But I can't let you go away thinkin' that what he said was true — Big Ed ——"

"Stop!" she cried. "Did you — did you — kill him?" She looked at him beseechingly, her eyes praying.

But he answered sadly: "You can't understand, Miss. He miscomprehended right at first, and there weren't any chance to put him straight. He miscomprehended." The boy's eyes turned back towards the Bar K, and Dorothy knew clearly that his words were Big Ed's epitaph. "You can't understand," he repeated.

"I never thought what he said was true," she said.

The boy's face lightened, then fell into gloom again.

"No," he answered to himself, "how could you understand him — a lady like you? Well, I reckon I must be movin'." He tried to rise, but she restrained him.

"No, no! I — am afraid."

"It'll be here right soon, now," he said gently.

"Oh, if you wish to go, go!" she sobbed suddenly. "I can flag the train; I can wait here alone. I would rather wait than have you stay! Go, go!"

"I saw you here yesterday," he whispered, "and it was like I saw an angel — an angel from heaven. Yes, I'll go, Miss; I know how I must be annoyin' you by my words. But would it be playing low-down to say why I wouldn't be friends as you have said? Would *I* dare take a hand in that there game? What do I do first? I lie to you — lie to you about your uncle, a gentleman who has been kindly to me. Say I mean you no harm. But what do I do? I lie. How do I dare be friends with you after that? Friends — why, I ought to be ashamed of myself, I know; you will not speak to me, Miss; but — it's not friendship's been in my heart since I've seen you!"

She did not withdraw her eyes from his, and he went on, more and more rapidly:

"I'm older than I look, I reckon. I'm twenty-six. I've seen a lot of things — things that you wouldn't ever hear about. But I do not think I ever did a mean trick. I've been honest — till yesterday; and then

it had to be you I lied to — you. Well, I reckon I will be going, now."

"Are you — are you going to leave me?" she asked forlornly. "Won't you — stay?" She knelt beside him, and his arm closed around her. The east bound train, on time for a wonder, swept unflagged in a whirl of dust through Duke's, and passengers looking from the windows saw the two there, and laughed a little.

# THE DAY OF THE DOG

## BY

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

AUTHOR OF "GRAUSTARK" AND "CASTLE CRANEYCROW"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

### PART I

"I'LL catch the first train back this evening, Graves. Wouldn't go down there if it were not absolutely necessary; but I have just heard that Mrs. Delancy is to leave for New York to-night, and if I don't see her to-day there will be a pack of troublesome complications. Tell Mrs. Graves she can count me in on the box party to-night."

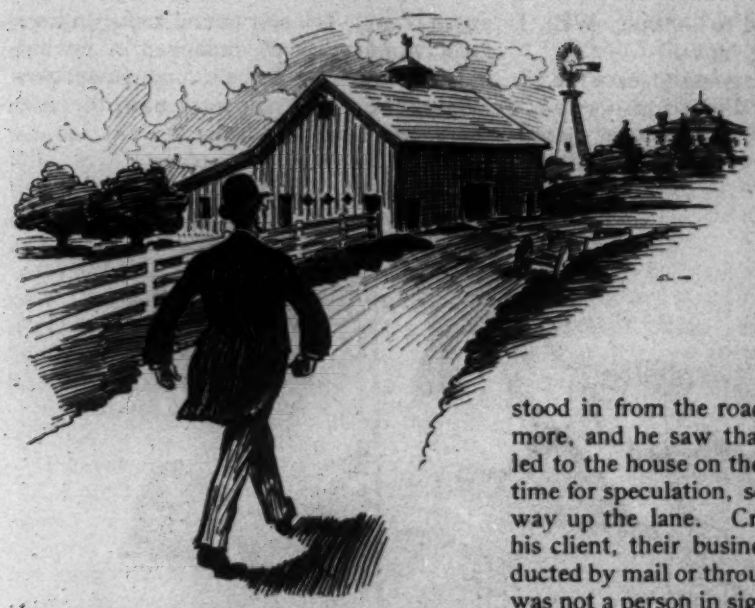
"We'll need you, Crosby. Don't miss the train."

"I'll be at the station an hour before the train leaves. Confound it, it's a mean trip down there — three hours through the rankest kind of scenery and three hours back. She's visiting in the country, too, but I can drive out and back in an hour."

"On your life, old man, don't fail me."

"Don't worry, Graves; all Christendom couldn't keep me in Dexter after four o'clock this afternoon. Good-by." And Crosby climbed into the hansom and was driven away at breakneck speed toward the station.

Crosby was the junior member of the law firm of Rolfe & Crosby, and his trip to the country was on business connected with the



"WALKING WITH THE RAPIDITY OF ONE WHO HAS NO LOVE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL"

settlement of a big estate. Mrs. Delancy, widow of a son of the decedent, was one of the legatees, and she was visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Austin, in central Illinois. Mr. Austin owned extensive farming interests near Dexter, and his handsome home was less than two miles from the heart of the town. Crosby anticipated no trouble in driving to the house and back in time to catch the afternoon train for Chicago. It was necessary for Mrs. Delancy to sign certain papers, and he was confident the transaction could not occupy more than half an hour's time.

At 11:30 Crosby stepped from the coach to the station platform in Dexter, looked inquiringly about, and then asked a perspiring man with a star on his suspender-strap where he could hire a horse and buggy. The officer directed him to a "feed-yard and stable," but observed that there was "a funeral in town an' he'd be lucky if he got a rig, as all of Smith's horses were out." Application at the stable brought the first frown to Crosby's brow. He could not rent a "rig" until after the funeral, and that would make it too late for him to catch the four o'clock train for Chicago. To make the story short, twelve o'clock saw him trudging along the dusty road covering the two miles between town and Austin's place, and he was walking with the rapidity of one who has no love for the beautiful. The early spring air was invigorating, and it did not take him long to reduce the distance. Austin's house stood on a hill, far back from the highway, and overlooking the entire country-side.

The big red barn stood in from the road a hundred yards or more, and he saw that the same driveway led to the house on the hill. There was no time for speculation, so he hastily made his way up the lane. Crosby had never seen his client, their business having been conducted by mail or through Mr. Rolfe. There was not a person in sight, and he slowed his progress considerably as he drew nearer the big house. At the barn-yard gate he came to a full stop and debated within himself the wisdom of inquiring at the stables for Mr. Austin.

He flung open the gate and strode quickly to the door. This he opened boldly and stepped inside, finding himself in a lofty carriage room. Several handsome vehicles stood at the far end, but the wide space near the door was clear. The floor was as "clean as a pin," except along the west side. No one was in sight, and the only sound was that produced by the horses as they munched their hay and stamped their hoofs in impatient remonstrance with the flies.

"Where the deuce are the people?" he muttered as he crossed to the mangers. "Devilish queer," glancing about in considerable doubt. "The hands must be at dinner or taking a nap." He passed by a row of mangers and was calmly inspected by brown-eyed horses. At the end of the long row of stalls he found a little gate opening into another section of the barn. He was on the point of opening this gate to pass in among the horses when a low growl attracted his attention. In some alarm he took a precautionary look ahead. On the opposite side of the gate stood a huge and vicious looking bulldog, unchained and waiting for him with an eager ferocity that could not be mistaken. Mr. Crosby did not open the gate. Instead he inspected

it to see that it was securely fastened, and then drew his hand across his brow.

"What an escape!" he gasped, after a long breath. "Lucky for me you growled, old boy. My name is Crosby, my dear sir, and I'm not here to steal anything. I'm only a lawyer. Anybody else at home but you?"

An ominous growl was the answer, and there was lurid disappointment in the face of the squat figure beyond the gate.

"Come, now, old chap, don't be nasty. I won't hurt you. There was nothing farther from my mind than a desire to disturb you. And, say, please do something besides growl. Bark, and oblige me. You may attract the attention of some one."

By this time the ugly brute was trying to get at the man, growling, and snarling savagely. Crosby complacently looked on from his place of safety for a moment, and was on the point of turning away when his attention was caught by a new move on the part of the dog. The animal ceased his violent efforts to get through the gate, turned about deliberately, and raced from view behind the horse stalls. Crosby brought himself up with a jerk.

"Thunder," he ejaculated; "the brute knows a way to get at me, and he won't be long about it, either. What the dickens shall I—by George, this looks serious! He'll head me off at the door if I try to get out and—Ah, the fire-escape! We'll fool you, you brute! What a cursed idiot I was not to go to the house instead of coming—" He was shinning up a ladder with little regard for grace as he mumbled this self-condemnatory remark. There was little dignity in his manner of flight, and there was certainly no glory in the position in which he found himself a moment later. But there was a vast amount of satisfaction.

The ladder rested against a beam that crossed the carriage shed near the middle. The beam was a large one, hewn from a monster tree, and was free on all sides. The ladder had evidently been left there by men who had used it recently and had neglected to return it to the hooks on which it properly hung.

When the dog rushed violently through the door and into the carriage room, he found a vast and inexplicable solitude. He was, to all appearances, alone with the vehicles under which he was permitted to trot when his master felt inclined to grant the privilege.

Crosby, seated on the beam, fifteen feet above the floor, grinned securely but somewhat dubiously as he watched the mystified dog below. At last he laughed aloud. He could not help it. The enemy glanced upward and blinked his red eyes in surprise; then he stared in deep chagrin, then glared with rage. For a few minutes Crosby watched his frantic efforts to leap through fifteen feet of altitudinal space, confidently hoping that some one would come to drive

"THERE WAS LITTLE DIGNITY IN HIS MANNER OF FLIGHT"

the brute away and liberate him. Finally he began to lose the good humor his strategy in fooling the dog had inspired, and a hurt, indignant stare was directed toward the open door through which he had entered.

"What's the matter with the idiots?" he growled impatiently. "Are they going to let this poor dog snarl his lungs out? He's a faithful chap, too, and a willing worker. Gad, I never saw anything more earnest than the way he tries to climb up that ladder." Adjusting himself in a comfortable position, his elbows on his knees,

his hands to his chin, he allowed his feet to swing lazily, tantalizingly, below the beam. "I'm putting a good deal of faith in this beam," he went on resignedly. The timber was at least fifteen inches square.

"Ah, by George! That was a bully jump—the best you've made. You didn't miss me more than ten feet that time. I don't like to be disrespectful, you know, but you are an exceedingly rough looking dog. Don't get huffy about it, old fellow, but you have the ugliest mouth I ever saw. Yes, you miserable cur, politeness at last ceases to be a virtue with me. If I had you up here I'd punch your face for you, too. Why don't you come up, you coward? You're bow-legged, too, and you haven't

"'LET'S SEE YOUR DOLLAR'"

any more figure than a crab. Anybody that would take an insult like that is beneath me (thank heaven!) and would steal sheep. Great Scott! Where are all these people? Shut up, you brute, you! I'm getting a headache. But it doesn't do any good to reason with you, I can see that plainly. The thing I ought to do is to go down there and punish you severely. But I'll—Hello! Hey, boy! Call off this——confounded dog."

Two small Lord Fauntleroy boys were standing in the door, gazing up at him with wide open mouths and bulging eyes.

"Call him off, I say, or I'll come down there and kick a hole clear through him." The boys stared all the harder. "Is your name Austin?" he demanded, addressing neither in particular.

"Yes, sir," answered the larger boy, with an effort.

"Well, where's your father? Shut up, you brute! Can't you see I'm talking? Go tell your father I want to see him, boy."

"Dad's up at the house."

"That sounds encouraging. Can't you call off this dog?"

"I—I guess I'd better not. That's what dad keeps him for."

"Oh, he does, eh? And what is it that he keeps him for?"

"To watch tramps."

"To watch—to watch tramps? Say, boy, I'm a lawyer and I'm here on business." He was black in the face with indignation.

"You better come up to the house and see dad, then. He don't live in the barn," said the boy keenly.

"I can't fly to the house, boy. Say, if you don't call off this dog I'll put a bullet through him."

"You'd have to be a purty good shot, mister. Nearly everybody in the county has tried to do it." Both boys were grinning diabolically and the dog took on energy through inspiration. Crosby longed for a stick of dynamite.

"I'll give you a dollar if you get him away from here."

"Let's see your dollar." Crosby drew a silver dollar from his trousers pocket, almost falling from his perch in the effort.

"Here's the coin. Call him off," gasped the lawyer.

"I'm afraid papa wouldn't like it," said the boy. The smaller lad nudged his brother and urged him to "take the money anyhow."

"I live in Chicago," Crosby began, hoping to impress the boys at least.

"So do we, when we're at home," said the smaller boy. "We live in Chicago in the winter time."

"Is Mrs. Delancy your aunt?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll give you this dollar if you'll tell your father I'm here and want to see him at once."

"Throw down your dollar." The coin fell at their feet but rolled deliberately through a crack in the floor and was lost forever. Crosby muttered something unintelligible but resignedly threw a second coin after the first.

"He'll be out when he gets through dinner," said the older boy, just before the fight. Two minutes later he was streaking across the barn lot with the coin in his pocket, the smaller boy wailing under the woe of a bloody nose. For half an hour Crosby heaped insult after insult upon the glowering dog at the bottom of the ladder and was in the midst of a rabid denunciation of Austin when the city-bred farmer entered the barn.

"Am I addressing Mr. Robert Austin?" called Crosby, suddenly amiable. The dog subsided and ran to his master's side. Austin, a black-mustached, sallow-faced man of forty, stopped near the door and looked aloft, squinting.

"Where are you?" he asked somewhat sharply.

"I am very much up in the air," replied Crosby. "Look a little sou' by sou'east. Ah, now you have me. Can you manage the dog? If so, I'll come down."

"One moment, please. Who are you?"

"My name is Crosby, of Rolfe & Crosby, Chicago. I am here to see Mrs. Delancy, your sister-in-law, on business before she leaves for New York."

"What is your business with her, may I ask?"

"Private," said Crosby laconically. "Hold the dog."

"I insist on knowing the nature of your business," said Austin firmly.

"I'd rather come down there and talk, if you don't mind."

"I don't but the dog may," said the other grimly.

"Well, this is a nice way to treat a gentleman," cried Crosby wrathfully.

"A gentleman would scarcely have expected to find a lady in the barn, much less on a cross-beam. This is where my horses and dogs live."

"Oh, that's all right now; this isn't a joke, you know."

"I quite agree with you. What is your business with Mrs. Delancy?"

"We represent her late husband's interests in settling up the estate of his father. Your wife's interests are being looked after by Morton & Rogers, I believe. I am here to have Mrs. Delancy go through the form of signing papers authorizing us to bring suit against the estate in order to establish certain rights of which you are fully aware. Your wife's brother left his affairs slightly tangled, you remember."

"Well, I can save you a good deal of trouble. Mrs. Delancy has decided to let the matter rest as it is and to accept the compromise terms offered by the other heirs. She will not care to see you, for she has just written to your firm announcing her decision."

"You — you don't mean it," exclaimed Crosby in dismay. He saw a prodigious fee slipping through his fingers. "Gad, I must see her about this," he went on, starting down the ladder, only to go back again hastily. The growling dog leaped forward and stood ready to receive him. Austin chuckled audibly.

"She really can't see you, Mr. Crosby. Mrs. Delancy leaves at four o'clock for Chicago where she takes the Michigan Central for New York to-night. You can gain nothing by seeing her."

"But I insist, sir," exploded Crosby.

"You may come down when you like," said Austin. "The dog will be here until I return from the depot after driving her over. Come down when you like."

Crosby did not utter the threat that surged to his lips. With the wisdom born of self-preservation, he temporized, reserving deep down in the surging young breast a promise to amply recompense his pride for the blows it was receiving at the hands of the detestable Mr. Austin.

"You'll admit that I'm in a devil of a pickle, Mr. Austin," he said jovially. "The dog is not at all friendly."

"He is at least diverting. You won't be lonesome while I'm away. I'll tell Mrs. Delancy that you called," said Austin ironically.

He turned to leave the barn and the sinister sneer on his face gave Crosby a new and amazing inspiration. Like a flash there rushed into his mind the belief that Austin had a deep laid design in not permitting him to see the lady. With this belief also came the conviction that he was hurrying her off to New York on some pretext simply to forestall any action that might induce her to continue the contemplated suit against the estate. Mrs. Delancy had undoubtedly been urged to drop the matter, under pressure of promises, and the Austins were getting her away from the scene of action before she could reconsider or before her solicitors could convince

her of the mistake she was making. The thought of this sent the fire of resentment racing through Crosby's brain and he fairly gasped with the longing to get at the bottom of the case. His only hope now lay in sending a telegram to Mr. Rolfe, commanding him to meet Mrs. Delancy when her train reached Chicago, and to lay the whole matter before her.

Before Austin could make his exit the voices of women were heard outside the door and an instant later two ladies entered. The farmer attempted to turn them back but the younger, taller, and slighter of the new-comers cried:

"I just couldn't go without another look at the horses, Bob."

Crosby, on the beam, did not fail to observe the rich, tender tone of the voice, and it would have required almost total darkness to obscure the beauty of her face. Her companion was older and coarser and he found delight in the belief that she was the better half of the disagreeable Mr Austin.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Delancy!" came a fine masculine voice from nowhere. The ladies started in amazement. Mr. Austin ground his teeth, the dog took another tired leap upward; Mr. Crosby took off his hat gallantly, and waited patiently for the lady to discover his whereabouts.

"Who is it, Bob?" cried the tall one, and Crosby patted his bump of shrewdness happily. "Who have you in hiding here?"

"I'm not in hiding, Mrs. Delancy. I'm a prisoner, that's all. I'm right near the top of the ladder directly in front of you. You know me only through the mails, but my partner, Mr. Rolfe, is known to you personally. My name is Crosby."

"How very strange," she cried in wonder. "Why don't you come down, Mr. Crosby?"

"I hate to admit it, but I'm afraid. There's the dog, you know. Have you any influence over him?"

"None whatever. He hates me. Perhaps Mr. Austin can manage him. Oh, isn't it ludicrous?" and she burst into hearty laughter. It was a very musical laugh, but Crosby considered it a disagreeable croak.

"But Mr. Austin declines to interfere. I came to see you on private business and am not permitted to do so."

"We don't know this fellow, Louise, and I can't allow you to talk to him," said Austin brusquely. "I found him where he is and there he stays until the marshal comes out from town. His actions have been very suspicious and must be investigated. I can't take chances on letting a horse thief escape. Swallow will watch him until I can secure assistance."

"I implore you, Mrs. Delancy, to give me a moment or two in which to explain," cried Crosby. "He knows I'm not here to steal his horses, and he knows I intend to punch his head the minute I get the chance." Mrs. Austin's little shriek of dismay and her husband's fierce glare did not check the flow of language from the beam. "I *am* Crosby of Rolfe & Crosby, your counsel. I have the papers here for you to sign and ——"

"Louise, I insist that you come away from here. This fellow is a fraud ——"

"He's refreshing, at any rate," said Mrs. Delancy gaily. "There can be no harm in hearing what he has to say, Bob."

"You are very kind, and I won't detain you long."

"I've a mind to kick you out of this barn," cried Austin angrily.

"I don't believe you're tall enough, my good fellow." Mr. Crosby was more than amiable. He was positively genial. Mrs. Delancy's pretty face was the picture of eager, excited mirth, and he saw that she was determined to see the comedy to the end.

"Louise!" exclaimed Mrs. Austin, speaking for the first time. "You are not fool enough to credit this fellow's story, I'm sure. Come to the house at once. I will not stay here." Mrs. Austin's voice was hard and biting, and Crosby also caught the quick glance that passed between husband and wife.

"I am sure Mrs. Delancy will not be so unkind as to leave me after I've had so much trouble in getting an audience. Here is my card, Mrs. Delancy." Crosby tossed a card from his perch, but Swallow gobbled it up instantly. Mrs. Delancy gave a littly cry of disappointment, and Crosby promptly apologized for the dog's greediness. "Mr. Austin knows I'm Crosby," he concluded.

"I know nothing of the sort, sir, and I forbid Mrs. Delancy holding further conversation with you. This is an outrageous imposition, Louise. You must hurry, by the way, or we'll miss the train," said Austin, biting his lip impatiently.

"That reminds me, I also take the four o'clock train for Chicago, Mrs. Delancy. If you prefer, we can talk over our affairs on the train instead of here. I'll confess this isn't a very dignified manner in which to hold a consultation," said Crosby apologetically.

"Will you be kind enough to state the nature of your business, Mr. Crosby?" said the young woman, ignoring Mr. Austin.

"Then you believe I'm Crosby?" cried that gentleman triumphantly.

"Louise!" cried Mrs. Austin in despair.

"In spite of your present occupation, I believe you are Crosby," said Mrs. Delancy merrily.

"But, good gracious, I can't talk business with you from this confounded beam," he cried lugubriously.

"Mr. Austin will call the dog away," she said confidently, turning to the man in the door. Austin's sallow face lighted with a sudden malicious grin, and there was positive joy in his voice.

"You may be satisfied, but I am not. If you desire to transact business with this impertinent stranger, Mrs. Delancy, you'll have to do so under existing conditions. I do not approve of him or his methods, and my dog doesn't either. You can trust a dog for knowing a man for what he is. Mrs. Austin and I are going to the house. You may remain, of course; I have no right to command you to follow. When you are ready to drive to the station, please come to the house. I'll be ready. Your Mr. Crosby may leave when he likes—*if he can*. Come, Elizabeth." With this defiant thrust, Mr. Austin stalked from the barn, followed by his wife. Mrs. Delancy started to follow but checked herself immediately, a flush of anger mounting to her brow. After a long pause she spoke.

"I don't understand how you came to be where you are, Mr. Crosby," she said slowly. He related his experiences rapidly and laughed with her simply because she had a way with her.

"'ARE YOU SURE?'"

"You'll pardon me for laughing," she giggled.

"With all my heart," he replied gallantly. "It must be very funny. However, this is not business. You are in a hurry to get away from here and—I'm not, it seems. Briefly, Mrs. Delancy, I have the papers you are to sign before we begin your action against the Fairwater estate. You know what they are through Mr. Rolfe."

"Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Crosby, to say to you that I have decided to abandon the matter. A satisfactory compromise is under way."

"So I've been told. But are you sure you understand yourself?"

"Perfectly, thank you."

"This is a very unsatisfactory place from which to argue my case, Mrs. Delancy. Can't you dispose of the dog?"

"Only God disposes."

"Well, do you mind telling me what the compromise provides?" She stared at him for a moment haughtily, but his smile won the point for him. She told him everything and then looked very much displeased when he swore distinctly.

"Pardon me, but you are getting very much the worst of it in this deal. It is the most contemptible scheme to rob that I ever heard of. By this arrangement you are to get farming lands and building lots in rural towns worth in all about $100,000, I'd say. Don't you know that you are entitled to nearly half a million?"

"Oh, dear, no. By right, my share is less than $75,000," she cried triumphantly.

"Who told you so?" he demanded, and she saw a very heavy frown on his erstwhile merry face.

"Why—why, Mr. Austin and another brother-in-law, Mr. Gray, both of whom are very kind to me in the matter, I'm sure."

"Mrs. Delancy, you are being robbed by these fellows. Can't you see that these brothers-in-law and their wives will profit

immensely if they succeed in keeping the wool over your eyes long enough? Let *me* show you some figures." He excitedly drew a packet of papers from his pocket and in five minutes' time had her gasping with the knowledge that she was legally entitled to more than half a million of dollars.

"Are you sure?" she cried, unable to believe her ears.

"Absolutely. Here is the inventory and here are the figures to corroborate everything I say."

"But *they* had figures, too," she cried in perplexity.

"'COME, SWALLOW! THERE'S A NICE DOGGIE!'"

"Certainly. Figures are wonderful things. I only ask you to defer this plan to compromise until we are able to thoroughly convince you that I am not misrepresenting the facts to you."

"Oh, if I could only believe you!"

"I'd toss the documents down to you if I were not afraid they'd join my card. That is a terribly ravenous beast. Surely you can coax him out of the barn," he added eagerly.

"I can try, but persuasion is difficult with a bulldog, you know," she said doubtfully. "It is much easier to persuade a man," she smiled.

"I trust you won't try to persuade me to come down," he said in alarm.

"Mr. Austin is a brute to treat you in this manner," she cried indignantly.

"I wouldn't treat a dog as he is treating me."

"Oh, I am sure you couldn't," she cried in perfect sincerity. "Swallow doesn't like me, but I'll try to get him away. You can't stay up there all night."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed sharply.

"What is it?" she asked quickly.

"I had forgotten an engagement in Chicago for to-night. Box party at the comic opera," he said, looking nervously at his watch.

"It would be too bad if you missed it," she said sweetly. "You'd be much more comfortable in a box."

"You are consoling at least. Are you going to coax him off?"

"In behalf of the box party, I'll try. Come, Swallow! There's a nice doggie!"

Crosby watched the proceedings with deepest interest and concern and not a little admiration. But not only did Swallow refuse to abdicate but he seemed to take decided exceptions to the feminine method of appeal. He evidently did not like to be called "doggie," "pet," "dearie," and all such.

"He won't come," she cried plaintively.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, his face brightening. "Will you hand me that three-tined pitchfork over there? With that in my hands I'll make Swallow see—Look out! For heaven's sake, don't go near him! He'll kill you." She had taken two or three steps toward the dog, her hand extended pleadingly, only to be met by an ominous growl, a fine display of teeth, and a bristling back. As if paralyzed, she halted at the foot of the ladder, terror suddenly taking possession of her.

"Can you get the pitchfork?"

"I am afraid to move," she moaned. "He is horrible—horrible!"

"I'll come down, Mrs. Delancy, and hang the consequences," Crosby cried, and was suiting the action to the word when she cried out in remonstrance:

"Don't come down—don't! He'll kill you. I forbid you to come down, Mr. Crosby. Look at him! Oh, he's coming toward me! Don't come down!" she shrieked. "I'll come up!"

Grasping her skirts with one hand she started frantically up the ladder, her terrified eyes looking into the face of the man above. There was a vicious snarl from the dog, a savage lunge, and then something

closed over her arm like a vise. She felt herself being jerked upward and a second later she was on the beam beside the flushed young man whose strong hand and not the dog's jaws had reached her first. He was obliged to support her for a few minutes with one of his emphatic arms, so near was she to fainting.

"Oh," she gasped at last, looking into his eyes questioningly. "Did he bite me? I was not sure, you know. He gave such an awful leap for me. How did you do it?"

"A simple twist of the wrist, as the prestidigitators say. You had a close call, my dear Mrs. Delancy." He was a-quiver with new sensations that were sending his spirits sky high. After all it was not turning out so badly.

"He would have dragged me down had it not been for you. And I might have been torn to pieces," she shuddered, glancing down at the now infuriated dog.

"It would have been appalling," he agreed, discreetly allowing her to imagine the worst.

"How can I ever thank you?" cried she impulsively. He made a very creditable show of embarrassment in the effort to convince her that he had accomplished only what any man would have attempted under similar circumstances. She was thoroughly convinced that no other man could have succeeded.

"Well, we're in a pretty position, are we not?" he asked in the end.

"I think I can stick on without being held, Mr. Crosby," she said, and his arm slowly and regretfully came to parade rest.

"Are you sure you won't get dizzy?" he demanded in deep solicitude.

"I'll not look down," she said, smiling into his eyes. He lost the power of speech for a moment. "May I look at those figures now?"

For the next ten minutes she studiously followed him as he explained the contents of the various papers. She held the sheets and they sat very close to each other on the big beam. The dog looked on in sour disgust.

"They cannot be wrong," she cried at last. Her eyes were sparkling. "You are as good as an angel."

"I only regret that I can't complete the illusion by unfolding a strong and convenient pair of wings," he said dolorously.

"STARTED FRANTICALLY UP THE LADDER"

"How are we to catch that train for Chicago?"

"I'm afraid we can't," she said demurely. "You'll miss the box party."

"That's a pleasure easily sacrificed."

"Besides, you are seeing me on business. Pleasure should never interfere with business, you know."

"It doesn't seem to," he said, and the dog saw them smile tranquilly into each other's eyes.

"Oh, isn't this too funny for words?" He looked very grateful.

"I wonder when Austin will condescend to release us."

"I have come to a decision, Mr. Crosby," she said irrelevantly.

"Indeed?"

"I shall never speak to Robert Austin again, and I'll never enter his house as long as I live," she announced determinedly.

"Good! But you forget your personal effects. They are in his house." He was overflowing with happiness.

"They have all gone to the depot and I have the baggage checks. My ticket and my money are in this purse. You see, we are quite on the same footing."

"I don't feel sure of my footing," he commented ruefully. "By the way, I have a fountain pen. Would you mind signing these papers? We'll be quite sure of our standing at least."

She deliberately spread out the papers on the beam, and, while he obligingly kept her from falling, signed seven documents in a full, decisive hand: "Louise Hampton Delancy."

"There! That means that you are to begin suit," she said finally, handing the pen to him.

"I'll not waste an instant," he said meaningly. "In fact, the suit is already under way."

"I don't understand you," she said, but she flushed.

"That's what a lawyer says when he goes to court," he explained.

"Oh," she said, thoroughly convinced.

At the end of another hour the two on the beam were looking at each other with troubled eyes. When he glanced at his watch at six o'clock, his face was extremely sober. There was a tired, wistful expression in her eyes.

"Do you think they'll keep us here all night?" she asked plaintively.

"Heaven knows what that scoundrel will do."

"We have the papers signed, at any rate." She sighed, trying to revive the dying spark of humor.

"And we won't be lonesome," he added, glaring at the dog.

"Did you ever dream that a man could be so despicable?"

"Ah, here comes some one at last," he cried, brightening up.

The figure of Robert Austin appeared in the doorway.

"Oho, you're both up there now, are you?" he snapped. "That's why you didn't go to the depot, is it? Well, how has the business progressed?"

"She has signed all the papers, if that's what you want to know," said Crosby tantalizingly.

"That's all the good it will do her. We'll beat you in court, Mr. Crosby, and we won't leave a dollar for you, my dear sister-in-law," snarled Austin, his face white with rage.

"SIGNED SEVEN DOCUMENTS IN A FULL, DECISIVE HAND"

"And now that we've settled our business and missed our train, perhaps you'll call off your confounded dog," said Crosby. Austin's face broke into a wide grin, and he chuckled aloud. Then he leaned against the door-post and held his sides.

"What's the joke?" demanded the irate Crosby. Mrs. Delancy clasped his arm and looked down upon Austin as if he had suddenly gone mad.

"You want to come down, eh?" cackled Austin. "Why don't you come down? I know you'll pardon my laughter, but I have just remembered that you may be a horse thief and that I was not going to let you escape. Mrs. Delancy refuses to speak to me, so I decline to ask her to come down."

"Do you mean to say you'll keep this lady up here for—" began Crosby fiercely. Her hand on his arm prevented him from leaping to the floor.

"She may come down when she desires, and so may you, sir," roared Austin stormily.

"But some one will release us, curse you, and then I'll make you sorry you ever lived," hissed Crosby. "You are a black-hearted cur, a cowardly dog——"

"Don't—don't!" whispered the timid woman beside him.

"You are helping your cause beautifully," sneered Austin. "My men have instructions to stay away from the barn until the marshal comes. I, myself, expect to feed and bed the horses."

Deliberately he went about the task of feeding the horses. The two on the beam looked on in helpless silence. Crosby had murder in his heart. At last the master of the situation started for the door.

"Good-night," he said sarcastically. "Pleasant dreams."

"You brute," cried Crosby, hoarse with anger. A sob came from his tired companion and Crosby turned to her, his heart full of tenderness and—shame, perhaps. Tears were streaming down her cheeks and her shoulders drooped dejectedly.

"What shall we do?" she moaned. Crosby could frame no answer. He gently took her hand in his and held it tightly. She made no effort to withdraw it.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said softly. "Don't cry, little woman. It will all end right, I know."

Just then Austin reëntered the barn. Without a word, he strode over and emptied a pan of raw meat on the floor in front of the dog. Then he calmly departed, but Crosby could have sworn he heard him chuckle. The captives looked at each other dumbly for a full minute, one with wet, wide-open, hurt eyes, the other with consternation. Gradually the sober light in their eyes faded away and feeble smiles developed into peals of laughter. The irony of the situation bore down upon them irresistibly and their genuine, healthy young minds saw the picture in all of its ludicrous colorings. Not even the prospect of a night in mid-air could conquer the wild desire to laugh.

"Isn't it too funny for words?" she laughed bravely through her tears.

Then, for some reason, both relapsed into dark, silent contemplation of the dog who was so calmly enjoying his evening repast.

"I am sorry to admit it, Mr. Crosby, but I am growing frightfully hungry," she said wistfully

"It has just occurred to me that I haven't eaten a bite since seven o'clock this morning," he said.

"You poor man! I wish I could cook something for you."

"You might learn."

"You know what I mean," she explained, reddening a bit. "You must be nearly famished."

"I prefer to think of something more interesting," he said coolly.

"It is horrid!" she sobbed. "See, it is getting dark. Night is coming. Mr. Crosby, what is to become of us?" He was very much distressed by her tears and a desperate resolve took root in his breast. She was so tired and dispirited that she seemed glad when he drew her close to him and pressed her head upon his shoulder. He heard the long sigh of relief and relaxation and she peered curiously over her wet lace handkerchief when he muttered tenderly:

"Poor little chap!"

Then she sighed again quite securely, and there was a long silence, broken regularly and rhythmically by the faint little catches that once were tearful sobs.

"Oh, dear me! It is quite dark," she cried suddenly, and he felt a shudder run through her body.

"Where could you go to-night, Mrs. Delancy, if we were to succeed in getting away from here?" he asked abruptly. She felt his figure straighten and his arm grow tense as if a sudden determination had charged through it.

"Why—why, I hadn't thought about that," she confessed, confronted by a new proposition.

"There's a late night train for Chicago," he volunteered.

"But how are we to catch it?"

"EMPTIED A PAN OF RAW MEAT ON THE FLOOR"

"If you are willing to walk to town I think you can catch it," he said, a strange ring in his voice.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, looking up at his face quickly.

"Can you walk the two miles?" he persisted. "The train leaves Dexter at eleven o'clock and it is now nearly eight."

"Of course I can walk it," she said eagerly. "I could walk a hundred miles to get away from this place."

"You'll miss the New York train, of course."

"I've changed my mind, Mr. Crosby. I shall remain in Chicago until we have had our revenge on Austin and the others."

"That's very good of you. May I ask where you stop in Chicago?"

"My apartments are in the C—— Building. My mother lives with me."

"Will you come to see me some time?" he asked, an odd smile on his lips.

"Come to see you?" she cried in surprise. "The idea! What do you mean?"

"I may not be able to call on you for some time, but you can be very good to me by coming to see me. I'll be stopping at St. Luke's Hospital for quite a while."

"At St. Luke's Hospital? I don't understand," she cried, perplexed.

"You see, my dear Mrs. Delancy, I have come to a definite conclusion in regard to our present position. You must not stay here all night. I'd be a coward and a cur to subject you to such a thing. Well, I'm going down to tackle that dog."

"To—tackle—the—dog," she gasped.

"And while I'm keeping him busy you are to cut and run for the road down there. Then you'll have easy sailing for town."

"Mr. Crosby," she said firmly, clasping his arm; "you are not to leave this beam. Do you think I'll permit you to go down there and be torn to pieces by that beast, just for the sake of letting me cut and run, as you call it? I'd be a bigger brute than the dog and—and——"

"Mrs. Delancy, my mind is made up. I'm going down!"

"That settles it! I'm coming too," she proclaimed emphatically.

"To be sure. That's the plan. You'll escape while I hold Swallow."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. You shall not sacrifice yourself for my sake. I'd stay up here with you all the rest of my life before I'd permit you to do that."

"I'll remind you of that offer later on, my dear Mrs. Delancy, when we are not so pressed for time. Just now you must be practical, however. We can't stay up here all night."

"Please, Mr. Crosby, for my sake, don't go down there. To please me, don't be disfigured. I know you are awfully brave and strong, but he is such a huge, vicious dog. Won't you please stay here?"

"Ten minutes from now it will be too dark to see the dog and he'll have an advantage over me. Listen: I'll meet you at the depot in an hour and a half. This is final, Mrs. Delancy. Will you do as I tell you? Run for the road and then to town. I'll promise to join you there."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she moaned, as he drew away from her and swung one foot to the ladder. "I shall die if you go down there."

"I am going, just the same. Don't be afraid, little woman. My pocket knife is open and it is a trusty blade. Now, be brave and be quick. Follow me down the ladder and cut for it."

"Please, please, please!" she implored, wringing her hands.

But he was already half-way down the ladder and refused to stop.

"HE WAS ALREADY HALF-WAY DOWN THE LADDER AND REFUSED TO STOP"

*(To be concluded)*

# JACOB A. RIIS

## REPORTER, REFORMER, AMERICAN CITIZEN

BY

## LINCOLN STEFFENS

IF any rich man could mark a city with as many good works as Jacob A. Riis has thrust upon New York, his name would be called good and himself great; no matter how he made his money, the man would be a philanthropist. Riis is a reporter. The evils he exposed he discovered as a reporter; as a reporter he wrung men's hearts with them; and the reporter with his "roasts" compelled indifferent city officials to concede the reforms he suggested or approved. Consider these reforms: It was Riis who exposed the contaminated state of the city's water supply, and thus brought about the purchase of the whole Croton watershed. It was Riis who forced the destruction of rear tenements, and thus relieved the hideous darkness and density of life among the poor. It was the reporter with his nagging that wiped out Mulberry Bend, the worst tenement block in the city, and had the space turned into a park. Riis spoke the word that incited Commissioner Roosevelt to abolish police station lodging-houses. Riis fought for and secured a truant school, where boys who play hooky are punished — they used to be imprisoned with juvenile criminals. Riis did the work that won small parks for bad spots in the city; he labored years for enough schools; he drove bake shops with their fatal fires out of tenement basements; he demanded light for dark tenement hallways, got it, and thus opened one hiding place of vice, crime, and filth. He worked for the abolition of child labor, and, when a law was enacted, compelled its enforcement. Playgrounds for schools and the opening of school-rooms to boys' and girls' clubs were of his work. And he raised the cry for flowers for the healthy as well as the sick poor.

Theodore Roosevelt once said that Riis was "the most useful citizen of New York." A Harvard professor who heard the remark spoke of it as a "generous exaggeration" characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt. The man who is President never chose words more nicely. People don't realize it, but no citizen of New York ever devoted himself so completely to the welfare of the city as Riis, and truly no one has accomplished so much — so many specific, tangible reforms.

Of course he did not do all these things single-handed, and he did not pay for them out of his own pocket. Riis was poor in pocket, but he was rich in sentiment and strength and courage. He gave facts and made the city pay. The man has cost New York City millions of dollars. According to the latest principle of public benefaction, however, this makes him all the more a philanthropist, for such men as Rockefeller and Carnegie have been giving money only on condition that the city or institution receiving the gifts should raise as much more, and Mr. Carnegie told me once that he was prouder of what he had made cities do for themselves than of all that he himself had given. So Riis, who has made his city foot the whole bill, is the greatest philanthropist of them all.

Now Riis does not care for fame: that is one secret of his success, and he used to say the elevation of his name with an account of his methods would hinder him. But his work is about done and he has told his own story in "The Making of an American." Besides, he told me not long ago to "go ahead and expose him," so that, though I know he will denounce some of the things I am going to say, I should like to help urge the claim he has made to the titles "reporter, reformer, American citizen." Then, too, he is such a good man to know.

Riis is a lusty Danish emigrant, with a vigorous body, an undisciplined mind that grasps facts as he himself sees them, an imagination to reconstruct, emotion to suffer, and a kind, fighting spirit, to weep, whoop, laugh, and demand. As a reporter he saw straight, told about it in words hot with emotion, and, because his feeling was genuine, he was not content with the pleasant sensation of horror he gave his readers, neither could he be ordered off on some other assignment; he turned reformer, and while the man continued to pity, the reporter continued to report, and the reformer worked through despair to set the wrong right. As a citizen, public business came first in his interest, his own second. His love for his wife is such that his story of it is one of the most amazing and beautiful love stories in the world. But having given her this love of faith, passion, and imagination, he gave the rest "to God and New York."

Oh, he is a fanatic, this Riis. But he has such a laugh, and such luck. I used to remonstrate with him for neglecting his family. He had bought a home, with a mortgage all over it, and instead of hastening to pay it off, he was giving lectures free, or for ten, twenty-five, or fifty dollars, writing articles for about the same prices, and laboring for small parks or school playgrounds, or to tear down rear tenements. His lectures and his articles, he said, helped along the cause, and, besides, it was not worth more than ten dollars to stand up and talk about what he loved to tell. Thus he reasons: As for the family, "God will provide."

When I reminded him one morning that he might die and that the friends of a reformer, unlike those of the rascal, forget, he told me to get out and picked up his mail.

"I know what I'm talking about," he said. "I've been in all sorts of trouble and He always has provided. Right now, for instance, I'm broke. My oldest boy needs an overcoat and the winter is coming. How I'm going to get the money for that overcoat I don't know, but it will come because I must have——"

He stopped, intent on a letter. "What's this!" he exclaimed. Then he jumped up, and waving a check, roared the jolly laugh which all Mulberry Street knows well. "Hi, yi," he bawled, and as I quit him in disgust he yelled at my back the explanation that some man down South had paid at last a bill for an advertisement Riis wrote for him years before. Riis swore he had forgotten all about it, and I believed him. I gave him up. I scoffed at his "luck," and he jeered at me for calling it that. And I really came to believe in whatever it was myself. Besides, he has since raised his rates, wiped out the mortgage, and gone to work for his family, and, though I'd like to reform almost every other reformer I ever knew, I shouldn't change Riis, even if I could, in any particular, least of all in his roaring follies.

One winter day he asked me to go with him to a case of distress on the East side; two lone women, mother and daughter, were starving in a rotten tenement. We found them on the top floor, where the stench was shocking. At his knock the door reluctantly opened, and from a closet-sized room, with no window, the pent-up reek burst forth like a back-draft. Riis recoiled and I halted on the top stair. A white old head stuck out, the daughter's, and said she and her mother were in dire need; they had no food, and were staying in bed to keep warm.

"But haven't I seen you before?" Riis asked after a while.

"Are you Mr. Riis? Oh!" and she was about to close the door.

"Hold on," said he; "didn't I put you and your mother on a nice farm over in Jersey a year ago, with nothing to do but enjoy the flowers and the cows — why didn't you stay there?"

"Because — well, because — because there was nothing to do; nobody to see or nothing."

"So you'd rather starve in filth in this beastly place than do——"

"What you'd like best of all to do," I interrupted.

"Come on," said Riis, disgusted, and he called back that he would "see."

I don't know what he finally "saw" in this case; it was pretty surely a "fairly worthy case," but he never could see how it was that city poor preferred city poverty to the green fields, etc., which he loved and recommended and often had thrown back at him. He was easily imposed upon because he believed so thoroughly in human nature and loved it, but he knew that he could be deceived, and that, I think, is why he

tolerated organized charity. I have heard him denounce it in private many a time, then go right off to support it publicly with an eloquence that must have derived some of its force from the passion of his rage at it.

His worship of women is one of the most beautiful of his traits. He knew all the good women in New York, and they loved Riis as he adored them. Since they were in organized charity, organized charity must be right. I may be wrong about this, but unless I can trace a trait of Riis to his heart, I don't feel that I have reached bottom, and I know positively that he couldn't tell a bad woman from a good one: they were all just women to him.

"There," he said one afternoon, as he pointed across Mulberry Street to a bleached blonde in Cat Alley. "There you have the basis of my faith in the slums. See that face!"

It was a young face, and though hard lines were coming, the general aspect still was soft and tired and very white. I had the advantage of knowing who and what the girl was, but I nodded.

"Well, as long as there are women like that in the slums," he declared, in his vigorous, positive way, "there is hope for the slums and a rock to build on."

"Go speak to her, Riis," I suggested.

"I will," he said, and he walked casually into the alley, looked around, and then remarked that he intended some day to bring his camera and take pictures of "all you people."

The girl looked at him a moment, and her face hardened. "Ye will, will ye?" she said. "Ye will, eh? Well, say, ye —— —— bring your —— machine in here and we'll break every bone in your —— body, and the thing besides. Go chase yerself."

Riis staggered back, and neither of us enjoyed "the joke." It was too practical, and I was sorry for my part in it. But it did not shake his faith even in that woman, one of the worst white women in Chinatown. He charged her up to the slums.

For is it not a wonderful thing that this man who has worked all the best part of his mature life as a police reporter, "covering" murders, suicides, burglaries, crimes, and vices of all sorts, from body snatchers down to "mixed ale" rows in brothels, should come out as sweet and clean and as full of faith and follies as his old Danish village made him? Priests and nurses have done it, but Riis was tried far more than they. He did not go about merely to see and help, he went back and reported it. When he had done that he struggled with corrupt city officials for relief. Their chicaneries he saw; he caught them red-handed at their sordid tricks. Then, too, he was fighting other reporters who had combined to "beat the Dutchman" and who were willing "to fake to do him." Severest test of all, he was wading up to his neck in police corruption, knowing well men who lived by blackmail and profits shared with thieves, gamblers, and prostitutes. None of this soiled this man outside or in, neither himself nor his ideals nor his belief in his fellow-men.

Riis was never really "wise." When I first met him we all were busy exposing further the Tammany police system of corruption from which Dr. Parkhurst first lifted the veil. We had just written one day something about the divulgences of the Lexow Committee, and Riis's article was as vigorous as anybody's. Yet when he had written it he came into my office and closed the door.

"Do you know," he said, "I don't believe it?"

"What?"

"Why, what we've been writing."

"You know it's true," I said, astonished.

"I suppose I do; I suppose I ought to," he said thoughtfully. Then he broke out with force. "But I don't believe it. I can't. I don't believe, for instance, that Captain ——"

At that name I sprang up. The man he was about to cite was a sanctimonious rascal, "smooth," but one of the very worst offenders; Tammany had trusted him; Roosevelt trusted him then; Devery has trusted him since; Commissioner Partridge trusted him. But everybody who knew anything about police affairs knew that Captain —— was the brains of the whole police syndicate, the most hypocritical, the most intelligent, and the most grasping of corrupt police officials. Riis found him out later, five or six years later, but at that time Riis had known this man for fifteen years, and was discrediting his own ears and eyes.

The power to conceive evil in its vicious form failed Riis always. He has a brilliant imagination. He has gathered with the cleverest reporters in New York the facts

of a news story, and, by grasping them with his sympathy and his imagination, has so written them that his paper appeared to have a "beat." His imagination was that of a child or a genius. If this hadn't been so he never would have done his great work, which, indeed, all came out of his imagination and feeling. The evils of the slums lay before the other reporters' eyes; they too had to pass and repass the Bowery; they too had to dive into Mulberry Bend night and day. They got the murders, as Riis did, but he got something else, which finally blew the Bend off the face of the city. Riis realized and visualized where ordinary men "faked."

Far deeper than any intellectual faculty lay his sympathy. His life, as you can see in "The Making of an American," has been one long stretch of emotional excitement. The world has played upon his sensibilities as it does upon the soul of a musician, and since his feelings found no expression in art, they went off, not as with most men of his temperament in weird dissipations or lay sermons, but in action. A natural shrewdness guided his conduct and directed his impulses. Loose and careless as I have shown him in his personal affairs, when it came to his work for others, whether for his newspaper or his town, he could wait, plot, pull wires!—yes, he could even play tricks; and a successful trick gave him the most robust enjoyment.

A story he used to tell with great gusto was of the defeat of a sanitary expert who had written a report of an especially important investigation. All the reporters wanted that report; none could get it from the expert, least of all Riis, his friend. The commissioner had forbidden its publication. There was no other reason than the form of the thing for withholding it, and Riis made up his mind to get it. He worked long in vain till one day a committee of women from a charity organization called on Riis for an address.

"Very well," he said. "But no, I won't. You ask Dr. —— to talk to you about overcrowding in the tenements; he's full of it and will talk well."

They did, the Doctor was glad to overflow, and Riis, who was a member of the women's organization, sat in the committee room off the main room and wrote down the gist of that report, and to hear Riis tell about it, especially if the defeated official were by, was to get as much fun out of Riis's "deviltry" as he got out of the "beat."

Indeed it was this roaring humor as much as his shrewdness that kept his sentimentality within bounds, and turned into a working force his human sympathies. The evils he suffered and the evils he saw moved his pity, but, his emotions stirred, turned him not to tears, but to imprecations and strife. Christian though he was, he was a heathenish viking, first and last, and his life has been one long fight. He wanted always to be a soldier, and three times he tried hard to enlist for the wars. Human misery, however, was his born enemy, and the struggle with that began in his childhood.

That's the spirit of the man. Things never were matters of course with him, and he "never could mind his own business." Wilful and combative, he has been a bother to many a man. His father, a teacher, wanted him to be a scholar; he became a carpenter. He loved a girl who didn't love him, quarreled with her father, came to America, continued to love the girl, starved, peddled flat-irons, starved again, fought with a French consul who wouldn't send him to France to enlist against Denmark's ancient enemy—Germany; slept in police station lodging-houses; quarreled with a German bum because he was for Germany against France, with the police sergeant who killed his dog; edited a paper and turned its editorials against the owners who were in politics; won his girl; got a job as a reporter and was promoted for knocking down the city editor; was sent to police headquarters because all the reporters there had combined against his paper, which needed a fighter. Well, he fought. A foreigner, he didn't write very good English; it was vigorous, but not always correct. (He learned to write and to speak with eloquence, not by study, but by sheer force of the necessity to express his ideas and his feelings.) Mixed with his facts were his opinions on them, and these editorial expressions were often in conflict with his editors' who interdicted them, but Riis kept on writing them, and at last the editors either cut them out or let them go. "They gave me up as a bad job," Riis says. And beaten at first, Riis soon was beating his rival reporters. They went to work at noon, he came down at eleven; they came

at eleven, he at eight; they came at eight, Riis was soon covering the town from the time the morning papers went to press at 2.30 o'clock in the morning, and to that "crazy" extreme the others would not follow.

"I was in a fight not of my own choosing," he says in his book, "and . . . I hit as hard as I knew how, and so did they." And I know that he enjoyed it.

One of his great public benefactions, the most costly to New York, was a newspaper "beat," and typical of the shrewdness and intelligence of the man. Riis picked up in the Health Department one day the weekly analysis of the Croton water, and read "a trace of nitrites." "What are nitrites?" he asked. Getting an evasive answer, he went off and found out what nitrites were, published the news, explaining that they meant sewage contamination, and advising people to boil the water. Then, while the other papers were pooh-poohing the news, he went up through the Croton watershed with a camera and took pictures of towns sewering into the streams, public dumps on their banks, people and animals washing in the water. He made good his case. The other papers belittled the conditions, saying running water purifies itself; but Riis inquired how long it took the water to come down from the worst town, sixty miles away. The answer was, four days. He asked the experts how long a cholera germ might live in running water; "seven days" was the answer. New York had to buy up that watershed, and the cost ran into the millions; but Riis had his "beat" and New York has pure water.

"Beat" though it was, however, and insist as I do and as Riis himself does always that he accomplished all his best work as a reporter, the rivalry of journalism was not the source of his power, nor its triumphs his leading motive. Keen, fresh-minded observation discovered for him the facts of abuses, and the reporter gloried in the discovery, but it was the man that raised the reporter to a reformer. There was nothing professional in his observation that truant boys sent among criminal children in the reform-schools soon began to turn up as criminals. Any of the men who crossed on his ferry with him might have brought flowers gathered by their children to throw to the children of the poor, and, discovering that they loved them, any man might have appealed to the public for flowers for the slums; any of the reporters might have seen any of the evils Riis saw as they went for crime and accident stories among the tenements. Riis saw and reported; then Riis, after many years, obtained a separate school for truants. When the flowers poured into Mulberry Street by the wagon load, so that he, with the help of all the other reporters, a special detail of police, and volunteers, couldn't distribute them, Riis founded a society of women to attend to this pleasant business, and that society, with Riis as vice-president, does this work to this day. The tenements were a larger task, but he went at them in the same way, hand and head and heart. With all his newspaper work and its fights on his mind, he studied and counseled and made notes, then wrote "How the Other Half Lives," which created a sensation. Investigating committees were appointed, and "The Children of the Poor" came out to show that Riis was still at work, and would let the awakened public conscience have no rest. Ten years followed of fighting, of despair, but of no relaxation for Riis, till in the end he won his victories and wrote "The Ten Years' War."

Now how did Riis win these victories? An effective reformer is so rare that he should be accounted for; a bold exposition of the methods by which an obscure reporter wrought so many reforms might make useful some of the well-meaning meddlers who never get anywhere. I fear not, however. Riis was simply a good citizen; the big, jolly, sentimental Dane took his adopted citizenship *literally*, and literally "worked for the public good"—"worked" like a political rascal.

His methods were much like those of a boss. In the first place he kept himself in the background, sought no office, indulged no vanity and no self-glorification. In the second place he worked all the time. "The churches may close, the saloons and the slums are open all day and all night, all week and the year round," he said once to me. In the third place he played upon men, used them, and women too, and while he preached he pulled wires. In the fourth place he bided his time, to strike when the right iron turned up hot.

Once, as he has told, when he was out of work and starving, he sat in the cold rain beside the river, contemplating a dive

out of it all, when a little cur he had befriended crept up under his arm. That saved him and he moped off to a station lodging-house. There it was he got into his row with a German tramp over the Franco-Prussian war, and the next morning a German sergeant wouldn't heed Riis's complaint that a locket his mother had given him was stolen from his neck. Riis "kicked" and they put him out. As he appeared his little dog jumped toward him, a police boot kicked it, and, when Riis remonstrated, a police brute caught the dog, swung it up in the air, and down on the stone step, crushing its head.

Police station lodging-houses had to go; but Riis waited years and years till Roosevelt came. One night he took the commissioner up to the old station house, showed him the filthy place, unchanged, and told him his dog story. The next day the lodging-houses were condemned.

Not all reform officials were "right irons," however, and few were ever "hot" long enough to hit. Riis wrung many changes out of the Strong Administration, but only by dint of much scheming and wire pulling, and by those means he won reforms out of Tammany as well. He worked when his side was out of power just as he did when it was in, and there was nothing partizan about his associations. His method was in general the same in all cases. When he knew all about an evil — like the Bend, for instance — he would get some prominent men or women to form a committee. Having described the inhuman conditions of the place, with photographs, he furnished the material to his committee, who signed an address Riis wrote, gave it to Riis to publish, and went off with it to the Mayor or Legislature. Riis was there to take down and print the "promises." Every time a murder occurred in the Bend, Riis recalled the promises, and after a while he sent his committee off to make more urgent demands, while he happened along to collect more emphatic promises. Meanwhile, he would start other organizations — the Academy of Medicine, the Chamber of Commerce, etc. — to resolution-making. With these he would go, as a reporter, to "hold up" the Mayor for an interview. "Done anything?" "Why not?" "Then you still intend to?" "Well, when?" "All right." So he bored and bothered until he got a commission appointed to condemn property. This commission he pursued in the same way. The property condemned, Riis went after the Public Works Commissioner. Riis saw that the officials did not forget, and he saw that it didn't matter if his reform committee forgot or went away. If the members were at the seashore, Riis was capable of getting out a protest in their names, or of uttering an interview for some good citizen, who had to "stand for" Riis's ideas, feelings, and hot wrath.

"Everything takes ten years," said ex-Mayor Hewitt, who was one of Riis's most active fellow-conspirators. The Bend, the small parks, the rear tenements, each took ten years, and though many men and women did excellent service in those causes at one time or another, Riis alone worked on them from beginning to end; he alone never despaired or got tired or rested. Riis was the backbone of these reforms and many others with which his name was hardly ever connected.

I shall never forget the day Mulberry Bend Park was opened. There was to be a formal dedication with speeches that evening, and Riis and I walked together down there in the afternoon to see it. Where the old criminal block with its squalor and death had stood, were free air and sunshine; where later the wreck had lain, while Riis fought for its removal, were smooth sodded soil and curving walks. While we stood there Riis related again the story of his ten years' fight with the Bend, and he told it with humor, sentiment, even pathos; then some of his old rage at it came back, and he cursed some of the traits of his species. To distract him I said:

"I'm coming down to hear what you will say to-night, Riis."

"But I'm not going to speak."

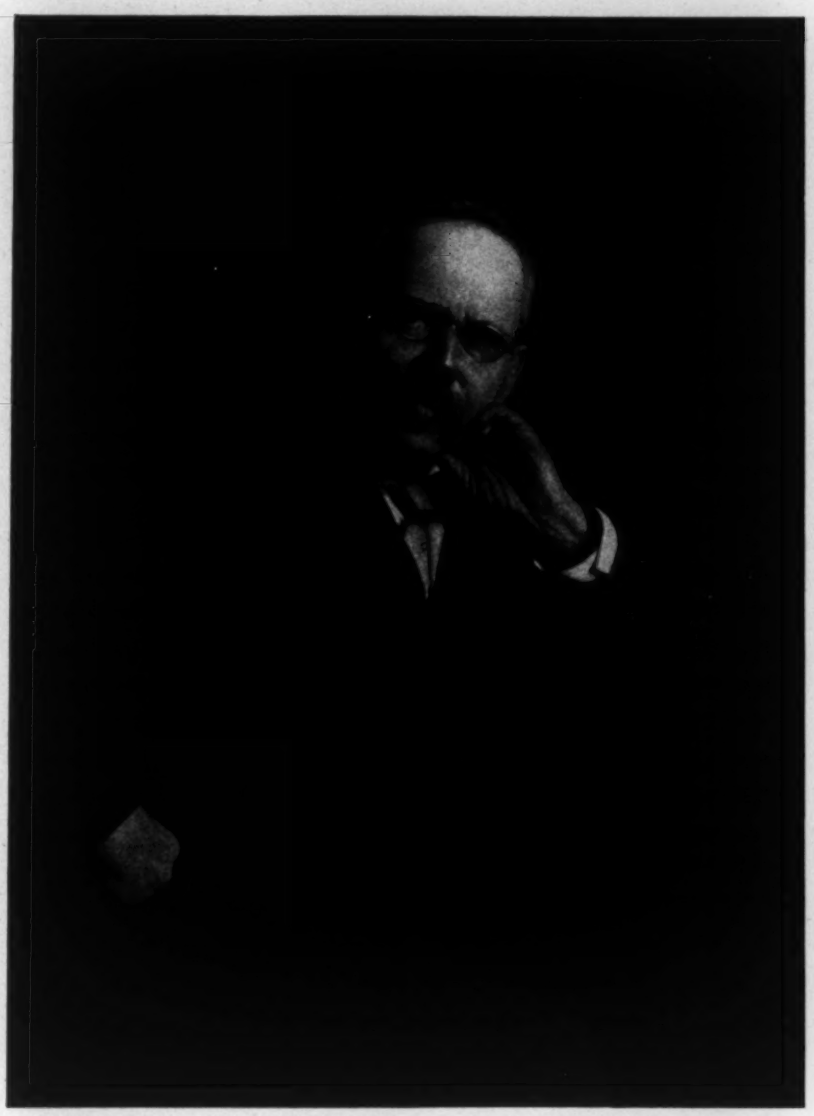
"Why not?"

"Not invited."

"So they forgot you?"

"Ye—es," he said, and it was plain he was hurt; but he added vigorously, "and that's the greatest success of all. Nobody would help me if I were 'It'; if I were the chairman of this, and the chief speaker of that. As it is, so long as I let others have the glory, I can get these things done, things like this, like tearing down that beastly old Bend and having a park made where the children can step on the earth; dirt, dirt, like this, the children and I too."

And he stamped out upon the sward,



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCES B. JOHNSTON

JACOB A. RIIS

*"An effective reformer is so rare that he should be accounted for . . . Riis was simply a good citizen; the big, jolly, sentimental Dane took his adopted citizenship literally, and literally 'worked for the public good'—'worked' like a political rascal."*

sinking his feet deep into the tender sod, rejoicing. A policeman came running up shouting, "Keep off 'n th' grass, ye bum." He seized Riis by the coat and gave him a resounding whack across his seat. Riis said never a word, and we walked on through the park, keeping "off the grass," Riis to his office, I to the City Hall to find out who were going to dedicate Mulberry Bend Park. They were all prominent men and women, most of them excellent folk, "reformers," too. But reformers are not so thoughtful as the professional politicians, not so kind; they forget.

# A SIDE LIGHT ON THE SIOUX

BY

DOANE ROBINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

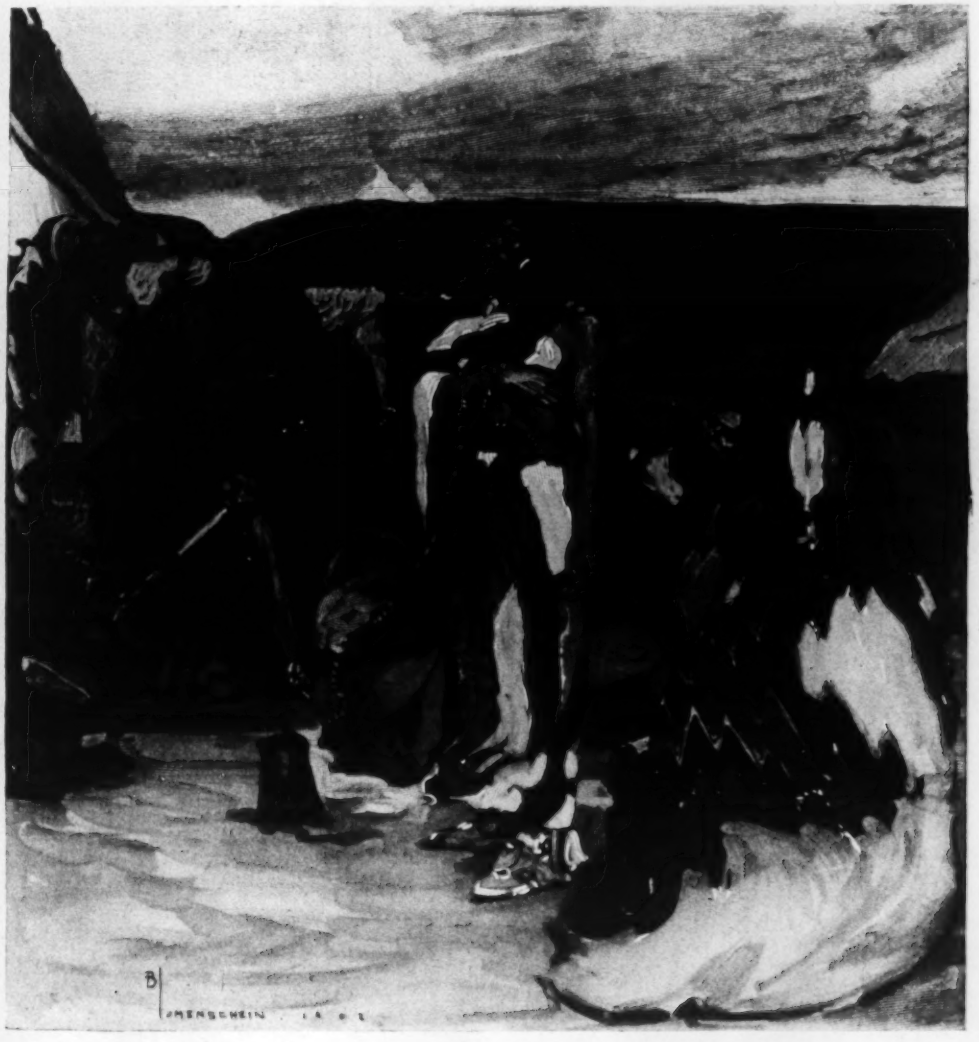
ON that awful August day of 1862, when the Santee Sioux Indians fell upon the frontier settlements of Minnesota, the most western and the most exposed of these settlements was a little community of a dozen homesteaders and their families gathered about Lake Shetek, in what is now Murray County. The attack upon this settlement, the massacre of many of its inhabitants, and the captivity of others which followed, are stories with which all readers of the history of Indian warfare are familiar, but the manner of the ransom of some of these captives has not been written.

Mrs. John Wright and two children, a boy of six and an infant in arms; Mrs. William J. Duly and two girls, the eldest of whom was twelve years of age; Lillie Everett, a girl of eight years, and two other little girls, daughters of Thomas Ireland, became captives in the band of White Lodge, a subsidiary chief of the Santees. White Lodge and his band, consisting of about one hundred and eighty persons, at once departed with their captives for the Dakota country, and, by November 1st, after being sent along from one Indian camp to another by the head men, who did not care to incur the vengeance of the soldiers by being found with white captives on their premises, arrived at the Missouri River, near the line now dividing North and South Dakota.

The Teton Sioux, at this period, lived on the Missouri, in the vicinity of Fort

Pierre, and when the news of the Santee attacks came to them, they assembled in a council at which they resolved as a tribe to remain neutral. There were, however, some progressive young Tetons who advocated active interference in behalf of the whites, but they were overruled in council. Two of these young men, Martin Charger and Kills and Comes, a few days later, sat down on the bank of the river, and, after a long discussion of the situation, decided to attempt to organize the young men of the tribe into an association for the purpose of rendering the whites such assistance as lay in their power, without involving their people in war with the Santees. Their proposition, however, was received with so much derision by the older Tetons that they were able to induce but nine others to join with them. These eleven boys, the eldest of whom was but twenty years of age, with all the grave formality of the oldest braves, solemnly pledged themselves to withhold no sacrifice of comfort, effort, property, or life which it might be necessary to make to serve the white people.

They called their society by a name which is best translated "The Young Men's Association," but by their own people they were known as the "Crazy Band," an appellation which clings to them to this day. The boys thus banded together were



"'WE HAVE COME HERE TO BUY THE WHITE CAPTIVES AND GIVE THEM BACK TO THEIR FRIENDS'"

Charger, Kills and Comes, Four Bear, Mad Bear, Pretty Bear, Sitting Bear, Swift Bird, One Rib, Strikes Fire, Red Dog, and Charging Dog. They were not prompted to this action by any sinister or mercenary motives, but from sentiments of humanity which would have been creditable to men of the highest civilization; nor was their action suggested to them by white men, but was wholly original with themselves.

Early in November, 1862, Major Galpin, a trader at the mouth of the Yellowstone, coming down the river with a small party of miners in a Mackinaw boat, was hailed by a band of Santees encamped near Standing Rock, and invited to land. They were about to do so when a white woman ran down to the river bank, and frantically warned them to keep away if they would save their lives. The Santees at once fired on the boatmen, who threw themselves into the bottom of the craft and were soon out of danger. They learned from the woman that the captives from Lake Shetek were in the Santee camp, and, as they passed down the river, they gave information of this discovery at every opportunity.

The "Crazy Band" learned of this incident and knew the time had come to put their professions into practice. The boys gathered up their robes and other peltry, and, taking them to Primeau's trading house, traded them for food, especially sugar and delicacies which they conceived would be grateful to the Santee palate, and with these supplies moved their horses to the east side of the river and camped on the Oxaboji. The third day out they arrived at the mouth of Swan Creek, where the village of LeBeau now is, and there found a small party of friendly Yanktonaise Sioux, who informed them that a party of Santees, having white captives, were encamped on the east side of the Missouri, in the bend below the mouth of Grand River, within what is now Walworth County, South Dakota. The boys pushed on and pitched their camp about one hundred yards from the camp of the hostiles, and indicated a desire for a council. White Lodge and his head men came out, each with his gun *cached* under his blanket, and a council was held. Charger opened the conference with a typical Indian talk about the good heart which had impelled them to the enterprise to ransom the white captives, concluding: "You see us here. We are only young boys. Our people call us crazy, but we want to do something good. If a man owns anything he likes it and he will not part with it for nothing. We have come here to buy the white captives and give them back to their friends. We will give the horses for them; all the horses we have. That proves that we want the captives very much, for our hearts are good and we want to do a good thing." Then, with that dreary monotony which only an Indian could tolerate, each of the other ten boys repeated verbatim Charger's harangue. To this White Lodge replied: "We come from the east where the sky is made red by the fires that burn the homes of the whites, and the earth is red with the blood of the whites whom the Santees are killing. These white captives I have taken after killing many of their people. I will not again be a friend of the whites. I have already done a bad thing, and now I will keep on doing bad things. I will not give up the captives. I will fight until I drop dead."

Then the boys changed their tactics. They spread a feast, and Charger extended the invitation to partake in these words: "Here is food; eat what you want and go home, and we will take the captives and go home."

White Lodge and his braves accepted the hospitality, but when the feast was concluded he was still obdurate, and insultingly resented the attempt of the Tetons to interfere in his affairs. They became much excited, and bloodshed seemed imminent. After much bullying another formal council was arranged, and Charger and the other boys gravely reiterated their previous statement, not deviating in a single syllable from the original address, to which White Lodge interposed the same formal refusal. A third time the boys repeated their proposition, only to be met by a more determined refusal, but they had still another card in reserve and the time had come to play it. Charger spoke: "White Lodge, you talk very brave. You kill white men who have no guns, and you steal women and children and run away with them where there are no soldiers. If you are brave, why did you not stay and fight the soldiers who had guns? Three times we have offered our horses for the captives and you have refused us. Now we will take the captives and put them on the horses and take them to their friends. If you make us trouble the soldiers who

"PRETTY BEAR CARRIED THE YOUNGEST CHILD ON HIS BACK AND THE WOMEN WALKED"

have guns will come against you from the east, and our people, the Tetons, will come against you from the west, and we shall then see how brave you are." At this a Santee from the outside, who did not sit in the council, called to Black Hawk, the eldest son of White Lodge: "Black Hawk, why do you not speak? Why sit so still?" Black Hawk then spoke, addressing the Tetons: "You young people have done right. Your grub tastes good. You are straight young men respected by your own people. I know some of you, but my father, White Lodge, does not know you. We are starving and it is winter. I have one white child which I will give up. Let the others do as I have done and give up their captives."

Black Hawk's sensational action led to prolonged parleying and, as the result of it all, it was agreed that the captives should be exchanged for the horses, and the Santees returned to their camp. At length the boys were invited to bring their horses and come into the village. A large lodge had been erected in the center of the camp. They tied the horses near-by and went inside. They found Mrs. Duly and the six children (Mrs. Wright's baby had been wantonly murdered by a young savage) sitting in a row along one side of the lodge. They were almost naked and in a condition so pitiable that even the young savages were moved by their grief.

Each captive was claimed as the individual property of some brave, and no proposition looking to a wholesale exchange of horses for whites would be considered. Each proprietor was bent upon driving the best possible bargain for his chattel. The youngest child was first offered and, after a protracted period of dickering, a trade was made for it and it was removed to the other side of the lodge, to be joined by the others as fast as they were purchased; and so, at last, each of the seven captives was ransomed, but not until all the bluffing, bullying, and jockeying of which the Sioux Indian is capable had been exhausted, and the boys had traded themselves out of all their property, except one horse and four guns, and Mrs. Wright, whom White Lodge claimed, was still to be secured. White Lodge, who had given but grudging consent to the proceeding thus far, now absolutely refused to surrender Mrs. Wright on any terms. After another period of intense excitement, in which the lives of the boys and the whites appeared to be in peril, another council was arranged and again the threat of crushing the Santees between the Tetons and the soldiers brought the majority of the hostiles to their senses, although White Lodge continued implacable. Black Hawk and his younger brother, Chased by the Ree, proposed to take the woman away from their father and give her over to the boys, in consideration of the remaining horse.

The proposition was accepted and Red Dog and Strikes Fire were intrusted with the negotiation. They soon returned with the woman, and the rescuing party moved their camp several miles down the river before they were overtaken by the nightfall. Their situation was truly desperate. They were more than one hundred miles from home, in a northern winter, without horses or food. The captives were without clothing and the boys gave them their blankets, leaving their own bodies seriously exposed. Moreover, White Lodge was threatening to retake the captives from their rescuers. The captives were housed in the small tent and the boys, ill protected against the storm which was raging, spent the night in an unceasing march around the camp. At daylight they were on the way, and shortly after, to their great relief, a friendly Yanktonaise appeared on horseback and to him they gave two of their remaining guns for the horse, and, hastily rigging a travoix, placed five of the children upon it. Pretty Bear carried the youngest child on his back and the women walked. Mrs. Duly had no moccasins and Charger gave her his own, himself going barefoot throughout the day until the Yanktonaise camp was reached at LeBeau. Early on that day the expected happened. White Lodge appeared, accompanied by five warriors, and demanded the return of Mrs. Wright, but the boys bluffed him out and he gave up the pursuit. Of the Yanktonaise, in exchange for one gun, they procured an old cart, a little food, and some moccasins.

Next morning the children were crowded into the cart box and Mrs. Duly was mounted on the animal's back. Mrs. Wright continued to walk with the boys. That day they traveled thirty-five miles, for most of which it was necessary to assist the pony with his load by pushing the cart. They camped that night on the site of the present village of Forest City. The next morning

they climbed the river bluff and cut directly across the ox-bow in the direction of Primeau's, and that night they did not camp at all, but kept up the weary tramp until daylight, when they had arrived opposite their own home. The river was slightly frozen, rendering the crossing most hazardous, but the relatives of the boys secured the assistance of Primeau, Dupree, and LaPlant, the two latter half-breeds residing in the vicinity, and managed to get the party safely same year; they arrived at Fort Randall November 29th.

Six of the eleven members of the "Crazy Band"—Swift Bird, Strikes Fire, Four Bear, Pretty Bear, Mad Bear, and Sitting Bear—still survive. They live on the Cheyenne River Reservation, and are men of honorable distinction among their people, and on more than one occasion since their first heroic exploit have they rendered invaluable services to the whites. During

"THE RIVER WAS SLIGHTLY FROZEN, RENDERING THE CROSSING MOST HAZARDOUS"

over. Primeau clothed the captives as best he could from his stock, and Dupree took them to his home, where they rested three days, when they were taken to Fort Randall in wagons by Dupree and LaPlant. Colonel John Pattee, of the 41st Iowa Cavalry, in command at Fort Randall, took them into his quarters, and his wife and daughter entertained them for twenty days, until notice of the rescue could reach their friends, and relatives arrived to take them home. They had been captured August 20, 1862; they were rescued on November 20th of the

the Custer war of 1875–6 they stood as a wall of rock between the hostiles and the settlements, and again, when the Messiah craze swept over the Sioux Nation in 1890, these men, serene and unmoved by the popular clamor, counseled calmness among their people, and organized the young men for active resistance to the hostiles if their services should be required.

It is a just reproach to the American people that the services rendered by these men in the rescue of the Lake Shetek captives have never been recognized.

# MY FRIEND PROSPERO

## BY

## HENRY HARLAND

AUTHOR OF "THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX"

SUMMARY OF PARTS I AND II: *When Linda Baroness Blanchemain discovered that the agreeable young Englishman who had so graciously and expertly been showing her about the Castel Sant' Alessina (whither of an April afternoon she had driven up from Roccadoro) was none other than her kinsman, John Blanchemain, nephew of Lord Blanchemain, of Ventmere, Sussex, and heir presumptive to the title, she lost no time in declaring herself. And so, then and there, was laughingly made up the ancient quarrel that for many years had kept the two branches of the family estranged, and Lady Blanchemain and John become firm friends. John, it comes out, is staying not at the Castle (the property of an Austrian noble family), but with the parroco at the presbytery for six francs fifty a day.*

*As they talk there appears beneath them in the garden a very beautiful young lady. Unconscious of observers she passes by and out of sight, and to John is left the task of persuading his incredulous companion that he has no more idea than she who the fair stranger may be.*

*Next morning, John, returning in frieze ulster and Turkish slippers from his bath in the mountain stream, comes upon her suddenly face to face. A most embarrassed and brief dialogue ensues, from which John retreats in confusion — not so great, however, as to preclude his noting that the lady has spoken throughout in English. Little Annunziata, the parroco's niece, surmises that the lady must be "the person who is visiting the Signora Brandi" in the pavilion beyond the clock tower; and this surmise the lady herself confirms, when, later in the day, she meets Annunziata; — only Annunziata's "Signora Brandi" is in reality Frau Brandt. The lady says her own name is Maria Dolores, and, in return for these confidences, she listens to Annunziata's praise of "my friend Prospero," as the little girl has nicknamed John.*

*That evening, as John is driving home from dinner at Lady Blanchemain's, he has another glimpse of the lady, standing on a moonlit balcony. Impulsively he bows to her, and his bow is returned.*

## PART THIRD

### I

"GOOD MORNING, Prospero," said Annunziata.

"Good morning, Wide-awake," responded John.

He was in the octagonal room on the *piano nobile* of the castle, where his lost ladies of old years smiled on him from their frames. He had heard an approaching patter of feet on the pavement of the room beyond; and then Annunziata's little grey figure, white face, and big grave eyes, had appeared, one picture the more, in the vast carved and gilded doorway.

"I have been looking everywhere for you," she said, plaintive.

"Poor sweetheart," he commiserated her. "And can't you find me?"

"I couldn't," said Annunziata, bearing on the tense. "But I have found you *now*."

"Oh? Have you? Where?" asked he.

"*Where?*" cried she, with a disdainful movement. "But *here*, of course."

"I wouldn't be too cocksure of that," he cautioned her. "*Here* is a mighty evasive bird. For, suppose we were elsewhere, then *there* would be here, and here would be somewhere else."

"No," said Annunziata, with resolution. "Where a person is, that is always *here*."

"You speak as if a person carried his here with him, like his hat," said John.

"Yes, that is how it is," said Annunziata, nodding.

"You have a remarkably solid little head, — for all its curls, there's no confusing it," said he. "Well, have you your report, drawn up, signed, sealed, sworn to before a Commissioner for Oaths, and ready to be delivered?"

"My report — ?" questioned Annunziata, with a glance.

"About the Form," said John. "I caught you yesterday red-handed in the fact of pumping it."

"Yes," said Annunziata. "Her name is Maria Dolores."

"A most becoming name," said he.

"She is very nice," said Annunziata.

"She looks very nice," said he.

"She is twenty-two years and ten months old," continued his informant.

"Fancy. As middle-aged as that," commented he.

"Yes. She is an Austrian."

"Ah."

"And as I told you, she is visiting the Signora Brandi. Only, she calls her Frao Branta."

"Frao Branta?" John turned the name on his tongue. "Branta? Branta?" What familiar German name, at the back of his memory, did it half evoke? Suddenly he had a flash. "Can you possibly mean Frau Brandt?"

Annunziata gave a gesture of affirmation.

"Yes, that is it," she said. "You sound it just as she did!"

"I see," said John. "And Brandt, if there are degrees of unbirth, is even more furiously unborn than Brandi."

"Unborn — ?" said Annunziata, frowning.

"Not noble — not of the aristocracy," John explained.

"Very few people are noble," said Annunziata.

"All the more reason, then, why you and I should be thankful that we are," said he.

"You and I?" she expostulated, with a shrug of her little grey shoulders. "*Macbé!* We are not noble."

"Aren't we? How do you know?" asked John. "Anyhow," he impressively moralised, "we can try to be."

"No," said she, with conclusiveness, with fatalism. "It is no good trying. Either you are noble or simple, — God makes you so, — you cannot help it. If I were noble, I should be a Contessina. If you were noble, you would be a gransignore."

"And my unassuming appearance assures you that I'm not?" said he, smiling.

"If you were a gransignore," she instructed him, "you would never be such friends with me — you would be too proud."

John laughed.

"You judge people by the company they keep. Well, I will apply the same principle of judgment to your gossip, Maria Dolores. By the bye," he broke off to enquire, "what is her Pagan name?"

"Her Pagan name? What is that?" asked Annunziata.

"Maria Dolores, I take it, is her Christian name, come by in Holy Baptism," said John. "But I suppose she will have a Pagan name, come by in the way of the flesh, to round it off with, — just as, for instance, a certain flame of mine, whose image, when I die, they'll find engraved upon my heart, has the Pagan name of Casalone."

Annunziata looked up, surprised. "Casalone? That is my name," she said.

"Yes," said John. "Yours will be the image."

Annunziata gave her head a toss. "Maria Dolores did not tell me her Pagan name," she said.

"At any rate," said he, "to judge by the company she keeps, we may safely classify her as unborn. She is probably the daughter of a miller, — of a miller (to judge also a little by the frocks she wears) in rather a large way of business, who (to judge finally by her cultivated voice, her knowledge of languages, and her generally distinguished air) has spared no expense in the matter of her education. I shouldn't wonder a bit if she could even play the piano."

"No," agreed Annunziata, "that is very likely. But why" — she tilted upwards her inquisitive little profile — "why should you think she is the daughter of a miller?"

"Miller," said John, "I use as a generic term. Her father may be a lexicographer or a drysalter, a designer of dirigible balloons or a manufacturer of air-pumps; he may even be a person of independent means, who lives in a big, new, handsome villa in the suburbs of Vienna, and devotes his leisure to the propagation of orchids: yet all the while a miller. By miller I mean a member of the Bourgeoisie: a man who, though

he be well to do, well educated, well bred, does not bear coat-armour, and is therefore to be regarded by those who do with their noses in the air,—especially in Austria. Among Austrians, unless you bear coat-armour, you're impossible, you're nowhere. We mustn't let you become enamoured of her if she doesn't bear coat-armour."

Annunziata's eyes, during this divagation, had wandered to the window, the tall window with its view of the terraced garden, where the mimosa bloomed and the blackcaps carolled. Now she turned them slowly upon John, and he saw from their expression that at last she was coming to what for her (as he had known all along) was the real preoccupation of the moment. They were immensely serious, intensely concerned, and at the same time, in their farther recesses, you felt a kind of fluttering shyness, as if *I dare not* were hanging upon *I would*.

"Tell me," she began, on a deep note, a deep coaxing note . . . Then *I dare not* got the better, and she held back . . . Then *I would* took his courage in both hands, and she plunged. "What have you brought for me from Roccadoro?" And after one glance of half bashful, all impassioned supplication, she let her eyes drop, and stood before him suspensive, as one awaiting the word of destiny.

John's "radiant blondeur," his yellow beard, pink face, and sea-blue eyes, lighted up, more radiant still, with subcutaneous laughter.

"The shops were shut," he said. "I arrived after closing time."

But something in his tone rendered this grim announcement nugatory. Annunziata drew a long breath, and looked up again. "You have brought me something, all the same," she declared with conviction; and eagerly, eyes gleaming, "What is it? What is it?" she besought him.

John laughed. "You are quite right," he said. "If one can't buy, beg, or borrow, in this world, one can generally steal."

Annunziata drew away, regarded him with misgiving. "Oh, no; you would never steal, she protested."

"I'm not so sure—for one I loved," said he. "What would you have liked me to bring you?"

Annunziata thought. "I liked those chocolate cigars," she said, her face soft with reminiscence of delight.

"Ah, but we mustn't have it *toujours perdrix*," said John. "Do you, by any chance, like marchpane?"

"Marchpane?—I adore it," she answered, in an outburst of emotion.

"You have your human weaknesses, after all," John laughed. "Well, I stole a pocketful of marchpane."

Annunziata drew away again, her little white forehead furrowed. "Stole?" she repeated, reluctant to believe.

"Yes," said he, brazenly, nodding his head.

"Oh, that was very wrong," said Annunziata, sadly shaking hers.

"No," said he. "Because, in the first place, it's a matter of proverbial wisdom that stolen marchpane's sweetest. And, in the next place, I stole it quite openly, under the eye of the person it belonged to, and she made no effort to defend her property. Seeing which, I even went so far as to explain to her *why* I was stealing it. 'There's a young limb o' mischief with a sweet tooth at Sant' Alessina,' I explained, 'who regularly levies blackmail upon me. I'm stealing this for her.' And then the lady I was stealing from told me I might steal as much as ever I thought good."

"Oh-h-h," said Annunziata, a long-drawn *Oh* of relief. "Then you didn't steal it—she *gave* it to you."

"Well," said John, "if casuistry like that can ease your conscience—if you feel that you can conscientiously receive it—" And he allowed his inflection to complete the sentence.

"Give it to me," said Annuziata, holding out her hands, and dancing up and down in glee and in impatience.

"Nenni-dà," said John. "Not till after dinner. I'm not going to be a party to the spoiling of a fair, young, healthy appetite."

Pain wrote itself upon Annunziata's brow. "Oh," she grieved, "must I wait till after dinner?"

"Yes," said John.

For a breathing-space she struggled. "Would it be bad of me," she asked, "if I begged for just a *little* now?"

"Yes," said John, "bad and bootless. You'd find me as unyielding as adamant."

"Ah, well," sighed Annunziata, a deep and tremulous sigh. "Then I will wait."

And, like a true philosopher, she proceeded to occupy her mind with a fresh interest. She looked round the room, she looked out of the window. "Why do you stay here? It is much pleasanter in the garden," she remarked.

"I came here to seek for consolation. To-day began for me with a tragic misadventure," John replied.

Annunziata's eyes grew big, compassionating him, and, at the same time, bespeaking a lively curiosity.

"Poor Prospero," she gently murmured. "What was it?" on tip-toe she demanded.

"Well," he said, "when I rose, to go for my morning swim, I made an elaborate toilet, because I hoped to meet a certain person whom, for reasons connected with my dignity, I wished to impress. But it was love's labour lost. The certain person is an ornament of the uncertain sex, and didn't turn up. So, to console myself, I came here."

Annunziata looked round the room again. "What is there here that can console you?"

"These," said John. His hand swept the pictured walls.

"The paintings?" said she, following his gesture. "How can they console you?"

"They're so well painted," said he, fondly studying the soft-coloured canvasses. "Besides, these ladies are dead. I like dead ladies."

Annunziata looked critically at the pictures, and then at him with solemn meaning. "They are very pretty — but they are not dead," she pronounced in her deepest voice.

"Not dead?" echoed John, astonished. "Aren't they?"

"No," said she, with a slow shake of the head.

"Dear me," said he. "And, when they're alone here and no one's looking, do you think they come down from their frames and dance? It must be a sight worth seeing."

"No," said Annunziata. "These are only their pictures. They cannot come down from their frames. But the ladies themselves are not dead. Some of them are still in Purgatory, perhaps. We should pray for them." She made, in parenthesis as it were, a pious sign of the Cross. "Some are perhaps already in Heaven. We should ask their prayers. And others are perhaps in Hell," she pursued, inexorable theologian that she was. "But none of them is dead. No one is dead. There is no such thing as being dead."

"But then," puzzled John, "what is it that people mean when they talk of Death?"

"I will tell you," said Annunziata, her eyes heavy with thought. "Listen, and I will tell you." She seated herself on the big round ottoman, and raised her face to his. "Have you ever been at a pantomime?" she asked.

"Yes," said John, wondering what could possibly be coming.

"Have you been at the pantomime," she continued earnestly, "when there was what they call a transformation-scene?"

"Yes," said John.

"Well," said she, "last winter I was taken to the pantomime at Bergamo, and I saw a transformation-scene. You ask me, what is Death? It is exactly like a transformation-scene. At the pantomime the scene was just like the world. There were trees, and houses, and people, common people, like anyone. Then suddenly, click! Oh, it was wonderful. Everything was changed. The trees had leaves of gold and silver, and the houses were like fairy palaces, and there were strange lights, red and blue, and there were great garlands of the most beautiful flowers, and the people were like angels, with gems and shining clothes. Well, you understand, at first we had only seen one side of the scene; — then click! everything was turned round, and we saw the other side. That is like life and death. Always, while we are alive, we can see only one side of things. But there is the other side, the under side. Never, so long as we are alive, we can never, never see it. But when we die, — click! It is a transformation-scene. Everything is turned round, and we see the other side. Oh, it will be very different, it will be wonderful. That is what they call Death."

It was John's turn to be grave. It was some time before he spoke. He looked down at her, with a kind of grave laughter in his eyes, admiring, considering. What could he say? . . . What he did say, at last, was simply, "Thank you, my dear."

Annunziata jumped up.

"Oh, come," she urged. "Let's go into the garden. It is so much nicer there than here. There are lots of cockchafers. Besides" — she held out as an additional

inducement — "we might meet Maria Dolores."

"No," said John. "Though the cockchafers are a temptation, I will stop here. But go you to the garden, by all means. And if you do meet Maria Dolores, tell her what you have just told me. I think she would like to hear it."

"All right," consented Annunziata, moving towards the door. "I'll see you at dinner. You won't forget the marchpane?"

## II

John was in a state of mind that perplexed and rather annoyed him. Until the day before yesterday, his detachment here at Sant' Alessina from ordinary human society, the absence of people more or less of his own sort, had been one of the elements of his situation which he had positively, consciously, rejoiced in, — had been an appreciable part of what he had summarised to Lady Blanchemain as "the whole blessed thing." He had his castle, his pictures, his garden, he had the hills and valley, the birds, the flowers, the clouds, the sun, he had the Rampio, he had Annunziata, he even had Annunziata's uncle; and with all this he had a sense of having stepped out of a world that he knew by heart, that he knew to satiety, a world that was stale and stuffy and thread-bare, with its gilt rubbed off and its colours tarnished, into a world where everything was fresh and undiscovered and full of savour, a great cool blue and green world that from minute to minute opened up new perspectives, made new promises, brought to pass new surprises. And this sense, in some strange way, included Time as well as space. It was as if he had entered a new region of Time, as if he had escaped from the moving current of Time into a stationary moment. Alone here, where modern things or thoughts had never penetrated, alone with the earth and the sky, the mediæval castle, the dead ladies, with Annunziata, and the parroco, and the parroco's Masses and Benedictions, — today, he would please himself by fancying, might be a yesterday of long ago that had somehow dropped out of the calendar and remained, a fragment of the Past that had been forgotten and left over. The presence of a person of his own sort, a fellow citizen of his own period, wearing its clothes, speaking its speech, would have broken the charm, would have seemed as undesirable and as inappropriate as the introduction of an English meadow into the Italian landscape.

Yet now such a person had come, and behold, her presence, so far from breaking the charm, merged with and intensified it, — supplied indeed the one feature needed to perfect it. A person of his own sort? The expression is convenient. A fellow citizen, certainly, of his period, wearing its clothes, speaking its speech. But a person, happily, not of his own sex, a woman, a beautiful woman; and what her presence supplied to the poetry of Sant' Alessina, making it complete, was, if you like, the Eternal Feminine. As supplied already by the painted women on the walls about him, this force had been static; as supplied by a woman who lived and breathed it became dynamic. That was all very well; if he could have let it rest at that, if he could have confined his interest in her, his feeling about her, to the plane of pure æsthetics, he would have had nothing to complain of. But the mischief was that he couldn't. The thing that perplexed and annoyed him, — and humiliated him too, in some measure, — was a craving that had sprung up over-night, and was now strong and constant, to get into personal touch with her, to make her acquaintance, to talk with her; to find out a little what manner of soul she had, to establish some sort of human relation with her. It wasn't in the least as yet a sentimental craving; or, if it was, John at any rate didn't know it. In its essence, perhaps, it was little more than curiosity. But it was disturbing, upsetting, it destroyed the peace and the harmonious leisure of his day. It perplexed him, it was outside his habits, it was unreasonable. "Not unreasonable to think it might be fun to talk to a pretty woman," he discriminated, "but unreasonable to yearn to talk to her as if your life hung in the balance." And in some measure, too, it humiliated him: it was a confession of weakness, of insufficiency to himself, of dependence for his contentment upon another. He tried to stifle it; he tried to fix his mind on subjects that would lead far from it. Every subject, all subjects, subjects the most discrepant, seemed to possess one common property, that of leading straight back to it. Then he said, "Well, if you can't stifle it, yield to it.

Go down into the garden — hunt her up — boldly engage her in conversation." Assurance was the note of the man; but when he pictured himself in the act of "boldly engaging her in conversation," his assurance oozed away, and he was conscious of a thrice-humiliating shyness. Why? What *was* there in the woman that should turn a brave man shy?

However, the stars were working for him. That afternoon, coming home from a stroll among the olives, he met her face to face at the gate of the garden, whither she had arrived from the direction of the village. Having made his bow, which she accepted with a smile, he could do no less than open the gate for her; and as their ways must thence lie together, up the long ilex-shaded avenue to the castle, it would be an awkward affectation not to speak. And yet (he ground his teeth at having to admit it) his heart had begun to pound so violently, (not from emotion, he told himself, — from a mere ridiculous sort of nervous excitement: what *was* there in the woman that should excite a sane man like that?) he was afraid to trust his voice, lest it should quaver and betray him. But fortunately this pounding of the heart lasted only a few seconds. The short business of getting the gate open, and of closing it afterwards, gave it time to pass. So that now, as they set forwards towards the house, he was able to look her in the eye, and to observe, with impressiveness, that it was a fine day.

She had accepted his bow with a smile, amiable and unembarrassed; and at this, in quite the most unembarrassed manner, smiling again, — perhaps with just the faintest, just the gentlest shade of irony, and with just the slightest quizzical upward tremor of the eyebrows, — "Isn't it a day rather typical of the land and season?" she enquired.

It was the first step that had lost. John's assurance was coming swiftly back. Her own air of perfect ease in the circumstances very likely accelerated it. "Yes," he answered her. "But surely that isn't a reason for begrudging it a word of praise?"

By this he was lucky enough to provoke a laugh, a little light gay trill, sudden and brief, like three notes on a flute.

"No," she admitted. "You are right. The day deserves the best we can say of it."

"Her voice," thought John, availing himself of a phrase that had struck him in a book he had lately read, "her voice is like ivory and white velvet." And the touch, never so light, of a foreign accent with which she spoke, rendered her English piquant and pretty, — gave to each syllable a crisp little clean-cut outline. They sauntered on for a minute or two in silence, with half the width of the road-way between them, the shaded road-way, where the earth showed purple through a thin green veil of mosses, and where irregular shafts of sunlight, here and there, turned purple and green to red and gold. The warm air, woven of garden-fragrances, hung round them palpable, like some infinitely subtile fabric. And of course blackbirds were calling, blackcaps and thrushes singing, in all the leafy galleries overhead. A fine day indeed, mused John, and indeed worthy of the best that they could say. His nervousness, his excitement, had entirely left him, his assurance had come completely back; and with it had come a curious deep satisfaction, a feeling that for the moment at any rate the world left nothing to be wished for, that the cup of his desire was full. He didn't even, now that he might do so, wish to talk to her. To walk with her was enough, — to enjoy her companionship in silence. Yes, that was it — companionship. He caught at the word. "That is what I have been unconsciously needing all along. I flattered myself that I was luxuriating in the very absence of it. But man is a gregarious animal, and I was deceived." So he could refer the effect of her propinquity to the mere gregarious instinct, not suspecting that a more powerful instinct was already awake. Anyhow, his sense of that propinquity, — his consciousness of her, gracefully moving beside him in the sweet weather, while her summery garments fluttered, and some strange, faint, elusive perfume was shaken from them, — filled him with a satisfaction that for the moment seemed ultimate. He had no wish to talk. Their progress side by side was a conversation without words. They were getting to know each other, they were breaking the ice. Each step they took was as good as a spoken sentence, was a mutual experience, drawing them closer, helping to an understanding. They walked slowly, as by a tacit agreement.

Silence, however, couldn't in the nature of things last for ever. It was she who presently broke it.

"I owe you," she said, in her ivory voice, with her clean-cut enunciation, "a debt of thanks." And still again she smiled, as she looked over towards him, her dark eyes glowing, her dark hair richly drooping, in the shadow of a big hat of wine-coloured straw.

John's eyes were at a loss. "Oh — ?" he wondered.

"For a pleasure given me by our friend Annunziata," she explained. "This morning she told me a most interesting parable about Death. And she mentioned that it was you who had suggested to her to tell it me."

"Oh," said John, laughing, while the pink of his skin deepened a shade. "She mentioned that, did she? I'm glad if you don't feel that I took a good deal upon myself. But she had just told the same parable to me, and it seemed a pity it shouldn't have a larger audience."

Then, after a few more paces taken again in silence, "What a marvellous little person she is, Annunziata," said Maria Dolores.

"She's to a marvellous degree the right product of her milieu," said John.

Maria Dolores did not speak, but her eyes questioned, "Yes? How do you mean?"

"I mean that she's a true child of the presbytery," he replied, "and at the same time a true child of this Italy, where Paganism has never perfectly died. She has been carefully instructed in her catechism, and she has fed upon pious legends, she has breathed an ecclesiastical atmosphere, until the things of the Church have become a part of her very bone. She sees everything in relation to them, translates everything in terms of them. But at the same time odd streaks of Paganism survive in her. They survive a little — don't they? — in all Italians. Wherever she goes her eye reads omens. She will cast your fortune for you with olive-stones. The woods are peopled for her by fauns and dryads. When she takes her walks abroad, I've no doubt, she catches glimpses of Proteus rising from the lake, and hears old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Maria Dolores looked interested.

"Yes," she said, slowly, thoughtfully, and meditated for an interval. By-and-bye, "You know," she recommenced, "she's a sort of little person about whom one can't help feeling rather frightened." And her eyes looked to his for sympathetic understanding.

But his were interrogative. "No? Why should one feel frightened about her?"

"Oh," said Maria Dolores, with a movement, "it isn't exactly easy to tell why. One's fears are vague. But — well, for one thing, she thinks so much about Death. Death and what comes after, — they interest her so much. It doesn't seem natural, it makes one uneasy. And then she's so delicate-looking. Sometimes she's almost transparent. In every way she is too serious. She uses her mind too much, and her body too little. She ought to have more of the gaiety of childhood, she ought to have other children to romp with. She's too much like a disembodied spirit. It all alarms one."

John, as she spoke, frowned, pondering. When she had done, his frown cleared, he shook his head.

"I don't think it need," he said. "Her delicacy, her frailness, have never struck me as indicating weakness, — they seem simply the proper physical accompaniments of her crystalline little soul, — she's made of a fine and delicate clay. She thinks about Death, it is true, but not in a morbid way, — and that's a part of her ecclesiastical tradition; and she thinks quite as much about life, — she thinks about everything. I agree with you, it's a pity she has no other children. But she isn't by any means deficient in the instincts of childhood. She can enjoy a chocolate cigar, for instance, as well as another; and as for marchpane, I have her own word that she adores it."

Maria Dolores gave another light trill of laughter.

"Yes, I'm aware of her passion for marchpane. She confided it to me this morning. And as, in reply to her questions, I admitted that I rather liked it myself, she very generously offered to bring me some this afternoon, — which, to be sure, an hour ago, she did."

She laughed again, and John laughed too.

"All the same," she insisted, "I can't help that feeling of uneasiness about her. Sometimes, when I look at her, I can almost see her wings. What will be her future, if she grows up? One would rather not think of her as married to some poor Italian, and having to give herself to the prosaic sort of existence that would mean."

"The sordid sort of existence," augmented John. "No, one would decidedly rather not. But she will never marry. She will enter religion. Her uncle has it all planned out. He destines her for the Servites."

"Oh? The Servites — the Mantellate? I am glad of that," exclaimed Maria Dolores. "It is a most beautiful order. They have an especial devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows."

"Yes," said John, and remembered it was for Our Lady of Sorrows that she who spoke was named.

Slow though their march had been, by this time they had come to the end of the avenue, and were in the wide circular sweep before the castle. They stopped here, and stood looking off, over the garden, with its sombre cypresses and bright beds of geranium, down upon the valley, dim and luminous in a mist of gold. Great, heavy, fantastic-shaped clouds, pearl-white with pearl-grey shadows, piled themselves up against the scintillant dark blue of the sky. In and out among the rose-trees near at hand, where the sun was hottest, heavily flew, with a loud bourdonnement, the cockchafers promised by Annunziata, — big, blundering, clumsy, the scorn of their light-winged and business-like competitors, the bees. Lizards lay immobile as lizards cast in bronze, only their little glittering, watchful pin-heads of eyes giving sign of life. And of course the blackcaps never for a moment left off singing.

They stood side by side, within a yard of each other, in silent contemplation of these things, during I don't know how many long and, for John, delicious seconds. Yes, he owned it to himself, it was delicious to feel her standing there beside him, in silent communion with him, contemplating the same things, enjoying the same pleasantness. Companionship — companionship: it was what he had been unconsciously needing all along! . . . At last she turned, and, withdrawing her eyes lingeringly from the landscape, looked into his, with a smile. She did not speak, but her smile said, just as explicitly as her lips could have done, "What a scene of beauty!"

And John responded aloud, with fervour, "Indeed, indeed it is."

"And so romantic," she added. "It is like a scene out of some old high musical romance."

"The most romantic scene I know," said he. "All my life I have thought so."

"Oh?" said she, looking surprise. "Have you known it all your life?"

"Well, — very nearly," said he, with half a laugh. "I saw it first when I was ten. Then for long years I lost it, — and only recovered it, by accident, a month ago."

Her face showed her interest. "Oh? How was that? How did it happen?"

"When I was ten," John recounted, half laughing again, "I was travelling with my father, and, among the many places we visited, one seemed to me a very vision of romance made real. A castle, in a garden, in a valley, with splendid halls and chambers, and countless beautiful pictures of women. All my life I remembered it, dreamed of it, longed to see it again. But I hadn't a notion where it was, save vaguely that it was somewhere in Italy; and, my poor father being dead, there was no one I could ask. Then, wandering in these parts a month ago, I stumbled upon it, and recognised it."

Maria Dolores listened pensively. When he had reached his period, her eyes lighted up. "What a charming adventure," she said. "And so, for you, besides its general romance, the place has a personal one, all your own. I, too, have known it for long years, but only from photographs. I suppose I should never have seen the real thing, except for a friend of mine coming to live here."

"I wonder," said John, "that the people who own it never live here."

"The Prince of Zelt-Neuminster?" said she. "No, — he doesn't like the Italian government. Since Lombardy passed from Austria to Italy, the family have entirely given up staying at Sant' Alessina."

"In those circumstances," said John, "practical-minded people, I should think, would get rid of the place."

"Oh," said she, laughing, "the Prince, in some ways, is practical-minded enough. He has this great collection of Italian paintings, which, by Italian law, he mayn't remove from Italian soil; and if he were to get rid of Sant' Alessina, where could he house them? In other ways, though, he is perhaps not so practical. He is one of those Utopians who believe that the present Kingdom of Italy must perforce before long make shipwreck; and I think he holds on to Sant' Alessina in the dream of coming here

in triumph, and grandly celebrating that event."

"I see," said John, nodding. "That is a beautiful ideal."

"Good-bye," said she, flashing a last quick smile into his eyes; and she moved away, down a garden path, towards the pavilion beyond the clock.

III

And now, I should have imagined, for a single session, (and that an initial one), he had had enough. I should have expected him to spend the remainder of his day, a full man, in thankful tranquillity, in agreeable retrospective rumination. But no. Indulgence, it soon appeared, had but whetted his appetite. After a quarter-hour of walking about the garden, during which his jumble of sensations and impressions, — her soft-glowing eyes, her soft-drooping hair, under her wine-red hat; her slender figure, in its fluttering summery muslin, and the faint, faint perfume (like a far-away memory of rose-leaves) that hovered near her; her smile, and the curves, when she smiled, of her rose-red lips, and the gleam of her snow-white teeth; her laugh, her voice, her ivory voice; her pretty crisp-cut English; her appreciation of Annunziata, her disquieting presentiments concerning her; and his deep satisfaction in her propinquity, her "companionship"; and the long shaded fragrant avenue, and the bird-songs, and the gentle weather, — after a quarter-hour of anything but thankful tranquillity, a quarter-hour of unaccountable excitement and exaltation, during which his jumble of impressions and sensations settled themselves, from ebullition, into some sort of quiescence, he began to grow restlessly aware that, so far from having had enough, he had had just a sufficient taste to make him hunger keenly for more and more. It was ridiculous, but he couldn't help it. And as there seemed no manner of likelihood that his hunger would soon be fed, it was trying. At the best, he could not reasonably hope to see her again before to-morrow; and even then — ? What ghost of a reason had he to hope that even then he could renew their conversation? He had owed that to-day to the bare hazard of their ways lying together. To-morrow, very likely, at the best, he might get a bow and a smile. Very likely it might be days before he should again have anything approaching a real talk with her. And what — a new consideration, that struck a sudden terror to his soul — what if her visit to Frau Brandt was to be a short one? What if, to-morrow even, she were to depart? "Her very ease in talking with me, a stranger, may quite well have been due to the fact that she knew she would never see me again," he argued. . . . So he was working himself into a fine state of despondency, and the world was rapidly being resolved into dust and ashes, when Heaven sent him a diversion. Nay, indeed, Heaven sent him two diversions.

IV

There was a sound of wheels on gravel, of horses' hoofs on stone, and Lady Blanchemain's great high-swung barouche, rolling superbly forth from the avenue, drew up before the Castle, Lady Blanchemain herself, big and soft and sumptuous in silks and laces, under a much-befurbelowed, much-befringed, lavender-hued silk sunshade, occupying the seat of honour. John hastened across the garden, hat in hand, to welcome her.

"Jump in," she commanded, with a smile, and an imperious sweep of the arm. "I have come to take you for a drive."

The footman (proud man) held open the door, and John jumped in. But just as the footman (with an air) had closed the door behind him, and before the coachman had touched up his horses, there came a rhythm of running footsteps, and the voice of Annunziata called, insistently, "Prospero! Prospero!" Then, all out of breath, her pale cheeks pink, her curls in disarray, Annunziata arrived beside the carriage, and, no wise abashed by that magnificent equipage, nor by the magnificent old lady throning in it, (no wise abashed, but, from the roundness of her eyes, a good deal surprised and vastly curious), she explained, gasping, "A telegram," and held up to John a straw-coloured envelope.

"Thank you," said he, taking it, and waving a friendly hand. "But you should not run so fast," he admonished her, with concern.

Whereupon the carriage drove off, Annunziata standing and watching, always round-eyed, till it was out of sight.

"What an interesting-looking child," said Lady Blanchemain.

"Yes," said John. "I should have liked to introduce her to you."

"Who is she?" asked the lady.

"She's the private detective I told you of. She's my affinity. She's the young limb o' mischief for whom I ravaged your stores of marchpane. She's the niece of the Parroco."

"Hum," said Lady Blanchemain. "Why does she call you — what was it? — Prospero?"

"She's an optimist. She's a bird of good omen," answered John. "She's satisfied herself, by consulting an oracle, that Fortune has favours up her sleeve for me. She encouragingly anticipates them by calling me Prospero before the fact."

Lady Blanchemain softly laughed. "That's very nice of her, and very wise. Aren't you going to read your telegram?"

"I didn't know whether you'd permit," said John.

"Oh pray," said she, with a gesture.

The carriage by this time had left the garden, and the coachman had turned his horses' heads northwards, away from the lake, towards the Alps, where their snowy summits, attenuated by the sun and the distance and the blue air, looked like vapours rising into the sky.

John tore open his envelope, read, frowned, and uttered a half-stifled ejaculation, — something that sounded rather like "I say!" and vaguely like "By Jove!"

"No bad news, I hope?" enquired the lady, sympathetic, and trying to speak as if she didn't know what curiosity meant.

"Excellent news, on the contrary," said John, "but a bolt from the blue." And he offered her the paper.

"Am on my way to Rome," she read aloud. "Could I come to you for a day? Winthorpe, Hotel Cavour, Milan."—"Winthorpe?" She pursed her lips, as one tasting something. "I don't know the name. Who is he? What's his County?" she demanded, — she, who carried the County Families in her head.

John chuckled. "He hasn't got a County — he's only an American," he said, pronouncing that genial British formula with intention.

"Oh," sighed Lady Blanchemain, her expectations dashed; and drawing in her skirts, she sank a little deeper into her corner.

"He hasn't got a County," repeated John. "But he's far and away the greatest swell I know."

"A swell? An American?" Lady Blanchemain pressed down her lips, and gave a movement to her shoulders.

"An aristocrat, a patrician," said John.

"Fudge," said Lady Blanchemain. "Americans and Australians — they're anything you like, but they're never that."

John laughed. "I adore," he said, "our light and airy British way of tarring Americans and Australians with the same brush, — the descendants of transported convicts and the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers!"

"Is your Winthorpe man a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers?" asked Lady Blanchemain, drily.

"Indeed he is," said John. "He's descended from ten separate individuals who made the first voyage in the Mayflower. And he holds, by-the-bye, intact, the lands that were ceded to his family by the Indians the year after. That ought to recommend him to your Ladyship, — an unbroken tenure of nearly three hundred years."

"Old acres," her ladyship admitted, cautiously, "always make for respectability."

"Besides," John carelessly threw out, "he's a baronet."

Lady Blanchemain sat up. "A baronet?" she said. "An American?"

"Alas, yes," said John, "a mere American. And one of the earliest creations, — by James the First, no less. His patent dates from 1612. But he doesn't use the title. He regards it, he pretends, as merged in a higher dignity."

"What higher dignity?" asked the lady, frowning.

"That of an American citizen, he says," chuckled John.

"Brrr," she breathed, impatient.

"And moreover," John gaily continued, "besides being descended from the Pilgrim Fathers, he's descended from Alfred the Great. He's only an American, but he can show a clear descent bang down from Alfred the Great! I think the most exquisite, the most subtle and delicate pleasure I have ever experienced has been to see English people, people of yesterday, cheerfully patronizing him."

"You've enlarged my sphere of knowledge," said Lady Blanchemain, grimly. "I had never known that there was blood in America. Does this prodigious personage talk through his nose?"

"Worse luck, no," said John. "I wish he did — a little — just enough to smack of his soil, to possess local colour. No, he talks for all the world like you or me, — which exposes him to compliments in England. 'An American? Really?' our tactful people cry, when he avows his nationality. 'Upon my word, I should never have suspected it.'"

"I suppose, with all the rest, he's rich?" asked Lady Blanchemain.

"Immensely," assented John. "Speaking of Fortune and her favours, she's withheld none from him."

"Then he's good looking, too?"

"He looks like a Man," said John.

"Hum," said Lady Blanchemain, moving. "If *I* had received a wire from a creature of such proportions, I've a feeling I'd answer it."

"I've a very similar feeling myself," laughed John. "When we turn back, if you think your coachman can be persuaded to stop at the telegraph office in the village, I'll give my feeling effect."

"I think we might turn back now," said Lady Blanchemain. "It's getting rather gloomy here." She looked round, with a little shudder, and then gave the necessary order. The valley had narrowed to what was scarcely more than a defile between two dark and rugged hillsides, — pine-covered hillsides that shut out the sun, smiting the air with chill and shadow, and turning the Rampio, whose brawl seemed somehow to increase the chill, turning the sparkling, sportive Rampio to the colour of slate. "It puts one in mind of brigands," she said, with another little shudder. But though the air was chilly, it was wonderfully, keenly fragrant with the incense of the pines.

"Well," she asked, when they were facing homewards, "and your woman? What of her?"

"Nothing," said John. "Or, anyhow, very little." (It would be extremely pleasant, he felt suddenly, to talk of her; but at the same time he felt an extreme reluctance to let his pleasure be seen.)

"But your private detective?" said Lady Blanchemain. "Weren't her investigations fruitful?"

"Not very," said he. "She learnt little beyond her name and age."

"And what *is* her name?" asked the lady.

"Her name is Maria Dolores," answered John, (and he experienced a secret joy, strange to him, in pronouncing it).

"Maria Dolores?" said Lady Blanchemain. "Maria Dolores — what?"

"My detective didn't discover her Pagan name," said John.

"So that you're still in doubt whether she's the daughter of a miller?" Lady Blanchemain raised her eyebrows.

"Oh, no: I think she's a miller's daughter safely enough," said he. "But she's an elaborately chiselled and highly polished one. Her voice is like ivory and white velvet; and to hear her speak English is a revelation of the hidden beauties of that language."

"Hum," said Lady Blanchemain, eyeing him. "So you've advanced to the point of talking with her?"

"Well," answered John, weighing his words, "I don't know whether I can quite say that. But accident threw us together for a minute or two this afternoon, and we could scarcely do less, in civility, than exchange the time of day."

"And are you in love with her?" asked Lady Blanchemain.

"I wonder," said he. "What do *you* think? Is it possible for a man to be in love with a woman he's seen only half a dozen times all told, and spoken with never longer than a minute or two at a stretch?"

"*Was* it only a minute or two — *really?*" asked Lady Blanchemain, wooing his confidence with a glance.

"No," said John. "It was probably ten minutes, possibly fifteen. But they passed so quickly, it's really nearer the truth to describe them as one or two."

Lady Blanchemain shifted her sunshade, and screwed herself half round, so as to face him, her soft old eyes full of smiling scrutiny and suspicion.

"I never can tell whether or not you're serious," she complained. "If you *are* serious, — well, *à quand le mariage?*"

"The marriage?" cried John. "How could I marry her? Such a thing's out of all question."

"Why?" asked she.

"A miller's daughter!" said John. "Would you have me marry the daughter of a miller?"

"You said yourself yesterday —" the lady reminded him.

"Ah, yes," said he. "But night brings counsel."

"If she's well educated," said Lady Blanchemain, "if she's well-bred, what does it matter about her father? Though a nobody in Austria, where nothing counts but quarterings, he's probably what we'd call a gentleman in England. Suppose he's a barrister? Or the editor of a newspaper? Or——"

She paused, thoughtful-eyed, to think of respectable professions. At last she gave up the effort.

"Well, anything decent," she concluded, "so long as he had plenty of money."

"Ah," said John, sadly, and with perhaps mock humility, "If he had plenty of money, he'd never consent to his daughter marrying a son of poverty like me."

"Pooh! For a title?" cried Lady Blanchemain. "Besides, you have prospects. Isn't your name Prospero?"

"I have precious little faith in oracles," said John.

"I advise you to have more," said Lady Blanchemain, with a smile that seemed occult.

And now her carriage entered the village, and she put him down at the telegraph office.

"Don't wait," said John. "The walk from here to the castle is nothing, and it would take you out of your way."

"Well, good-bye, then," said she. "And cultivate more faith in oracles — when they're auspicious."

Alone, she drew from some recondite fold of her many draperies a letter, an unsealed letter, which she opened, spread out, and proceeded to read. It was a long letter in her ladyship's own pretty old-fashioned handwriting; and it was addressed to Messrs. Farrow, Bernscot, and Tisdale, Solicitors, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. She read it twice through, and at last (with a smile that seemed occult) restored it to its envelope. "Stop at the Post Office," she said to her coachman, as they entered Roccadoro; and to her footman, giving him the letter, "Have that registered, please."

Annunziata lay in wait for John in the garden. She ran up, and seized him by the arm. Then, skipping beside him, as he walked on. "Who was she? Where did she come from? Where did she take you? Whom was the telegram from?" she demanded in a breath, nestling her curls against his coat-sleeve.

"*Piano, piano,*" remonstrated John. "One question at a time. Now, begin again."

"Whom was the telegram from?" she obeyed, beginning at the end.

"Ah," said he, "the telegram was from *my* friend Prospero. He's coming here tomorrow. We must ask your uncle whether he can give him a bed."

"And the old lady?" pursued Annunziata. "Who was she?"

"The old lady was my fairy godmother," said John, building better than he knew.

*(To be continued)*

# TOBIN'S PALM

## BY

## O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "THE PHONOGRAPH AND THE GRAFT" AND "THE FOURTH IN SALVADOR"

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVE VERBEEK

TOBIN and me, the two of us, went down to Coney one day, for there was four dollars between us, and Tobin had need of distractions. For there was Katie Mahorner, his sweetheart, of County Sligo, lost since she started for America three months before with two hundred dollars her own savings and one hundred dollars from the sale of Tobin's inherited estate, a fine cottage and pig on the Bog Shannaugh. And since the letter that Tobin got saying that she had started to come to him not a bit of news had he heard or seen of Katie Mahorner. Tobin advertised in the papers,

"'TIS HERE I WILL BE DIVERTED'"

and the police looked behind the apple stands and in the gambling houses, but nothing could be found of the colleen.

So, to Coney me and Tobin went, thinking that a turn at the chutes and the smell of the popcorn might raise the heart in his bosom. But Tobin was a hard-headed man, and the sadness stuck in his skin. He ground his teeth at the crying balloons; he cursed the moving pictures; and, though he would drink whenever asked, he scorned Punch and Judy, and was for licking the tintype men as they came.

So I gets him down a side way on a board walk where the attractions were some less violent. At a little six by eight stall Tobin halts, with a more human look in his eye.

"'Tis here," says he, "I will be diverted. I'll have the palm of me hand investigated by the wonderful palmist of the Nile, and see if what is to be will be."

Tobin was a believer in signs and the unnatural in nature. He possessed illegal convictions in his mind along the subjects of black cats, lucky numbers, and the weather predictions in the papers.

We went into the enchanted chicken coop, which was fixed mysterious with red cloth and pictures of hands with lines crossing 'em like a railroad center. The sign over the door says it is Madame Zozo the Egyptian Palmist. There was a fat woman inside in a red jumper with pothooks and beasties embroidered upon it. Tobin gives her ten cents and extends one of his hands. She lifts Tobin's hand, which is own brother to the hoof of a drayhorse, and examines it to see whether 'tis a stone in the frog or a cast shoe he has come for.

"Man," says this Madame Zozo, "the line of your fate shows——"

"'Tis not me foot at all," says Tobin, interrupting. "Sure, 'tis no beauty, but ye hold the palm of me hand."

"The line shows," says the Madame, "that ye've not arrived at your time of life without bad luck. And there's more to come. The mount of Venus — or is that a stone bruise? — shows that ye've been in love. There's been trouble in your life on account of your sweetheart."

"'Tis Katie Mahorner she has references with," whispers Tobin to me in a loud voice to one side.

"I see," says the palmist, "a great deal of sorrow and tribulation with one whom ye cannot forget. I see the lines of designation point to the letter K and the letter M in her name."

"Whist!" says Tobin to me; "do ye hear that?"

"Look out," goes on the palmist, "for a dark man and a light woman; for they'll both bring ye trouble. Ye'll make a voyage upon the water very soon, and have a financial loss. I see one line that brings good luck. There's a man coming into your life who will fetch ye good fortune. Ye'll know him when ye see him by his crooked nose."

"Is his name set down?" asks Tobin. "'Twill be convenient in the way of greeting when he backs up to dump off the good luck."

"His name," says the palmist, thoughtful looking, "is not spelled out by the lines, but they indicate 'tis a long one, and the letter 'o' should be in it. There's no more to tell. Good evening. Don't block up the door."

"'Tis wonderful how she knows," says Tobin as we walk to the pier.

As we squeezed through the gates a nigger man sticks his lighted segar against Tobin's ear, and there is trouble. Tobin hammers his neck, and the women squeal, and by presence of mind I drag the little man out of the way before the police comes. Tobin is always in an ugly mood when enjoying himself.

On the boat going back, when the man calls "Who wants the good-looking waiter?" Tobin tried to plead guilty; feeling the desire to blow the foam off a crock of suds, but when he felt in his pocket he found himself discharged for lack of evidence. Somebody had disturbed his change during the commotion. So we sat, dry, upon the stools, listening to the Dagoes fiddling on deck. If anything, Tobin was lower in spirits and less congenial with his misfortunes than when we started.

On a seat against the railing was a young woman dressed suitable for red automobiles, with hair the color of an unsmoked meerschaum. In passing by, Tobin kicks her foot without intentions, and, being polite to ladies when in drink, he tries to give his hat a twist while apologizing. But he knocks it off, and the wind carries it overboard.

Tobin came back and sat down, and I began to look out for him, for the man's adversities were becoming frequent. He was apt, when pushed so close by hard luck, to kick the best dressed man he could see, and try to take command of the boat.

Presently Tobin grabs my arm and says, excited: "Jawn," says he, "do ye know what we're doing? We're taking a voyage upon the water."

"There now," says I; "subdue yeself. The boat'll land in ten minutes more."

"Look," says he, "at the light lady upon the bench. And have ye forgotten the nigger man that burned me ear? And isn't the money I had gone — a dollar sixty-five it was?"

I thought he was no more than summing up his catastrophes so as to get violent with good excuse, as men will do, and I tried to make him understand such things was trifles.

"Listen," says Tobin. "Ye've no ear for the gift of prophecy or the miracles of the inspired. What did the palmist lady tell ye out of me hand? 'Tis coming true before your eyes. 'Look out,' says she, 'for a dark man and a light woman; they'll bring ye trouble.' Have ye forgot the nigger man, though he got some of it back from me fist? Can ye show me a lighter woman than the blonde lady that was the cause of me hat falling in the water? And where's the dollar sixty-five I had in me vest when we left the shooting gallery?"

The way Tobin put it, it did seem to corroborate the art of prediction, though it looked to me that these accidents could happen to any one at Coney without the implication of palmistry.

Tobin got up and walked around on deck, looking close at the passengers out of his little red eyes. I asked him the interpretation of his movements. Ye never know what Tobin has in his mind until he begins to carry it out.

"Ye should know," says he, "I'm working out the salvation promised by the lines in me palm. I'm looking for the crooked-nose man that's to bring the good luck. 'Tis all that will save us. Jawn, did ye ever see a straighter-nosed gang of hellions in the days of your life?"

'Twas the nine-thirty boat, and we

"'LOOK OUT FOR A DARK MAN'"

landed and walked up-town through Twenty-second Street, Tobin being without his hat.

On a street corner, standing under a gaslight and looking over the elevated road at the moon, was a man. A long man he was, dressed decent, with a segar between his teeth, and I saw that his nose made two twists from bridge to end, like the wriggle of a snake. Tobin saw it at the same time, and I heard him breathe hard like a horse when you take the saddle off. He went straight up to the man, and I went with him.

"Good-night to ye," Tobin says to the man. The man takes out his segar and passes the compliments, sociable.

"Would ye hand us your name," asks Tobin, "and let us look at the size of it? It may be our duty to become acquainted with ye."

"My name," says the man, polite, "is Friedenhausman — Maximus G. Friedenhausman."

"'Tis the right length," says Tobin. "Do you spell it with an 'o' anywhere down the stretch of it?"

"SOMEBODY HAD DISTURBED HIS CHANGE"

"I do not," says the man.

"*Can* ye spell it with an 'o'?" inquires Tobin, turning anxious.

"If your conscience," says the man with the nose, "is indisposed toward foreign idioms ye might, to please yourself, smuggle the letter into the penultimate syllable."

"'Tis well," says Tobin. "Ye're in the presence of Jawn Malone and Daniel Tobin."

"'Tis highly appreciated," says the man with a bow. "And now since I cannot conceive that ye would hold a spelling bee upon the street corner, will ye name some reasonable excuse for being at large?"

"By the two signs," answers Tobin, trying to explain, "which ye display according to the reading of the Egyptian palmist from the sole of me hand, ye've been nominated to offset with good luck the lines of trouble leading to the nigger man and the blonde lady with her feet crossed in the boat, besides the financial loss of a dollar sixty-five, all so far fulfilled according to Hoyle."

The man stopped smoking and looked at me.

"Have ye any amendments," he asks, "to offer to that statement, or are ye one too? I thought by the looks of ye ye might have him in charge."

"None," says I to him, "except that as one horseshoe resembles another so are ye the picture of good luck as predicted by the hand of me friend. If not, then the lines of Danny's hand may have been crossed, I don't know."

"There's two of ye," says the man with the nose, looking up and down for the sight of a policeman. "I've enjoyed your company immense. Good night."

With that he shoves his segar in his mouth and moves across the street, stepping fast. But Tobin sticks close to one side of him and me at the other.

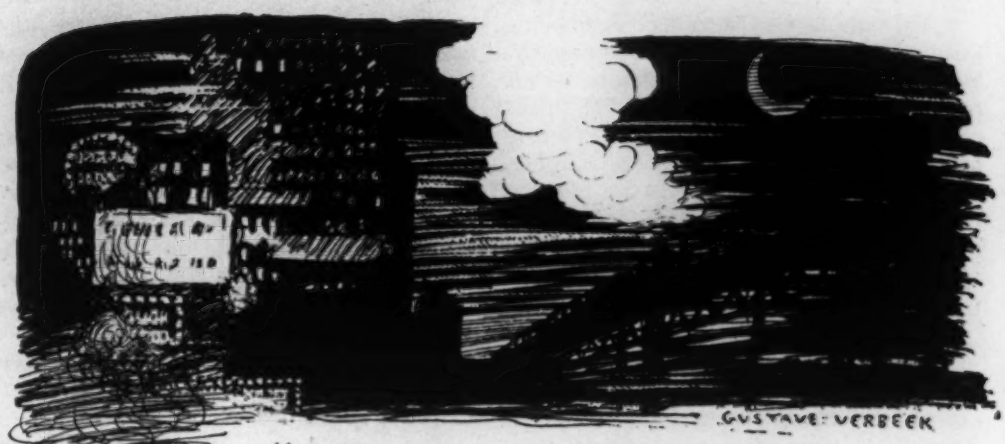
"What!" says he, stopping on the opposite sidewalk and pushing back his hat; "do ye follow me? I tell ye," he says, very loud, "I'm proud to have met ye. But it is my desire to be rid of ye. I am off to me home."

"Do," says Tobin, leaning against his sleeve. "Do be off to your home. And I will sit at the door of it till ye come out in the morning. For the dependence is upon ye to obviate the curse of the nigger man and the blonde lady and the financial loss of the one-sixty-five."

"'Tis a strange hallucination," says the man, turning to me as a more reasonable lunatic. "Hadn't ye better get him home?"

"Listen, man," says I to him. "Daniel Tobin is as sensible as he ever was. Maybe he is a bit deranged on account of having drink enough to disturb but not enough to settle his wits, but he is no more than following out the legitimate path of his superstitions and predicaments, which I will explain to you." With that I relates the facts about the palmist lady and how the finger of suspicion points to him as an instrument of good fortune. "Now, understand," I concludes, "my position in this riot. I am the friend of me friend Tobin, according

"AND THE WIND CARRIES IT OVERBOARD"




"LOOKING OVER THE ELEVATED ROAD AT THE MOON"

to me interpretations. 'Tis easy to be a friend to the prosperous, for it pays; 'tis not hard to be a friend to the poor, for ye get puffed up by gratitude and have your picture printed standing in front of a tenement with a scuttle of coal and an orphan in each hand. But it strains the art of friendship to be true friend to a born fool. And that's what I'm doing," says I, "for, in my opinion, there's no fortune to be read from the palm of me hand that wasn't printed there with the handle of a pick. And, though ye've got the crookedest nose in New York City, I misdoubt that all the fortune-tellers doing business could milk good luck from ye. But the lines of Danny's hand pointed to ye fair, and I'll assist him to experiment with ye until he's convinced ye're dry."

After that the man turns, sudden, to laughing. He leans against a corner and laughs considerable. Then he claps me and Tobin on the backs of us and takes us by an arm apiece.

"'Tis my mistake," says he. "How could I be expecting anything so fine and wonderful to be turning the corner upon me? I came near being found unworthy. Hard by," says he, "is a café, snug and suitable for the entertainment of idiosyncrasies. Let us go there and have drink while we discuss the unavailability of the categorical."

So saying, he marched me and Tobin to the back room of a saloon, and ordered the drinks, and laid the money on the table. He looks at me and Tobin like brothers of his, and we have the segars.

"Ye must know," says the man of destiny, "that me walk in life is one that is called the literary. I wander abroad be night seeking idiosyncrasies in the masses and truth in the heavens above. When ye came upon me I was in contemplation of the elevated road in conjunction with the chief luminary of night. The rapid transit is poetry and art. The moon but a tedious, dry body, moving by rote. But these are private opinions, for, in the business of literature, the conditions are reversed. 'Tis me hope to be writing a book to explain the strange things I have discovered in life."

"Ye will put me in a book," says Tobin, disgusted; "will ye put me in a book?"

"I will not," says the man, "for the covers will not hold ye. Not yet. The best I can do is to enjoy ye meself, for the time is not ripe for destroying the limitations of print. Ye would look fantastic in type. All alone by meself must I drink this cup of joy. But, I thank ye, boys; I am truly grateful."

"'I'VE ENJOYED YOUR COMPANY IMMENSE, GOOD NIGHT'"

"The talk of ye," says Tobin, blowing through his mustache and pounding the table with his fist, "is an eyesore to me patience. There was good luck promised out of the crook of your nose, but ye bear fruit like the bang of a drum. Ye resemble, with your noise of books, the wind blowing through a crack. Sure, now, I would be thinking the palm of me hand lied but for the coming true of the nigger man and the blonde lady and——"

"Whist!" says the long man; "would ye be led astray by physiognomy? Me nose will do what it can within bounds. Let us have these glasses filled again, for 'tis good to keep idiosyncrasies well moistened, they being subject to deterioration in a dry moral atmosphere."

So, the man of literature makes good, to my notion, for he pays, cheerful, for everything, the capital of me and Tobin being exhausted by prediction. But Tobin is sore, and drinks quiet, with the red showing in his eye.

By and by we moved out, for 'twas eleven o'clock, and stands a bit upon the sidewalk. And then the man says he must be going home, and invites me and Tobin to walk that way. We arrives on a side street two blocks away where there is a stretch of brick houses with high stoops and iron fences. The man stops at one of them and looks up at the top windows which he finds dark.

"'Tis me humble dwelling," says he, "and I begin to perceive by the signs that me wife has retired to slumber. Therefore I will venture a bit in the way of hospitality. 'Tis me wish that ye enter the basement room, where we dine, and partake of a reasonable refreshment. There will be some fine cold fowl and cheese and a bottle or two of ale. Ye will be welcome to enter and eat, for I am indebted to ye for diversions."

The appetite and conscience of me and Tobin was congenial to the proposition, though 'twas sticking hard in Danny's superstitions to think that a few drinks and a cold lunch should represent the good fortune promised by the palm of his hand.

"Step down the steps," says the man with the crooked nose, "and I will enter by the door above and let ye in. I will ask the new girl we have in the kitchen," says he, "to make ye a pot of coffee to drink before ye go. 'Tis fine coffee she makes for a green girl just landed three months. Step in," says the man, "and I'll send Katie Mahorner down to ye."